

18 NOV 1937
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 360,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 20, 1937

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE



"THE HOUSE OF DREAMS"—Special Home Section in This Issue

TRIBUTE TO OUR *Dream* HOMES

*That Design You Like May
Be Copied All Over
the World*

By A WOMAN ARCHITECT

A leading magazine in the United States paid a distinct compliment to Australia's modern colonial home architecture when in a recent article it told its millions of readers how to go about building a home in the Tasmanian tradition.

This readiness overseas to pay tribute to our dream homes confirms the widely-held theory that we should do more in Australia to establish a traditional home style.

FOR years Australian home builders have shown a preference for Californian-style bungalows. It is rather an extraordinary paradox now that Americans should be encouraged to build Australian colonial home styles.

This exchange of home ideas is common between most countries.

A good home style is like a Paris frock model. It is copied all over the world.

If you are thinking of living in a villa in France, a castle in Spain (if any are left standing), a rancho in Mexico or a penthouse in New York, the possibility is that right next door will be a neighbor in an Australian colonial style bungalow "with all mod cons."

Honor Abroad

THE old saying, "A prophet is never honored in his own country," has a parallel in home designing.

A home style never finds honor in its own country. It has to go abroad before its true value is appreciated.

The pictures on this page show the design featured in the American magazine, *The Decorator*. It was given with the following comments:

The long family tree of traditional architecture has a lineage strong at points and at other times barely traceable.

It is, for example, not hard to follow the developments from Rome to the Georgians, but when the shadow



TWO VIEWS of the design featured in the United States as an ideal Australian colonial home—with an "air of classicism and charm."

of classicism is seen (and with great charm) in Tasmania and New South Wales, it comes from we wonder where.

"The tradition back of this style was of course brought from England, but, while clear and authentic, the Tasmanian style possesses a quality naively its own, strange but unforgotten, a part of its colonial background."

The references to classicism and charm are praise indeed for Australian home designers.

The description as seen through American eyes continues: "The following superior..."

"...house we are looking at is planned for the United States and could be imagined in Georgia, Maine or Oregon."

"The fine contrast which white woodwork forms with salmon brick is the basic color scheme of the exterior. Against the green of foliage these colors look very well as does the warmth of the brick against the snows of winter."

"The brick is irregular in shape

and surface, and the salmon color is in a range of three or four shades.

"Doric wood columns, oversized intentionally, rest on a brick floor very close to the grade on the garden side of the house and a wood cornice of simple detail in small scale adds a welcome touch of delicacy which appears again in the ornament on the panels below the windows, all in pure white."

"Brick chimneys carry up the color through the roofs and give interest to the silhouette of the house."

"The spread-out plan and large perimeter of the house do not make for economy, but the horizontal character gives great repose, desirable in a country house."

"One of the most interesting features of this house is its willingness to be modest on the street side so that the garden side may be developed and enjoyed."

"This is a custom more European than American, but one which needs encouraging."

"Whether on a confined suburban lot or on a more ample place where the lower price of country land would permit of a large acreage, this private garden side of the house is a place where individual and family activities can be allowed to develop more attractively than on the street side."

Feeling of Ease

"NOT a great deal of importance is given to the entrance treatment and the hall is kept small to save money."

"Its character, however, is taken from the living-room, so that it has a feeling of ease instead of preciseness."

"Conveniently at the side a powder room with all the modern touches will permit guests to leave their own wraps or have them taken by a maid. The family have ample closet space for their own things off the hall."

"It is generally admitted that the living-room is the centre of the life of the family. In a house of limited area this must necessarily be so. Assuming the dwelling to be in the suburbs, it seems wise to open this room on two opposite sides for light and air, giving onto the street and onto the garden, particularly to the rear of the house so that activities can be uninterrupted between the garden and the living-room."

"SINCE there would be on the outside in summer the green of foliage and in winter a general greyness, the living-room is decorated in red and white. This color combination has a definite gaiety."

"It also suggests a treatment of the walls opposite the windows (which receive more light) in the more absorbent red and the end walls in white."

"The ceiling is white and, except for a small cornice, plain and without fixtures; at night it is matted with patterns of light from lamps, intentionally and informally thrown across it."

"The dining-room in yellow, white

and brown has extremely good exposure, with three exterior walls. It will seat very easily six to eight people and has perfect access for service."

"THE kitchen combines picturesque-ness and comfort with a nicely-developed modern efficiency. The curved corner bay looking out on part of the garden is ideal for breakfast, servants' and children's meals, a drink or a snack at bedtime, or for reading or sewing between chores."

"The linoleum floor is not only practical and easy to care for, but pleasant to look at. The lighting is planned for efficient onion-peeling and salt-sprinkling."

Maid's Room

"THE stairs to the small basement and the maid's bedroom upstairs work in snugly between the entrance hall and kitchen for convenience in answering bells and general reception."

"The laundry and utility room is almost a part of the kitchen and contains all the wanted conveniences. Through it access is had to the garage just beyond."

"On the other side of the living-room we have two spacious bedrooms each with three outside walls, providing excellent cross-ventilation. The well-appointed bathroom is accessible to each bedroom."

"The second story is used for a maid's room (reached by the rear stairs as already noted); and a bedroom for children or guests, with its own bath, reached by the family stairway."

"A passage containing wardrobes and linen closets provides access from the kitchen side of the house to the bedroom side without disturbing the living-room, should the necessity arise."

Styles Change

AS the article noted, the majority of homes in Australia are based upon English tradition and precedent, although many of the old details are being discarded in favor of simpler modern treatments, such as flat surfaces without mouldings.

Australia has not yet developed a universal home style with definite Australian characteristics. Our great range of climate is one reason for this. What would be suitable in Brisbane would not do in St. Kilda or Darwin, Alice Springs, King's Cross or Kalgoorlie.

In older lands, architecture had centuries to evolve local styles and traditions. But modern ideas of living have penetrated Australia so quickly that all our time has been taken up in readjustments.

Cars, radio, movies, flats, jobs for women—all have affected home life and home planning.

The architect can never be sure whether to-morrow's standard home style should include a nursery, an aeroplane hangar, a picture show, or a bomb-proof cellar.

Let's Talk Of
*Interesting
People*



Home Next Month

WOMEN'S organisations, and all others interested, are combining on December 7 to give a reception to Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, the well-known Australian feminist, upon her return from a three years' tour overseas.

Mrs. Littlejohn has participated in numerous Empire activities, studied conditions in various countries, attended three League of Nations assemblies at Geneva, innumerable conferences, and spent several weeks in Russia.



On London Stage

ROBERT HELPMANN, the young

South Australian who has won fame with his ballet-dancing both in England and on the Continent, will play his first feature part at the Old Vic Theatre, London, during the Christmas season. He is to appear opposite Diana Wynyard in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," playing the role of Oberon.

At present Mr. Helpmann is dancing in London with the Vic Wells Ballet, which has just returned to England from its first season in Paris.



—Dickinson-Monteath

Newsboys' Friend

MISS EDITH ONIANS has been the moving spirit behind the City Newsboys' Society in Victoria for forty years. The club began in a small way, but during the past 12 years 3000 boys have enrolled there. Twelve months ago the old building was rebuilt with library, gymnasium, swimming-pool, and workshops.

The boys receive free medical and dental attention, and when ill are looked after at the club's cottages at Eitham. Miss Onians is their guide, philosopher, and friend.

For
Glamorous
skin
Loveliness

ERASMIC
FACE POWDER

Bewitching...
Magical.....Alluring

ERASMIC
FACE POWDER

1¹/₂ PER BOX

DUCHESS OF WINDSOR and FUTURE

Strange Irony of Commoner Who Married a King, Both Losing Their Countries!

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Representative in England.

Newspaper headlines every day carry the name of the Duke of Windsor. His movements, his plans, his supposed politics are in the spotlight.

But there is a strong feeling that the Duchess of Windsor is in great measure the guiding spirit behind the activities of the Duke.

Those who ascribe political motives to the Duke's activities even go so far as to suggest that the Duchess may yet play a leading role in the future history of nations.

EXACTLY what this role will be is not stated definitely, because nobody knows what are the aims of the Duke and Duchess.

The names of the Duke and Duchess have been linked with Nazism and Fascism. Such association has been officially repudiated on their behalf.

While people who claim inside knowledge are building up a story of mysterious diplomatic complications, the idea is scoffed at in other quarters.

It is contended that the Duke's statement that he wishes to live a useful life contains no hidden meaning, and is a simple explanation of his activities. The prominence

*Edward
Duke of Windsor
Wallis
Duchess of Windsor*

HOW THE Duke and Duchess of Windsor signed the marriage register. An indication of the customary nervousness of bridegrooms is evident in the Duke's signature, which omitted the letter "S" in Windsor.

of the Duke makes it unfortunately impossible for him to do anything of a public nature without causing comment and exaggeration.

BUT even the people who take this view, as against those who imagine a deeper political significance, are of opinion that the Duchess is largely the guiding spirit of the exiled pair. Without desiring the Duke to undertake any role that may bring him into the arena of politics, the Duchess may still be anxious for him to live an interesting public life.

It is quite clear that she does not want any simple retirement.

This has an important bearing on the question of their return to England. A quiet life in some English country, among the hunting and shooting aristocracy, would be a complete contrast to the series of triumphal tours which the Duke and Duchess have been having throughout Europe.

One aspect of the cancellation of the American tour seems to have escaped general attention.

It is that the Duchess is now an exile from the land of her birth, just as much as the Duke is an exile from England.

Both have spent a great deal of their lives in recent years on the Continent. But the fact remains that they are both uprooted from their native soil.

What a strange commentary on human affairs that the King who married a commoner from another country should lose both his throne and country, and also that the commoner who married the King should lose her country.

If the Duke Does Visit Hollywood

From our Hollywood Representative

HOLLYWOOD is getting ready for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, if they ever do come to America, in its own unusual way.

In other words, it is planning to give them a colossal Cecil B. De Mille reception—and get a million dollars' worth of publicity out of it.

As soon as the Duke announced he was coming here, George Raft's



AN INFORMAL STUDY of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in Venice.

Press agent, who knows his job, made the actor send him a cable inviting the Windsors to be his guests.

The Duke didn't reply, but the Press agent saw that the story got into the newspapers. In fact, he says that 2354 newspapers gave the story at least two paragraphs—and always on the front page.

Raft, the story said, was trying to borrow the estate of Clarence Brown, the director, so that he could house his distinguished guests in royal style. Brown, by a coincidence, is also one of the Press agent's clients.

Weeks ago the Duke had one of his friends send him a list of the functions Hollywood was planning for him, and the Movie Great who were craving to meet him, if he definitely decided to come. The other day the list came back, with only three of the social events left on it, and only a dozen names.

The Duke had leased a place at Santa Monica, believing it was a private estate that would give him privacy. When he discovered the other day that it was a big hotel he cancelled the lease.

New Ideas for Your House of Dreams

THIS issue of The Australian Women's Weekly is devoted to the home in all its aspects.

Special attention is called to the twelve-page section, "The House of Dreams."

Here, beautifully illustrated in artgracure, you will find many fascinating articles which will prove a source of inspiration to you whether you are wanting to modernise your present home or are planning a new "House of Dreams."

DUCHESS OF KENT'S Wedding Anniversary

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

The Duke and Duchess of Kent will celebrate on November 29 the third anniversary of their wedding.

In three years the Duchess has become identified with the life of Britain in a way unequalled by any foreigner save her grand-aunt, the late Queen Alexandra.

NOT only is she the mother of a Prince and Princess, who have already endeared themselves to the British public, but she herself is regarded as one of the most democratic of a democratic Royal family.

One of the best-dressed women in England, she has become the arbiter of fashion,

while she has only to appear once in a hat to have it copied by thousands.

She is a great favorite in all departments of couturiers and milliners in the West End. Contrary to usual custom among Royal personages, she attends the salons for fittings instead of being fitted at her residence, and always insists, when a gown is made for a special occasion, that all the

workgirls who participated shall attend the final fitting to see the results of their work, and receive her personal thanks.

The preference of the King and Queen for pastel shades resulted in what amounted to a ban on black in Court circles, but it did not affect the Duchess. She was the sole exception, their Majesties graciously deferring to her preference for black for afternoon ensembles, which she wears in the most regal manner. Incidentally, these are ever popular in French circles in which the Duchess moved in early life.

When she orders clothes, the Duchess always has the clearest ideas as to what she wants, and couturiers adapt them to the latest modes.

While the Duchess' choice is recognised as having a great influence on the trend of fashions, their Majesties' preference for color, however, will have an increasing effect on the coming fashions.

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

THEN YOU NEED

Zam-Buk

SHOPPING in the busy stores and treading the hot pavements is especially hard on the feet these spring days. And there's your cleaning, cooking and other duties at home. No wonder your feet feel the strain, become chafed, painful, and swollen, and make you irritable.

Be kind to your feet by adopting this easy nightly treatment. First bathe them in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns and hard growths are softened and easily removed, blisters are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Use Zam-Buk regularly for happy, comfortable feet.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists & Stores



"For relieving corns, aching feet Zam-Buk is ideal—in fact, every night I rub the sides of my feet over with this splendid ointment to keep them sound."—Mrs. J. M. Pearce.

"I had a very trying time with an inflamed bunion on the joint of my big toe. Rubbing my feet and applying Zam-Buk ended the inflammation, and now my toe was quite normal."—Mr. W. G. Marsh.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

SYNTHETIC WOOL Is HERE

Japan Makes Determined Bid for Favor of Australian Women

WIDE RANGE OF COLORS

Synthetic wool cloth, which Australians have been hearing about for years as a rival to our own merino wool, has suddenly become a fact.

It is being launched on to the Australian market in big quantities.

The Australian Women's Weekly has found this material in shops all over Australia. Most of it is coming from Japan.

IT is being made into men's shorts, girls' sports shorts, schoolgirls' tunics, women's skirts, and a variety of other garments.

The cloth itself is an excellent imitation of woollen material, but its wearing quality and warmth are not comparable with merino wool, experts say. It is largely composed of vegetable fibre.

Importing synthetic wool into Aus-

tralia is comparable to carrying coals to Newcastle.

Nevertheless, Australians are vitally interested in what can be done with this imitation of our own world-famous merino.

Is it as good as the natural product? Is it as durable? Can it be manufactured and sold more cheaply? If so, what will happen to our own great wool industry and the many thousands of people engaged in it? These questions are more import-

ant now that synthetic wool is actually being sold here.

Women, as the biggest buying factor everywhere, hold the answer. On their judgment the whole thing rests.

UP till now, news of synthetic wool experiments in Germany and elsewhere has told of hopes that seemed remote and far away.

It is only in recent weeks that the



SAMPLE OF THE synthetic wool cloth now being sold in Australia.

Australian public has had the opportunity of seeing the material in any quantity—and of buying it, and judging it for themselves.

Although the cloth now being sold here is from Japan, the Japanese Government itself allows only a percentage of it to be used in their soldiers' uniforms.

This is because it does not compare for warmth and hard wearing with genuine wool. The same reasons apply to its use as blankets.

Much Cheaper

ALREADY thousands of yards of this material have been imported here, and, it is understood, thousands of yards more have been ordered for delivery early next year.

To protect the Australian trade a move is being made to check the importation of this Japanese cloth, which comes in under a duty on artificial silks and rayon when it should come in as woollen goods, the merchants say, as it competes directly with woollen goods.

Imported as woollens, it would be subject to a higher rate of duty, which would protect the locally-made products.

The cloth, which is only a recent development in Japan, started to come into Australia about three months ago.

Samples bought in Sydney retail shops cost:

36 inch (sold as serge), 1/9½ per yard.

29 inch (sold as serge), 1/6½ per yard.

A 56-inch, 12oz. Australian-made cloth costs 8/- per yard at the mill, and a 28-29-inch, same weight, 3/6.

A 29-inch cloth is being sold to merchants in all States at 1/- per yard landed, a 56-inch at 2/-, a 13oz. 56-

inch at 2/3, a trader told The Australian Women's Weekly.

The cloth is available in 35 colors—56-inch, landed price, white, 1/11; medium to light, 1/11½; and colors, 2/1.

As a comparison, one of the lines with which it would compete, an Australian grey cloth which is used extensively in shirts and sports wear, costs three times as much.

THE cloth comes in under the artificial silk or rayon duty, which is only 4d a yard.

Merchants feel, as it competes directly with woollen goods, that it should come under the duty on woollen goods.

"There is no doubt of its effect," said another trader. "In a recent lot of Adelaide, Melbourne, and Brisbane I came up against it in each city."

"In Brisbane I lost a definite order of 1100 yards of Australian woollen dress fabric. The buyer said that he had now bought the Japanese cloth. It would serve, he said, exactly the same purpose as the Australian one."

"He could produce a manufacture skirt and sports shorts for women and sell at a profit at a price considerably lower than it would cost to buy the Australian material."

"This means less Australian wool sold here. For example, if 5000 yards of this Japanese cloth were sold it would replace 7500lbs. of Australian wool."

After talking with many buyers of retail stores and manufacturers it has gained the impression that many thousands of yards have been bought for delivery between January and March of next year.

"With the Australian market flooded by cheap Japanese cloth, the effect on Australian industry is not hard to see—losses to manufacturers, unemployment, producers selling less of their clip here," he said.



TOOTAL

TRADE MARK

tip

TOBRALCO

FOR THE 'YOUNGEST SET'

Children never look so nice as in Tobralco. The colours and patterns are as fresh and clear-eyed as childhood itself. Mud-pies and puddles never scare this lovely sturdy cotton. It's washed in a twinkling and always comes up exquisitely clean and colour-bright. Honestly, there's no material in the world like it for standing up to the rough-and-tumble life children give their clothes. Make your little girl dainty frocks and knickers in flowered Tobralco or Tobralco with amusing story-book designs—and use the practical 'plains' for your boy. They'll both look perfect pictures! Look for the name on the selvedge, and get the generous Tootal Guarantee: 'Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material, Tootals will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making up.' Worth having, isn't it?

ANOTHER TOOTAL TIP! GREASE-RESISTING LINEN This lovely Tootal linen is made in two weights—one for sports and day clothes, and a heavier one for suits and coats. In a large range of plain colours and charming prints. Wash at wool and iron damp. Tootal Linen costs 4/11 a yard. It carries the Tootal Guarantee, of course. Look for the name on the selvedge.

TOBRALCO 2/6 per yard for 36 in. material
—it's a Tootal Product

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Box 1035H, Melbourne or Box 2306M, Sydney.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED (Incorporated in England) MANCHESTER ENGLAND

MARRIAGE Prophecy Came True FOR MAN

Australian Met Girl in London, Parted, Wed, As Predicted

By Air Mail from Our London Office

David Dowie, a young Australian mining engineer, was married a few days ago in London after a two years' engagement—exactly as foretold by a fortune-teller.

"MY marriage was predicted on the way over from Australia," said Mr. Dowie, when I spoke to him at the home of his bride at Ealing, London.

"I was filling in time at Port Said, and visited a soothsayer, who told me that within a month I would meet a beautiful, dark English girl, become engaged, be separated for two years, and then be married."

"I laughed at the time," he continued, "but wrote in the exact words in my diary, and then forgot about them."

Mr. Dowie, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Dowie, of Adelaide, South Australia, came to England three years ago with an engineering scholarship from the Adelaide University.

One month after his arrival in London, he met Miss Irene Jarratt, of Ealing, daughter of Sir William Jarratt, former Controller of the Patent Office.

"She was beautiful and dark," said Mr. Dowie, "but I didn't link our meeting with the fortune-teller's prophecy." The couple became engaged, and then Mr. Dowie was sent to Barberton, South Africa, for an indefinite period. After two years' work in the Eastern Transvaal, he was given leave and returned to London to be married.

"It was only later that I thought of the fortune-teller," he said, "and on looking up my diary I found that the predictions were all correct, even to the dates and the two years' separation."

"As I didn't know myself how long I'd be stationed in the Transvaal, it all seems rather amazing, and perhaps I'll believe in fortune-tellers after this."

Our hero provided the star turn in the circus and so ended his life of leisure.

MR. FITCH had made up his mind. This, his last day on earth, was going to be A Day in the Life of a Gentleman. So far he had kept up appearances pretty well, but it was useless to pretend any longer. He was through—finished. Well, he wasn't going to hang on, running into debt, cadging money, getting shivvied from one cheap lodging-house to another, and slipping gradually lower and lower down the social ladder. . . No. One last day as a gentleman and then—finish!

Mr. Fitch laughed, not without a trace of bitterness. For every one of the twenty-six years he had worked at Ballwin-British Ltd. he had looked forward to the day when this gentleman's existence would become an accomplished fact. By the time he was forty-five his carefully-invested savings were bringing the rosy dream nearer and nearer to reality. And then his aged Aunt Emily departed this life and bequeathed a comfortable little legacy to her devoted nephew, William.

Nephew William was in clover. He threw up his cashier's job at Ballwin-British Ltd., invested his savings and the legacy in one of those "good things" with which all smart cashiers are familiar, and settled down to live the life of a gentleman. His wants were few and simple: A garden to potter in, a dog and his books for company, an odd day's rough shooting now and again, and fishing—plenty of fishing. And thus, for two short years, it had been. Bill Fitch at the age of forty-seven swore that he was the happiest, healthiest fellow in the world.

And then—crash! A carelessly-typed letter arrived one morning and informed him briefly that the "good thing" had proved a bad egg, after all, and that he was, to all intents and purposes, a pauper. For a while Mr. Fitch had been completely stunned by this overwhelming blow, but the philosophical calm of the country gentleman—of which he was so proud—soon returned, and he began to look about him for some congenial and remunerative employment. He sought in vain. Mr. Fitch happy, healthy Bill Fitch, was, at forty-seven, a back number, an old fudge, and unwanted! He wrote letters by the hundred and tramped scores of weary miles—in vain.

ONE by one the little luxuries of his gentleman's existence had faded away. First his comfortable rooms with the good Mrs. Cherry had had to go. Then the dog . . . and the gun . . . and the books. Then the darlings of his very heart—his rods, his beautiful, expensive rods! And now . . .

Now it was no use pretending any longer. One last glorious day he would have—A Gentleman's Day—and then the Book of William Fitch would be closed for ever.

The last remnants of his leisurely existence lay on the rumpled bed waiting for the great day to begin. There was an old haversack containing a few odds and ends of fishing-tackle, spinning-baits, old coats, a fly-wallet, and so on. There was his last rod, a battered old greenheart spinning-rod. There was his landing-net, a colossal thing that he had bought from an old Highland salmon angler. Mr. Fitch was very proud of that landing-net, for its great size and strength singled it out from the common run of fishing-nets and indicated that its owner was an angler of no mean ability. He handled it fondly for a moment, and then picked up the remaining article from the bed. This was his Service revolver, a huge Webley that would make an awful mess of a man's head at close quarters. He spun the loaded cylinder, balanced the weapon expertly on his hand, and then slipped it into the bag. Then, loaded with tackle, he ran downstairs, picked up the package of sandwiches Miss Garrett had prepared, and stepped into the street.

At the station Mr. Fitch booked a "First Single" to the old market

MR. FITCH'S Busy DAY

By . . . Richard Atkinson



Illustrated
by
Wynne W.
Davies

Complete
Short
Story

town of Bellichester. He booked "First" because for this last, great day he was determined to recapture all the joys of his former life, and he booked "Single" because he had no intention of ever returning to Miss Garrett's dingy lodging-house. From the tobacco kiosk Mr. Fitch purchased three reasonably good cigars before crossing to the bookstall to procure "Punch" and "The Times." Then he strolled down the platform, selected a comfortable corner seat, lit a cigar, and settled down with his back to the engine.

A little more than an hour later Mr. Fitch was striding briskly through the narrow, cobbled streets on the outskirts of Bellichester, with the Arrow only three-quarters of a mile away. The Arrow could never be called a really big stream, but here, where it made a slow sweep to the west, as though to avoid the old town, it broadened out and for a time assumed the proportions of a real river. And it was here that that discerning body of men, The Midlands' Trout and Salmon Club, had rented a beat some two miles long. Mr. Fitch had joined the

the last chapter in the Book of Fitch, with the gift of a noble salmon, and he—poor wretch!—had nothing with which to toast the magnificent event!

Hastily he dragged his remaining money from his pocket—half-a-crown, two shillings, and some coppers. And the Peel o' Bells across the way had just opened. Three minutes later Mr. Fitch resumed his journey, but now a noggin of whisky in a little flat bottle nestled comfortably against his hip.

It was a glorious day. The fortnight's drought had broken at last, and during the previous night a steady, gentle downpour had descended on the parched countryside. Now the sun was shining again, but little puffs of fleecy, white cloud scurried across the washed-out blue of the sky, and there was just enough breeze to keep the day from beginning close and sluggish.

HIS FINAL FLING

club because of the Arrow's excellent trout fishing and because there was also the promise of an occasional, a very occasional, salmon. Salmon! Mr. Fitch stopped in midstride so abruptly that one of Bellichester's leading citizens all but impaled himself on the old greenheart rod. But the angler was too preoccupied even to apologise. He had forgotten something. Here he was, a gentleman of leisure on his way to fish for the lordly salmon, and he had no flask! What if the kindly Pates were to round off this

And the Arrow had risen a good eighteen inches.

Mr. Fitch stood on the sloping bank and gazed. What a day—and what a river! Surely during the past two weeks a few salmon must have collected in the lower reaches, waiting for the rising water that would enable them to run up to the spawning grounds. If ever the chuckling waters of the Arrow were to yield at least one salmon, this surely must be the day. For a long time Mr. Fitch stood and let the unforgettable beauty of the

scene sink deep into his soul before he prepared his tackle and began to fish.

CAREFULLY the angler worked his way upstream, methodically searching every pool and rapid with the skillfully-thrown bait. An easy swing of the rod would send the artificial minnow sailing far across the river, to splash into the water just short of the opposite bank. Then, as Mr. Fitch reeled in the line, the bait would come darting back in lifelike little rushes through the heavy water. Occasionally a frog or a vole slipped from the bank with a gentle plop! And here and there the water would boil momentarily as a trout sucked greedily at a passing fly. But the gentleman of leisure was not interested in trout. To-day it was to be salmon or nothing.

At two o'clock Mr. Fitch rested for a while and ate his sandwiches. Then he took a sip, just one tiny nip, from the flat bottle at his hip and settled himself comfortably with his back to a tree to smoke his second cigar.

Later in the afternoon he resumed his angling. Cast . . . reel

in. Cast . . . reel in. Searching every nook and cranny of the river in which a salmon might lie. Twice he fished his careful way from one end of the club water to the other, but without success.

Mr. Fitch sat on the bank and rummaged aimlessly in his haversack. Either there were no salmon in the river or else there was something wrong with his bait—and he had tried just about everything in the bag. He had experimented with Devons, Phantoms, Wagtails and a selection of spoon baits, and there didn't seem to be anything left to try. His groping fingers encountered something cold and heavy in the bottom of the bag, and he drew out the loaded Webley—and entangled in the trigger guard was the one bait he had forgotten, an artificial prawn.

He unhooked the prawn from the revolver and chuckled as he thought of how it had come into his possession. Nearly two years ago, on the day he had purchased an eight-guinea fly rod, Murphy, the tackle dealer, had given him that bait. Murphy could afford to be generous with gentlemen of leisure who bought eight-guinea rods.

Please turn to Page 57

"Hup!" he cried as he sprang forward. "Hup! Zita!" Then he smote gaily at the tigress' head with his beloved landing-net.

A Further Instalment of Our Sensational Medical Serial...

BEGIN NOW!

Illustrated
By
FISCHER

The CITADEL

Dr. Manson, immersed in special experiments, becomes more absorbed, fascinated, and bound to Aberlaw.

The story so far:



DR. ANDREW MANSON, a young, ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career as assistant to Dr. Page in Blaenelly, a mining town in South Wales.

He discovers on arrival that Dr. Page is a hopeless invalid and his wife really controls the practice. Conditions are appalling in Blaenelly, but every move he makes for reform is met with blank disinterest.

He makes a friend of young Dr. Denny, who practices in the same town, and helps him with his work. Andrew meets Christine, a school-teacher, and falls in love with her. Shortly afterwards he has a quarrel with Mrs. Page and resigns.

He applies for a post at Aberlaw, a neighboring town, is successful, and he and Christine marry. Andrew's first months at Aberlaw are spent under the most trying conditions and setbacks.

The people are suspicious and ignorant. After much opposition, and failure to secure the co-operation of his colleagues, Andrew is urged by Christine to take a higher degree in his profession.

He studies strenuously for six

months, then journeys to London, where he sits for the examination. He passes with honors, returns to Aberlaw, the conquering hero, confident at last in himself.

A terrific explosion at the mines necessitates Andrew's presence at the scene of danger, and in almost impossible conditions he performs an amazing amputation, narrowly escaping death himself.

This establishes his reputation more firmly than his brilliant degrees.

Christmas arrives and Andrew and Christine bask in the good fellowship of their neighbors.

NOW READ ON.

SUDDENLY the horn began again: "Krrr-krr-krr-krr—" Con had inadvertently pushed the button in switching off and now it was jammed. The Klaxon would not stop. "Krr-krr-krr—" It went, while Con fumbled and swore, and windows went up in the Row opposite and Mrs. Boland sat with a remorseful expression on her face, unperturbed, holding the baby dreamily.

"In the name of Heaven," Con cried, his moustache bristling along the dashboard. "I'm wastin' juice. What's happened? Am I short circuited or what?"

"It's the button, father," Mary told him calmly. She took her little

finger-nail and edged it out. The racket ceased.

"Ah! that's better," Con sighed. "How are you, Manson, my boy? How d'you like the old car now? I've lengthened her a good two feet. Isn't she grand? Mind you, there's still a little bother with the gearbox. We didn't quite take the bill in our stride, as ye might say!"

"We only stuck a few minutes, father," interposed Mary.

"Ah! never mind," said Con. "I'll soon have that right when I strip her again. How are ye, Mrs. Manson! Here we all are to wish ye a merry Christmas and take our tea off ye!"

"Come in, Con," Christine smiled. "I like your gloves!"

"Christmas present from the wife," Con answered admiring the flapping gauntlets, "Army Surplus. Would ye believe they were still dishin' them out? Ah! what's gone wrong with this door?"

Unable to open the door he threw his long legs over it, climbed out, helped the children and his wife from the back, surveyed the car—fondly removing a lump of mud from the windscreen—then tore himself away to follow the others to Vale View.

They had a cheerful tea party. Con was in high spirits, full of his creation. "You'll not know her when she has a lick of paint." Mrs. Boland abstractedly drank six cups of strong black tea. The children began upon the chocolate biscuits and ended with a fight for the last piece of bread. They cleared every plate upon the table.

After tea while Mary had gone to

wash the dishes—she insisted that Christine looked tired—Andrew detached the baby from Mrs. Boland and played with it on the hearthrug before the fire. It was the fattest baby he had ever seen, a Rubens infant, with enormous solemn eyes and pads of plumpness upon its limbs. It tried repeatedly to poke a finger into his eye. Every time it failed a look of solemn wonder came upon its face. Christine sat with her hands in her lap, doing nothing. Watching him playing with the baby.

But Con and his family could not stay long. Outside the light was fading and Con, worried about his "juice," had doubts which he did not choose to express concerning the functioning of his lamps. When they rose to go he delivered the invitation:

"Come out and see us start."

Again Andrew and Christine stood at the gate while Con packed the car with his offspring. After a couple of swings the engine obeyed and Con, with a triumphant nod towards them, pulled on his gauntlets and adjusted his derby to a more rakish tilt. Then he heaved himself proudly into the driving-seat.

At that moment Con's union broke and the car, with a groan, collapsed. Bearing the entire Boland family the over-extended vehicle sank slowly to the ground like some beast of burden perishing from sheer exhaustion. Before the bedazzled eyes of Andrew and Christine, the wheels splayed outwards. There was the sound of pieces dropping off, a vomit of tools shot from the locker, then the body of the car came to rest, dismembered, on street level.

One minute there was a car and the next a fun-fair gondola. In the forepart was Con clutching the wheel.

In the aft part his wife, clutching the baby. Mrs. Boland's mouth had dropped wide open, her dreamy eyes well fixed upon eternity. The stupe-

"What a day!" Andrew exclaimed when they had secured peace for themselves at last. "I shall never forget that look on Con's face as long as I live."

with her. Then his face brightened. He took the helpless Andrew by the arm and pointed with melancholy pride to the crumpled bonnet, beneath which the engine still feebly emitted a few convulsive beats. "See that, Manson! She's still runnin'."

Somehow they dragged the remains into the backyard of Vale View. In due course the Boland family went home on foot.

"What a day!" Andrew exclaimed when they had secured peace for themselves at last. "I'll never forget that look on Con's face as long as I live."

They were silent for a moment, then, turning to her, he asked:

"You did enjoy your Christmas?"

She replied oddly:

"I enjoyed seeing you play with baby Boland."

He glanced at her.

"Why?"

"I've been trying to tell you all day. Oh, can't you guess, darling?—I don't think you're such a smart physician after all."

SPRING once more. And early summer. The garden at Vale View was a patch of tender colors which the miners often stopped to admire on their way back from their shift. Chiefly these colors came from flowering shrubs which Christine had planted the previous autumn, for now Andrew would allow her to do no manual work at all.

"You've made the place!" he told her, with authority. "Now sit in it."

Her favorite seat was at the end of the little glen where, beside a tiny water-splash, she could hear the soothing converse of the stream. An over-

hanging willow offered protection from the rows of houses above. It was there, with the garden of Vale View

that they were completely overlooked. They had only to sit outside the porch for all the front windows of the Rows to be tenanted and the murmur to go round: "Eh! There's nice! Come an' have a look. Fan-eel! Doctor and his missus are havin' bit of sun, like!" Once, indeed, in their early days, when Andrew slipped his arm round Christine's waist as they stretched by the bank of the stream, he had seen the gleam of focused glass from old Glyn Joseph's parlor. "Darn it!" Andrew had realised hotly. "The old dog—he's got his telescope on us!"

Please turn Page 59

By A. J. CRONIN

faction on Con's face at his sudden loss of elevation was irresistible.

Andrew and Christine gave out a shriek of laughter. Once they began they could not stop. They laughed till they were weak.

"In the name of Heaven," Con said, rubbing his head and picking himself up. Observing that none of the children was hurt, that Mrs. Boland remained pale but undisturbed, in her seat, he considered the wreckage, pondering dazedly. "Sabotage," he declared at last, glaring at the windows opposite as a solution struck him. "Some of them devils in the Rows has tampered

He Hit a Prize-Fighter

By . . .

LUCIAN
CARY

Complete
Short
Story



Illustrated
by
WEP

"Now, Izzy," the prize-fighter said, "I only want . . ." But his words were lost in the storm of language that poured from Izzy as he hung on with one hand and waved the other wildly in the air.



PHYLLIS sat at a table in Corley's and watched Perry Phelps dancing with the newspaper girl from New York and got madder and madder.

The fact that Perry was so oblivious to what he was doing made it worse. He was big and good-natured and kind. He wouldn't have hurt her feelings on purpose. He was hurting her feelings. Therefore he was a fool. Or else he really had fallen for the newspaper girl.

Phyllis was neither alone nor neglected. She sat with Connie Smith and Jimmy Gresham and five newspaper men, and the only reason she wasn't dancing was that she was mad.

It was plain the newspaper men admired her. But that didn't help. She resented the newspaper men. She thought that Winchester, which is not far from Saratoga, was a charming place to spend the summer. But it had been spoiled when the heavyweight champion chose it for his training camp. Now it was full of sports writers and fight fans and gamblers and racketeers.

Nobody talked about anything but the fight. Nobody had talked about anything but the fight for three weeks and nobody would talk about anything but the fight until it was over. Winchester was spoiled. Corley's was spoiled. And Perry Phelps was dancing every dance with a red-headed newspaper girl from New York and beaming on the world. He had no idea Phyllis was annoyed with him. He was incapable of per-

ceiving that anybody was annoyed with him.

Phyllis thought the newspaper girl was not good-looking—not really. Her name was Jane Evans. Phyllis thought she wouldn't mind if Jane were a knockout. It wouldn't be so humiliating.

And then she saw the prize-fighter at the bar. He looked much bigger in his street clothes than he did in the ring at his training camp. He looked bigger and uglier.

The newspaper man beside Phyllis saw the prize-fighter too. The newspaper man's name was Mac. He was nice. He was quite the sort of young man with whom Phyllis would have been pleased to flirt under other and happier circumstances. He jerked his head at the other newspaper men and grinned. They all grinned. They all watched the prize-fighter expectantly. They had been talking about how surly Burke had got as he neared the end of his training. Something was going to happen.

They all saw Burke drink a glass of whisky and ask for another and drink that and ask for a third. He didn't stop with the third. He went right on, pausing only to take a quick look over his shoulder at the door.

"It's a race," Mac said to Phyllis. "Can he get cock-eyed before Izzy Mandelbaum catches up with him?"

Burke took his seventh whisky with one toss and moved out on the dance floor. Corley's was usually a quiet place with no music except what came over the radio. But owing to the rush of business since Burke had established his training camp, Corley had hired an orchestra. The dance floor was crowded.

Corley's had always been most respectable. But now there were more racketeers than college boys and more strange girls than girls that Phyllis knew.

BURKE started out across the dance floor. He bumped Perry Phelps and the newspaper girl. Perry Phelps just grinned and went on dancing. Burke saw a college boy dancing with a pretty girl. Burke tried to cut in. The college boy protested sharply. Burke took him by the wrist, whirled him around, shoved him away, and grabbed the girl.

Phyllis knew the boy and the girl. The boy was white with anger. But what could he do? He was scarcely half as big as the heavyweight champion. The girl was tall. Phyllis could see her face over Burke's huge

shoulder as he swung her around. Phyllis could see the girl was a little scared but not so scared that she wasn't enjoying herself. The other dancers all stopped and watched—all except Perry Phelps and the newspaper girl.

But before the dance was over there was a wild yell from the bar and a short fat red-faced man came bounding out on to the dance floor. "You big bum!" the little man yelled at Burke. "You louse!"

He grabbed the prize-fighter's arm with both hands.

"Now, Izzy," the prize-fighter said, "I only want—"

But his words were lost in the storm of language that poured from Izzy as he hung on with one hand and waved the other wildly in the air. Izzy yelled at the top of his voice. His words came faster and faster until they were no longer

distinguishable as words. Burke's head drooped in submission. Izzy started towards the door with him, leading him with one hand and still gesticulating wildly with the other. He bumped into Perry Phelps and his fist hit Perry on the cheek.

Perry Phelps just grinned. Izzy Mandelbaum disappeared through the bar-room door, leading Burke.

"Strange thing,"

Mac said to Phyllis. "Burke is trained to the point where he just has to break loose. He'd love to punch anybody who gave him the slightest excuse. He knocked two of his sparring partners cold this morning. But he can't stand up to Izzy Mandelbaum. He wouldn't think of laying a hand on Izzy."

Perry Phelps realised, as he drove Phyllis home, that she did not share his enthusiasm for the evening. She had gone into one of those stony silences by which a girl indicates without committing herself to anything that you are in the dog house.

Perry looked at her. There was enough light from the dash so he could see her profile. Her face was calm and beautiful—ominously calm and beautiful. Phyllis was normally vivacious. Phyllis laughed easily.

"I think," Perry said, "that Izzy Mandelbaum leading Burke out of Corley's was one of the funniest things I ever saw in my life."

Phyllis neither smiled nor spoke. "Didn't you think it was funny?" Perry asked.

Please turn to Page 16

Illustrated by
FISCHER



Complete
Short Story

The SAVAGE WAY

Romance and action are blended in this fine tale of inland Australian life...

Brett saw the girl had a gun in her hand.

By
E. V. TIMMS



THE girl was white. The scarlet glow from the sunset revealed it, the ruddy light coloring the piquant face under the dusty turban, limning the pride and hauteur of its youthful beauty. She was dressed as were the grim, dark-eyed Afghans behind her—skilfully-set turban of silk, shirt open at the neck, and broad leather belt supporting trousers cut away to fit her. Her small feet were brown and slippered. Her face and arms were brown, not with the tan of alien blood, but with the bronze taken from the desert sun. Gracefully she sat upon the hump of her camel, looking down at Brett.

It was an astonishing picture, Brett Savage told himself. The team of thirsty camels had lurched right out of the sun as it rested on the dark smudge of far, table-topped hills. Now it was gone, but up from behind those distant hills shot an aurora of unimaginable beauty, the western sky painted with all the vivid colors of a desert sunset.

Freighter though he was, owner of the waggons that rumbled far across the hot earth, Brett had something of the artist in his hard-bitten soul. He was able to appreciate the unusual when it blended with beauty. In those brief moments of roscate glory Nature framed for him a scene he never forgot. As she looked down at him, he stared up at her. His sun-cracked waggons and horse-teams were at the soak behind him. Standing with feet slightly apart, his tall strong

frame was tense with utter surprise. His battered, wide-brimmed hat shaded keen blue eyes. A torn shirt covered his wide shoulders. There were cartridges in his belt and he carried a .32 Winchester in his hand.

But, perhaps, in after years the thing he remembered above all others, above even the cold impersonality of that lovely face under the turban, was the quality and melody of her voice. Cultured, quiet, with not a trace of the desert in its tone, it seemed, in this loneliness of the lost lands, like velvet dropped upon a stone.

"Are you Brett Savage?" she asked.

He nodded, his quick eyes leaving hers to stare at the men behind her. The camels, heavily freighted, were deploying to right and left, forming for the night-camp. The Afghans were observing him, their hawk-like faces stamped with the tribal impress that the black-hair tents of the Hindu Kush had nurtured since Abraham, their mighty ancestor, made ancient sacrifice of blood on his own desert altar. Fierce, passionate men these who now guided camels across Australia's inland, treacherous, filled with hot courage and cold calculation.

Brett judged them to be offshoots of the great Ghilzais tribe. He answered the girl.

"Yes. But I didn't expect..." Her dark eyes narrowed as she said:

"I will talk to you when my men have prayed."

The camels knelt, their snarling matched by the snarl of their masters. When the beasts were on

their bellies, the Afghans knelt beside them, their faces turned now towards Mecca. The girl near Brett still sat on her camel, her eyes watching the bowing turbans, the uplifting arms, the worship of Allah in the Mohammedan way. Brett had seen it before, yet in the western deserts of Australia it seemed a piece of all desert patterns, this strict observance of their Mohammedan religion. Where the desert sands lie, where the men of Mohammed walk, there at sunrise and at sunset they will remember the God of their Fathers, crying their prayer, lifting a minor, plaintive note in the Arabic of forgotten musings that carries on the desert wind for far distances.

"La illaha Allah, wa Mohammed ar rasul Allah..."

There is but one God, Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet. Brett studied the girl. On all the lonely trails of the west he had never before encountered anyone like her. From Perth to Coolgardie, in the deserts west of the new gold-fields, in the empty lands to the north where the gibber plains met at last the rolling seas of sand, in all the unmapped wildernesses where the spinifex wounds the flesh and furtive blacks drag thirsty spears in their toes, in the northern ports

were rapidly changing to soft pastel shades. Soon the night would cover all with its canopy, and across the heavens would blaze uncounted stars. "I came here to meet a man," he retorted. "The man who said he'd run my freight waggons off every track in the west. Where is he?"

A little smile touched her lips, the gleam in her eyes was now faintly mocking.

"His name?" she murmured. Brett's eyes were hard. He still stood balanced on both feet, the deadly rifle ready for the challenge he had come to meet.

"Afghan Joe Murchison," he said harshly. "Flea-bitten Joe, as all the West knows him."

"Yes," she replied. "I knew him, too."

Brett frowned. "Then you know what he is..."

"Was," she corrected him. "He is dead."

Brett stared at her. "Dead? Flea-bitten Joe? Oh, so he's dead, eh? Well, that'll be the end of his cursed camel strings that are lacing the west and strang-

such. It has been a battle between your waggons and his camels, with Murchison a little the better man."

"Whoever said that lied," he rasped.

"I say it," she said coolly. "Then you're a liar," he said, equally as coolly.

She breathed just a little more quickly, for just as her soft laughter had pricked him so had his direct brutality bruised her.

"You're well named," she retorted. "Savage by name and savage by nature. But Joe Murchison didn't challenge you..."

"Who did?"

Slowly her eyes travelled over his tall, lean form.

"I did," she said. "I am Joe Murchison's daughter. I came to the West from England, where the money from the camel-trains has kept and provided for me. I landed a day before my father died, and I promised him I'd run you off every track in the West. And I will."

Brett slowly pushed the battered felt hat to the back of his head. He had met nerve in both men and women before, but this was about the coldest piece of impudent bluff he had ever struck. This girl had stepped into old Flea-bitten Joe's shoes, which was purely a metaphor, for the old devil had never worn shoes, and had had the colossal conceit to tell him she would hound him out of the West. Yes, she was Joe Murchison's daughter all right, although it seemed incredible that Flea-bitten Joe could father such a cold little beauty.

All at once Brett grinned at her. She seemed so small to stand there and threaten him, so very young to challenge one of the proven hard men of the West. She amused him.

Please turn to Page 16

Beauty in the Desert

where rusty cattle tramps edge past, stinking loggers, where strange types meet and mingle in search of the pearl, and are lost and forgotten, in all the wild and solitary places of this new continent, he had never been faced with such picturesque incongruity.

Yet there she was, and as the Afghans rose to their feet she brought her camel to its knees and faced Brett.

"Why are you staring at me?" she asked quietly.

He shrugged. The ironstone was cooling now, the scarlets of the skies

ling the freight game for white men."

She seemed amused at that.

"Will it?"

"It will." His voice roughened a little.

Then she laughed, very quietly, but somehow it pierced Brett's desert-toughened skin. In the last of the daylight her eyes were fixed upon him, observing him steadily and critically.

"You have the reputation for being a hard man, Brett Savage," she said slowly. "I have heard that Flea-bitten Joe was also considered

FASHION PORTFOLIO

November 20, 1937

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Page One

UNUSUAL...



● **CARTWHEEL HAT** of white pique trimmed with navy grosgrain and worn with navy crepe ensemble. Collar and bow of white pique.

● **PICTURE FROCK**, designed by Derry and Toms, of London, in the new lampshade style, a little shorter in front than at the back, skin-tight to the hips, but with yards of fullness round the hem. It is made of palest mauve georgette and belted and striped in deep violet velvet. The model is wearing the new 'Pageboy' hair style that is quickly becoming a craze.

● **AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE** in black silk crepe with silver fox trimming. The hat, from Agnes, is in black silk crepe draped with chiffon.

● **A BEAUTIFULLY DRAPED EVENING GOWN** in chalk-white crepe from Strassner. The cape, draped in sari fashion, is bordered with silver embroidery.

REMOVE HAIR *THIS new WAY*

SAFE (No Chemicals)
ODORLESS
PAINLESS
EASY



JUST A
GENTLE RUB
— OFF COMES
THE HAIR

BEFORE
USING
FOR LEGS,
ARMS-FACE

Insist on the GENUINE & ORIGINAL
Silkymit
HAIR REMOVER
It leaves the skin like silk.

ON SALE AT ALL TOILET COUNTERS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

1/- If unobtainable from your local chemist or store, send Postal Note for 1/- to
SILKYMIT PTY.,
WEMBLEY HOUSE, 341 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY 1/-

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

SKIRTS a Mile WIDE!



• DEEP BLUE-GRAY crepe linen embroidered all over in large flower and leaf design, the heart-shaped décolletage and hemline emphasised with navy taffeta.

• ASPARAGUS-GREEN chiffon. The beautiful skirt is pieced around the hips to give great skirt fullness, in a hundred folds.

• A LOVELY DINNER GOWN done in spider-web pattern net—the wide sleeves and the hemline are stiffened with horsehair. Primrose-colored flowers on the bodice and matching chiffon kerchief.

The Fashion Parade *sketched by Petrov*

Sheer Magic!

BLACK is a more suitable hot-weather shade in town than the pale greens, pale pinks, and pale blues.

Neutrals make you look less washed-out, hence the blacks, greys and beiges of the well-dressed woman.

Your fabric can be just as sheer as you like. Thin, yes, and cool, yes, but with line. That is essential.

Blends of color are good, either sharp colors or pastel shades with your basic neutral shades. Do not think, though, that all your hot-wear has to be neutral. Only have some items in your wardrobe which are that, and use them on the very hottest days, days when you feel you really will wilt.

Color-schemes for hot weather? The bonbon pinks that are mauvish, and the pink-blues rather than the harsher shades: red, white, and blue, almost always a good selection; brown with white, with a lime-y lemon, with tan, with a deep, rich, almost purply-blue; deep, dark green with pale blue: you can think out your own selection.

The thing is to keep to the color tones of your best combinations, and to add something new and sophisticated. That is the note to strike, sophistication, in hot weather, when other women tend too often to look blowsy, careless, don't-careish.—Alison Settle.



● **EXTREME LEFT:** Layers and layers of navy chiffon topped with a lace blouse of pale flesh color edged with navy embroidery. **LEFT:** Silver coin-spots interspersed with red and blue on a delicate mauve crepe, almost transparent; silver binding and buttons.

● **ABOVE:** Black net sprinkled with diamante. Not butterfly weighted with diamante at waist and shoulder.

● **RIGHT:** The same silhouette in stiff taffeta in red and white with pinked edges.



Do Your Shoes FIT Your FOUR FEET?

Ten Good Rules to Follow When Buying Footwear

By ALISON SETTLE, Famous English Fashion Expert—
Exclusive To The Australian Women's Weekly

Only one advertisement for shoes stays in my mind. I must have looked at hundreds, illustrating all kinds of shoes, leathers, heights of heel, suitability, yet of them all only this one stays in my memory.

It read: "Do your shoes fit all FOUR of your feet?"

It pointed out that shoes fit two different pairs of feet—the feet that are relaxed and supple when you are sitting, and the feet which are taut, spread out, in which the muscles are at work when you are walking.

WHAT brand of shoe was to answer the purpose for the two different pairs of feet I shall never remember, but I still remember that it stressed the need for elasticity in shoe leather, for ample support and yet sufficient give.

It is not often in the fashion story that comfort is stressed above all else. Too often women sit back with a fat

sigh and say, "Oh, well, I don't much care what I look like so long as I am comfortable; that's the great thing," so that it is taken for granted that comfort and elegance cannot be synonymous.

Which is, of course, not so. In shoes comfort can be fully stressed, because the shoe that is too old, worn down, too wide offers too little support; in other words, the shoe that is not elegant is never the comfortable shoe.

If you haven't got comfort for your



THE LATER THE HOUR, THE HIGHER THE HEEL! Our fashion artist, Petrov, has sketched above six smart types of shoe. They include in the top row (from the left), a suede saddle type with low heel lighter than the shoe; moosekin type Oxford suede and kid with medium leather heel; and kid and suede toecap Oxford with high leather heel. Lower row (from the left), dark suede, buttoned on the side; place kid in bright color with strap effect; and evening sandal in lame with diamante buckle.

feet you will look neither amiable nor happy, two things that are essential to good dressing, and certainly the sloppy, older shoe will give you no comfort.

The shoe that is growing old or that was chosen for looseness when it was new is the shoe which ceases to support your instep, puts your whole line of body out of balance, and is no longer that glove for the foot which it should be. The really well-fitting shoe is the one which fits from the very first day and only ceases to give support and comfort with elegance when it is outworn.

Shoes you wear constantly. The whole weight of your body, a body whose posture you may well have neglected, rests on that pair of shoes. If the shoes do not fit they not only hurt and destroy the good looks of your face, but also they destroy the set of your whole body.

Here is one of the times when the courage to throw away something in your wardrobe is absolutely essential, to throw away the shoes which have "given," sagged, gone down at the heels beyond good repair. Giving these away means the saving of your good looks in face and figure, the saving of weak ankles, of arches that sag, of the little bones that would go out of place. And the heavier the woman naturally the shorter the life of even the best shoes.

The heavy woman has need to change her shoes many times in a day, so that she and the shoes alike are rested. In the morning she will wear one kind; in the afternoon a second; and again in the evening a third. What she must not do if she is heavy is, in those changes, to alter too greatly the height of her heels.

The woman with the supple foot, the excellent muscles and lightly poised body can with impunity change from low-heeled sports shoes to high-heeled dance sandals. Not so the woman who has lost suppleness of muscles. It is too great a strain to put on the foot.

Design for Buying

WHAT are the rules for shoe buying? They are ten:—

1. Go regularly to a chiropodist, and go within a week before buying new shoes. Often a woman buys shoes when her nails have grown too long, when her foot feels uncomfortable, and buys shoes that are too loose, do not support her foot, because of that.

2. Do not buy shoes when your feet are tired or hot. You can, when tired, be no judge then of what a shoe should feel like, feeling with every inch of your foot's skin and with each muscle in foot and instep.

3. Analyse shoe news before you go out to buy. There is news in shoes as in every other side of fashion. Laced shoes may be coming in or going out.

Know which is happening. You may, in fact, be a rebel and say, "Never mind if fashion says that the proportion of shoes is to alter with other branches of fashion: I shall just go on my own way and do as I like."

Even so, you should know what is happening even if you reject that knowledge. Don't buy on a going-out fashion; be alert for a coming-in fashion.

4. Watch proportions. Fashion alters the leathers used, the shades and colors, the height of heels, the shape of toes. It seems at first sight nonsense when your feet go on being the same shape.

Yes, but the rest of you does not go on being the same shape! Whether it is the dictates of fashion lengthening or shortening your skirts, widening or narrowing your shoulders, doing things with your waist, or you yourself giving in to the comforts of the flesh that is a cause of your widening and the altering of your own personal proportions, still it is proportion that dictates shoe changes.

When the waistline goes up the instep will be covered and tongues, high-cut lines, lacings are in the mode. When shoulders are square, long, elegantly toe-pointing shoes are out of place and toes become squarer. Evening shoes should be of a different kind for wide skirts to narrow skirts.

5. Watch the leathers. Science does wonders in altering the nature of leathers, yet suede remains something inappropriate for rainy or rough days, and patent leather speaks of morning town elegance as against afternoon wear or sports.

Charm in Simplicity

6. Simplicity is as essential in shoe-making as it is in glove-making. There are times in fashion when cutting-out in sandals is decreed, punchwork in sports shoes, pleating in daytime leathers.

7. Don't choose shoes in order to make your feet look small. That idea is gone by. It was a Victorian convention and went with helpless, home-hugging women. And were their feet smaller in those days? Nothing of the sort. They were less endowed with muscle to support arches and insteps because they had no sports or exercise, and were softer looking and softer in fact.

But the smallness of Victorian feet was due to lengthy skirts. The heels of their shoes were set right in the middle of their soles, so that when the "little foot" peeped out from under a skirt it appeared incredibly short.

That was an optical illusion made possible by the fact that they used their feet but little, did not stand but sat, drove in carriages, and made no physical effort. It accounted probably for a good deal of the fainting that took place.

As soon as skirts grew short heels had to go to their proper place and feet seemed bigger. Now proportion demands larger hands and feet as being better to look at.

8. When square toes or heels, heel-less shoes, and the like first come in, be very sure that your appearance is so chic that you can carry off the new fashion with quiet conviction.

9. Very low heels may be in fashion; wear them less low until you have exercised the muscles of your feet into acceptance of the complete change. That is why many women find tennis so tiring and golf less tiring, the heelless tennis shoe putting a great strain on ankles used to heels.

10. Buy shoes for morning, sports, afternoon, and evening, and do not for a moment think that one pair of shoes should carry you through the day.

If you wear the same suit all through the day, all right then, the same shoes can be worn, though it is a rest of feet and shoes to change, but when you change your suit, be sure to change your shoes.



JOYOUS moment when your mirror reveals a miracle of symmetry only attained by Berlei's persuasive control. You'll look years younger—ever so much slimmer—in these true-to-type foundations.

Berlei FOUNDATION GARMENTS

BERLEI LIMITED, SYDNEY, LONDON & AUCKLAND

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



MISTRESS: You eat twice as much as my last maid. **NEW MAID:** Yes, but I shall stay only half as long as she did.



"But, Daddy—Michael's very progressive! Why, he even lives on next year's income!"



"My eyesight hasn't been the best lately, ladies and gentlemen, but they say this shot can be done."



CUSTOMER (wearily): Shave. **BARBER:** You'll have to sit up higher to be shaved, sir. **CUSTOMER:** Then give me a hair-cut.

LUNG TROUBLE

"WOULD NOT BE ALIVE TO-DAY . . . THANKS BE TO GOD FOR IT." SO WRITES A ONE-TIME SUFFERER.

THIS WOMAN, IN COMMON WITH MANY OTHER former sufferers, owes their return to health . . . their desire to live again . . . their relief from suffering . . . their very lives to Membronus, a dry inhalation, a wonderful healer that has saved the lives of thousands of good Australians.

The case here reported is one of years standing. She tried everything and "was bent almost at right angles like a woman of 80." Medical treatment availed her nothing, she could scarcely crawl about, and life to her was not worth living. Her sister, who had spent considerable money trying this cure and that treatment for her.

"saw an advertisement for Membronus in a druggist's book." "It sounded well-nigh impossible," so the sister said, but it nevertheless "had the very ring of truth about it," so she sent for Membronus dry inhalation.

"Before a month had gone my sister was as straight again, and after a few months' treatment, is a living advertisement for Membronus." "I am, continued, if all sufferers could get Membronus, our beautiful land of Australia would reap a wonderful benefit."

"I could write pages for you on this subject, as I feel that my nephew would be motherless but for Membronus."

This is typical of many reports received month after month regarding Membronus dry inhalation . . . the wonderful healer of all lung troubles.

Call, or send a 2d stamped addressed envelope giving particulars of your complaint to "Membronus," c/o. Irvine's Pharmacy, sole distributor for Australia, No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth-street, Sydney, N.E.W. 541167.

CATARRH

HAY FEVER

BRONCHITIS

ASTHMA

ANTRUM Trouble

without operation

MEMBRONUS (regd.)

DRY INHALATION

EYE CULTURE

Restores NORMAL EYESIGHT without glasses

For twenty-five years Miss E. R. of Warrimoo, had been wearing glasses and had always to put them on before rising from bed and take them off last thing at night. She was told that her eyes would never improve. She found the needed stimulus glasses every year or two. Reading for any period or sewing were absolutely out of the question. She feared blindness . . . until she tried EYE CULTURE.

In a few short weeks she found a wonderful improvement in her eyes . . . discarded two pairs of glasses . . . and is now able to walk round the house and travel to the city WITHOUT ANY GLASSES. "I feel up!" she writes. "that what EYE CULTURE is doing for me, it can do for thousands of others, no matter how bad their case . . . I am certain if people knew what wonderful relief they can obtain from EYE CULTURE they would not hesitate to give it a trial."

Call and learn what Eye Culture has done, and can do for you, or if you are unable to call, write for full information and booklet, mentioning your eye trouble and enclosing a 2d stamped addressed envelope for reply to.

"EYE CULTURE," No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.E.W.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

DRAPERY Assistant: Would you like to look through some of our towels, madam?

Customer: No. I want some that I can't look through.

IRATE WIFE (to solicitor): There's been too much of the dictator about my husband ever since his holiday in Germany, and I want you to get me a decree nisi.

"Do you like Handel's Largo?"

"I'm afraid not. As a matter of fact, I'm a staunch teetotaler."

"GOOD HEAVENS!" shrieked the mistress, "do you mean to say I told you my husband was in gaol?"

"Not in so many words, ma'am," said the cook, "but I drew my own conclusions when you said you were going to give a coming-out party in the summer."

"I FELL in love with my husband at first sight."

"Really?"

"Yes! Dad and I were sitting on the beach when he pointed to a red-headed, bony man walking on the beach. 'There goes a chap worth \$25,000,' he said."

THE children had had a chicken for dinner.

"What part did you have?" asked one.

"The wishbone," was the reply.

"I had a leg," put in another child. Little Jackie held up a skewer and exclaimed: "Look, I've got the perch."



SEVEN EXQUISITE SHADES in three flowers new face powder

Seven shades—radiantly flattering, completely different. A perfect colour range in flattering tones to bring out the true beauty of your skin. Powder that's silky-fine and clinging, a delight to dust over your cheeks. Lasting fragrance that makes even your hair seem exquisitely perfumed. In these fascinating shades—Peach, Rose, Naturelle, White, Rachel, Tan Rachel or Dark Rachel.

THREE FLOWERS TALCUM—A soft . . . finely textured powder . . . so cool and refreshing . . . in the same delicate scent as your face powder.

AND TO COMPLETE YOUR BEAUTY ENSEMBLE . . . Three Flowers Face Creams . . . Rouge . . . Lipstick . . . Hand Cream . . . Hair Preparations . . . Perfume.



RICHARD HUDNUT AIDS TO LOVELINESS

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 20, 1937.

HYGIENE MAKES PERFECT HOMES

OUR grandmothers used to say as a tribute to the cleanliness of a home that "you could eat your dinner off the floor."

Often, in those days, a home was so planned and furnished that it was a labor of Hercules to keep it clean.

Architecture supplied a maze of ledges, nooks, crannies, and cornices to catch dust, ceilings you could not reach without special apparatus, dingy pantries, sculleries, and cellars, which were ideal lurking places for vermin and microbes.

In the kitchen regions everything possible was of bare boards that had to be scrubbed. The pots were iron, the stoves vast and black.

To keep her home clean grandma had to scrub and scour and slave in a way unknown to the housewife of to-day. Our homes are cleaner than hers was, despite all her toil, for they are designed for cleanliness and equipped with every possible gadget for making cleaning easy.

With domestic work made so comparatively simple and pleasant, it's up to us all to keep in step with what science is doing for the housewife.

With refrigeration and waste disposal so highly developed, there's no excuse any more for two of the things that leave the home open to disease—food left exposed, and rubbish left about the house.

With hot water and a multitude of efficient cleansers, there's no reason for grease to linger round sinks, stoves and cupboards. Grease isn't just messy—it's dangerous as a hiding-ground for germs.

And it's out of keeping with the modern home to have dirty floorcloths and mops about the place. They can be consistently disinfected and frequently replaced at such a small cost.

Happily, in most modern households, such elementary rules of hygiene are obeyed as part of the ordinary routine, but there are unfortunate exceptions which still defeat the best efforts of science.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Woman and the Plough

HOWEVER much we may deplore the fact that a New South Wales woman has had to draw the plough for her husband because he is partially disabled, and they can't afford a horse, we cannot but admire the splendid spirit that prompted her to play the role of horse.

It is the spirit of the pioneer woman, which this country needs now as much as it ever did.

Modern conditions have relieved us of most of the necessity for enduring drudgery and hardship, but they have not weakened the fibre of Australian womanhood.

Prisoners on Probation

QUEENSLAND plans to introduce the parole system into the gaols as a step towards more humane treatment of criminals.

In the case of ordinary offenders who are not a definite danger to society, it certainly seems an excellent plan, both economically and ethically.

Why should the State go on keeping a man, and keeping him from earning his living, if there is any chance of his becoming a decent citizen?

It Runs in the Family

THE Rajah of Sarawak, like many another potentate these days, is getting commoners in the family.

Miss Elizabeth Brooke, known as Princess Pearl, married Harry Roy, the dance band leader, and now her younger sister, Valerie (Princess Baba) is to wed 25-year-old Bob Gregory, all-in wrestler, who "doesn't care if the Rajah cuts her off without a bob."

Whether or not Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, the Rajah, approves of his daughter's choice, he cannot but recognise the spirit of adventure that made the family famous.

Sir James Brooke gave up the conventional life of an English officer a century ago to fight pirates round Borneo. He was rewarded with the gift of the country of Sarawak, which the family has ruled ever since.

Slim and Savage

"WHY slim?" asks a doctor, who adds: "Well-padded women are generally of a more pleasant disposition than thin ones."

Well, girls, which do you think a man would prefer—a buxom wench who will go through life with a grin, or a slinky glamor girl who turns out to be a neurotic nag?

Only one guess allowed!

LYRIC OF LIFE

WE MET NEXT DAY

You passed me by nor stopped awhile to speak . . .

I felt the hot blood mounting in my cheek

In sudden understanding, sudden shame.

Last night's full moon, the scented evening shade.

The love you told and old avowals made

For you were just a fine, romantic game;

And I, being foolish, thought it all was true

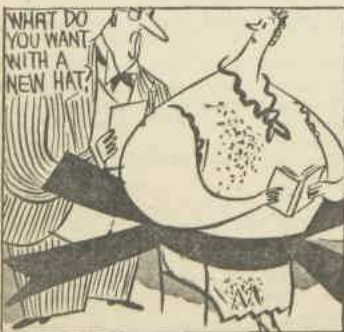
And gave my heart, my eager heart, to you.

You passed me in the street to-day,

Just looked at me then quickly turned away.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



World's Most Wonderful House

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

The world's most wonderful house is valued, with contents, at over £4,000,000, is a century old, was first occupied by a girl of eighteen—and is now the magnificent playground of two little Princesses.

It is Buckingham Palace. The first Royal resident there was the girl Queen Victoria.

To-day its walls echo to the laughter and fun of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

Buckingham Palace has been the home of English sovereigns since 1837. It was the ideal of King George IV, who died, however, before his palace of dreams was completed.

King William IV did not live there. For some reason he disliked the place, and suggested it should be converted into a House of Parliament!

It was left to the girl Queen Victoria, in 1837, to be the first royal resident.

Wandering on a tour of inspection through the rooms of the palace, Queen Victoria is recorded as having been free in her criticisms of some of the furnishings and decorations.

Particularly she resented "this new-fangled illumination of the principal rooms by coal gas," and said she would always prefer to use candles. Incidentally, Buckingham Palace was one of the first

houses in all London to be equipped with gas lighting.

From Buckingham Palace on June 28, 1839, Queen Victoria went forth to her crowning. From there also she drove out as a bride in a wedding gown of white satin costing £3000.

At the palace the Queen and her husband spent the happiest years of their life together.

When the Prince Consort died, the Queen gave orders that not a thing in his rooms was to be moved or altered. Even the music before the organ in his sitting-room was left untouched.

The girl Queen's romance and life is one of the hallowed chapters in the history of the Palace.

Now Princess Elizabeth plays happily there, with her sister. Will she also go forth from the Palace one day to be crowned Queen of the Empire? And to be a bride?

Famous Rooms

A DETAILED description of the Palace and its treasures would fill many a book.

The principal rooms in the front section of the palace are mostly reserved as guest suites for visiting foreign Royalties. Each suite has a principal bedroom on the second floor and a drawing-room directly beneath on the first floor.

The famous centre balcony, where the Royal Family acknowledge the greetings of the crowd in front of the Palace on great occasions, is reached from the centre room, one of the semi-state apartments.

The twelve main State apartments are in the west section of the Palace, and are reached through the grand entrance, which is directly across the courtyard from the centre archway in the front of the Palace.

The Throne room is the most imposing apartment in the Palace.

Another of the great apartments is the State dining-room, 74ft. by 34ft.

The State ballroom, 123ft. long and 80ft. wide, is the largest apartment in the Palace.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, the world's most wonderful house, valued at over £4,000,000, playground of two little Princesses . . . see article column 4.

White Collars

AN economic investigator from Cambridge University, now touring Australia, has pointed out that we have the highest proportion of "white-collar workers"—persons occupied in commerce and the professions—of any country in the world.

He regards this as one more piece of evidence of our high standard of living. When a country is prosperous it needs, and can afford, more and more expert services from workers in these "tertiary industries."

But the best aspect of the position is that while the high metropolitan living standard in America is offset by miserable poverty in rural areas, Australia's country people live in a manner quite as civilised, and even healthier, than do city folk.

Should Men Wash Up?

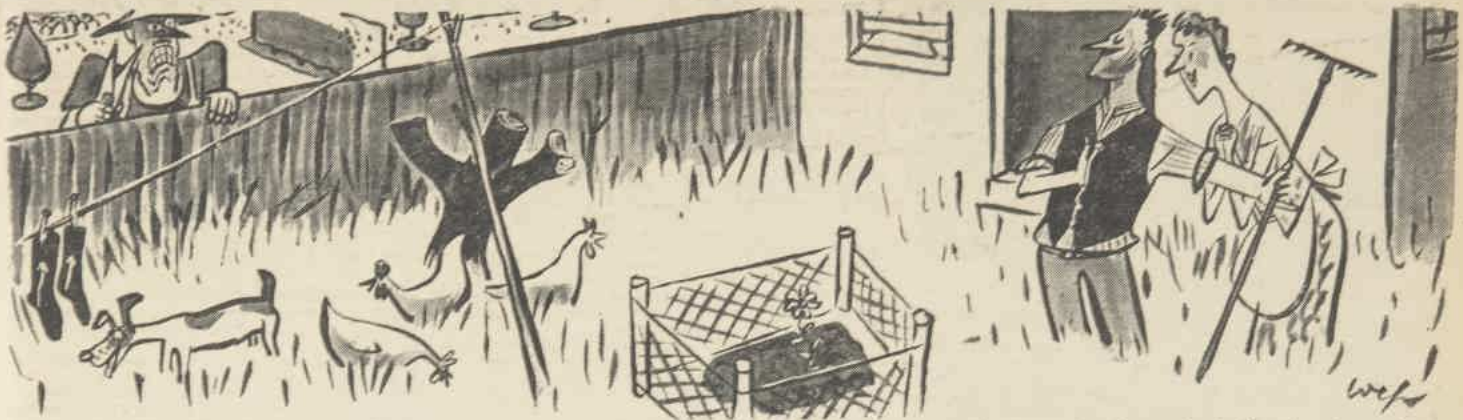
WHEN the Mayor of Glenelg, South Australia, declared that dish-washing and other household chores were beneath the dignity of men, did it occur to him to wonder if such tasks were beneath the dignity of women also?

Nobody regards dish-washing as a peculiarly attractive occupation, and there is no evidence that women were intended by nature for it.

But they do it. In the main, uncomplainingly, and rarely ask their menfolk to take a turn at it unless the housework is exceptionally heavy.

Won't we ever reach the stage where men and women will forget this absurd bickering about dignity and work together light-heartedly, whether it be at dish-washing or experimenting with radium?

EVERYTHING In the Garden's LOVELY!



L. W. Lower Rhapsodises Over Slugs, Onion Grass and Wiggly Worms

Nothing gives me a greater thrill than the sight of a daffodil turning its brave face to the sun covered with slugs and ringworms.

Or the festive stinkwort gently closing its blushing petals as the moon quietly thrusts its smiling face into view to mark the closing of the day.

"YOU'VE got a wonderful show of slugs, this year," says the next door neighbor enviously.

"You've got to feed them," I reply. "You should try planting a bed of nasturtiums along the fence."

"Do you get many wiggly worms?"

"It's a bad season for them. I've planted two rows of delphiniums and never caught one. Just slugs. I threw them back. By the way, the wife won't let me keep my fertilizer in the ice-chest. Says it affects the butter."

"Do you have butter?" he asks, incredulously.

"Had it for years. We scrape off a bit when we have visitors. Must make a bit of a show."

... By ...

L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

"I suppose so. How are you getting on with your stinkwort?"

"Fine! And my couch-grass! Scarcely needs any attention. Just look at that patch. Planted daffodil bulbs and drew a row of brown onions entirely surrounded by couch grass."

"You never can tell."

"That's what I say. I was digging around the hydrangeas this morning and found a bottle of beer. Label a bit faded, but otherwise as good as new."

"I've had no luck, so far."

"If you'd like to crawl through the fence—"

"Pass it through and keep making a noise with the clippers."

It's Nice to be Nice

"I ALWAYS think it's nice to have a palling torn off the dividing fence, don't you?"

(Pass it back, quick! Here she comes!)

"Oh! Hallo, Mr. Lower! Now what are you men up to?"

"He says that you can't beat blood and bone-me. I'm all for systematic mulching."

"Huh! Get inside and wash your filthy hands. And as for you, Mr. Lower, are you gardening or guzzling?"

"Me? I was just doing a bit of grubbing about. Does a man good to get out in the air—back to Nature—in touch with the soil—Mother Earth—if you know what I mean."

"Yes. I know what you mean to mean."

"Yes! Yes! You would. Remarkably intelligent woman. I've always said so. Haven't I, Fred?"

"And didn't I agree with you? I married her for her brains, not for her—"

"Yes, go on!"

"Er—that's all, my dear."

"And just look at the knees of your trousers! Why don't you put on an old, worn-out pair like Mr. Lower?"

"These are my best trousers!"

"Yes, Mr. Lower, I know that."

And she walks off, leaving me stunned.

Advice to Amateurs

OF course, that's only the nasty part of gardening. The best part is when you find a bottle of seeds on a back shelf and plant them. You dig them up every week-end to see how they're getting on and they don't seem to be getting on at all.

Then the wife wants to know what became of her bottle of liver pills, and a suspicion dawns on you, but you don't say anything. It's always best not to say anything in a case like that.

What I like best is DUNNING CATERPILLARS. The trouble is that I can't control myself and by the time I've finished there's not much left but the stalk. Then you might as well pull the whole thing up and throw it away.

When planting anything it's always best to mound the plot to be planted very thoroughly for bones. Otherwise you'll find that the dog will unplant

"It's nice to go out in the garden in the gloaming and ... smell the good earth," says L. W. Lower.

everything and leave a hole two feet deep just where you planted the pansies. After that he'll cart his 100-year-old bone into the bedroom, leaving a trail of mud and blasphemy behind him.

The best part of gardening is the hoeing. It's astonishing the number of things you can find to hoe. The fence, the roof of the tool-shed, the street, the next-door cat and yourself.

Then you have a drink out of the hose and the water runs down your shirt, after which you reluctantly turn off the tap and make towards the house.

"What on earth have you been doing! Swimming? Don't you dare come into my kitchen with those filthy boots!"

"Bah! A man spends his whole afternoon trying to make the place look nice and all he gets is abuse."

Still it's nice to go out in the garden in the gloaming and survey the sodden ruins and smell the good earth.

That is until you find that the dog has discovered the boots you left outside to dry and has taken them under the house to chew them at his leisure.

Your Dog

Give him **BARKO** CONDITION POWDERS

He needs a Blood Purifier regularly every week



Ragged Coat

The purity of a dog's blood determines the condition of his coat. If his blood is out of order his coat will almost immediately become dull and ragged, and his hair will commence to fall out. A dog's blood becomes laden with poisons and impurities if he is not regularly conditioned.

By giving your dog Barko Condition Powders you will purify his blood and keep him healthy. You will soon see a wonderful difference in his coat—hairs will stop falling, and it will regain that beautiful natural bloom which is the unfailing sign of a healthy dog.

BARKO

CONDITION POWDERS

Price — 1/6 per box of 20 powders At all Chemists 2/18

SCRATCHING

People are apt to think that a dog scratches just from habit. This is not correct. A dog whose blood is out of order and laden with impurities suffers from acute irritation under the skin which he vainly endeavours to allay by frantic scratching.

You will find that your dog will quickly cease scratching himself if you will only help him to gain relief by removing the cause of his suffering. You can do this in a simple way by giving him a course of Barko Condition Powders, which will cool and purify his overheated blood and bring him speedy relief. He will then stop scratching when the cause of the irritation is removed.

FREE DOG COLLAR

Ask your Chemist to show you the BARKO Outfit Parcel containing 1 Box BARKO Condition Powders 1/6, 1 Cake BARKO Iodine Dog Soap 9d., 1 Tin BARKO Flea Powder 1/3. Total price 3/6. A FREE Dog Collar is given with every parcel. Various colours and sizes to suit any dog.

How can you get that PERFECT FIGURE

SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off Spring fashions to perfection — but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was.

Don't envy her, but get that slim fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.



"I know how essential it is to have 'appearance' and be able to wear my dresses and gowns to perfection. Taking Bile Beans regularly enables me to look and feel my best at all times and keeps my figure slim and attractive."—Miss D. Hill.

"I tell all my friends who talk about slimming to take two Bile Beans every night. Since I have taken them regularly I have gradually lost nearly forty pounds of surplus fat. They have made me feel years younger."—Mrs. B. Thompson.

BILE BEANS

SLIM WHILE YOU SLEEP

Late nights leave
my skin sallow...
bring tired lines...



...SO THANK GOODNESS FOR
PEARS "tonic action"
that FRESHENS UP my skin
brings back glowing loveliness



YOUR skin is revitalized by Pears' tonic action! For Pears' does more than simply clean your skin—it invigorates lazy cells and tissues to glorious, radiant health... to new and exciting loveliness! Every cake of Pears' undergoes a long and costly process of maturing which leaves it mild and mellow... free from harshness... incomparably pure!

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

Economical...because it lasts far longer!
A. & F. PEARS LIMITED



ECONOMY NOTE
There is no waste with Pears' soap. It stays firm till it is worn to tender thickness. The softer, mottled, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

10.368.55

HE HIT a PRIZE-FIGHTER

Continued from Page 7

"No," Phyllis said.
"Phyllis," Perry said, "what's the matter?"
"Nothing," Phyllis said.
"Didn't you have a good time?"
"No," Phyllis said.
"Then something is the matter."
"No," she said wearily. "Nothing is the matter."

Perry Phelps knew that he was in for it. He didn't know why he was in for it. But there was no question about the fact. It occurred to him that if he persisted in trying to find out why he was in for it, he would merely get in deeper and deeper. He wished he had the courage to ignore Phyllis' mood. But he hadn't. He had to put out his neck. If he didn't put out his neck Phyllis would be still madder.

Perry Phelps waited until he reached Phyllis' home. He stopped the car at the curb.

"Something is the matter," he said.

"No," she said wearily. "No." She paused as if thinking hard. "Except," she said, "there are times when I can't stand you."

"I suppose I am hard to take at times," Perry said.

"No," she said, "you're not hard to take. You're too easy to take. You're so good-natured and easy-going that anybody can take you."

"Just a big slob," Perry said.

"Yes," Phyllis said. "Any girl can wind you around her little finger without your even knowing it, and any man can step on your feet without your resenting it."

"You mean I have a good disposition," Perry said.

"You can't laugh it off," Phyllis said.

"Obviously not," Perry Phelps said.

"I'm serious," Phyllis said.

Perry Phelps lit a cigarette with a calm he did not feel. "Give me an example," he said.

"You let that little manager hit you in the face," she said, "and you just smiled."

"He didn't mean to hit me," Perry said.

"Oh—was it?" Phyllis said.

"It was," Perry said. "But even if it hadn't been an accident I wouldn't have hit him. He isn't half as big as I am."

"I suppose," Phyllis said, "if it had been Burke you would have hit him."

"Yes," Perry said lightly. "I'd hit him quick enough."

Phyllis laughed. Perry thought her laugh was particularly charming. At least he always had thought so. Now it seemed to him that her laugh was stinging.

"You aren't proving anything by laughing," Perry said.

"No," Phyllis said. "I'm sorry I laughed. I just couldn't help it. The idea of your hitting Burke is

too fantastic. You wouldn't dare. And I don't blame you either. If I were a man I'd be afraid to hit the heavyweight champion. I wouldn't enjoy his hitting me back. It would be painful. And besides it would be humiliating to be knocked out with one flick of his hand. What I can't stand about you is not that you are afraid of a man like Burke. It's that—

"Listen," Perry interrupted. "Just for that, I will hit him."

"Don't be funny, Perry," Phyllis

"It would be wonderful," Phyllis

said. "But it won't happen."

"What would be wonderful?"

Perry Phelps demanded.

"To see the worm actually turn,"

Phyllis said. "You let the world

step on you and it seems to like

you all the better for it. And it is

an ingratiating trait. Only—"

"Listen, Phyllis," Perry began

again.

"Don't get mad just because I'm

being frank with you," Phyllis said.

"If you could stay calm and reason-

able you might see that I am right."

"I'm not mad," Perry said. "I'm



IDEAL
FOR A
CRUISING
HOLIDAY

THIS cool, sheer,
gaily-printed dress
is ideal for holi-
day wear. Maur-
een O'Sullivan
completes this
ensemble with a
white shadow
panama hat.



said. "What I can't stand about you is that people always make you do what they want you to do. You're so good-natured."

"Phyllis," Perry said, "I'm going to hit him."

"How silly," Phyllis said. "I'm not asking you to make more of a fool of yourself than you have, I'm only saying that—"

"All right," Perry Phelps said.

"I'll show you."

"You sound as if you almost meant it."

"I do mean it."

perfectly calm and perfectly reason-

able and I have told you what

I am going to do."

"You're going to reform," Phyllis

said.

"I'm going to hit Burke," Perry

Phelps said, "and I don't care who

knows it."

"You'll have more sense when

you've had a good night's sleep,"

Phyllis said. "You're really a very

sensible person, Perry. Perhaps

you're a little too sensible to be

very exciting, but—"

Please turn to Page 32

Can YOU do this?

Wake with the lark?



To be a Miss Wide-awake, alive with energy, to have a beautiful slim figure and the complexion of youth your system must be as regular as the clock—every day. So remember your Beecham's Pills—for 90 years the Golden Rule of Health!

Yes! —if you keep regular with
BEECHAM'S PILLS

"COME over to my
waggon, and I'll make you some tea,"
he said, a little contemptuously.

She shook her head.

"I'm going over to your waggon,
but not for tea, Brett Savage."

"For what, then?"

Behind her the Afghans, four of them, men pledged to old Joe, and now to his daughter, stood seowling and sullen. In the belt of each was a knife. Brett eyed them.

He knew that if they attacked him he could wipe them out before they reached him, and if a brown hand went stealthily towards a knife hilt he would plug it as a lesson.

But as his eyes focused again on the girl he stiffened, and the smile left his lips. In her hand was a gun, its wicked little muzzle in line with his heart.

"Drop your rifle, Brett Savage," she commanded curtly.

He looked at her.

"Drop it!" came like the crack of a whip lash.

"Take it, Ayub," she called to an Afghan. Then she spoke again to Brett.

"I vowed to run you and your waggon off the tracks, and we may as well begin now. Hassan, Ali, Mohamet, take matches and burn those waggons. Burn them, and everything in them."

The Afghans grinned. A threat, this woman, but they had seen it in her eyes from the first. Chuckling, the brown, turbaned men

THE SAVAGE WAY

Continued from Page 8

strode to the waggons. Brett Savage did not move. His blue eyes seemed to gather the light of the faint stars and gleam just as coldly.

"Do you realise what you are doing?" he asked calmly.

"I know what I am doing... don't move!" she threw at him. "I am repaying a debt. You will remember when you shot with that deadly rifle of yours all the camels of Joe Murchison's Southern Cross team?"

He made no reply. She went on.

"You got away quickly, but you were recognised. Your waggons will now pay for those camels, Brett Savage."

He shook himself and breathed deeply as a man does when waking from a troubled sleep. The three Afghans had found kerosene in the first waggon, and spiking the tins had splashed the inflammable liquid over and in the four waggons. A match, a flash, and in a moment flames were leaping high, sending clouds of black smoke rolling across the iron-plate.

The burning waggons lit the desert for half a mile on all sides. The sparks vomited from the crackling beacons shot high up through the murk of the smoke.

Brett Savage watched the destruction of his waggons in grim silence, perplexity rather than anger in his eyes. He could fight a man, but to

spill his fury over a woman was

something he had never done.

"Now, Brett Savage, if you care to

boil your billy..." she taunted him.

He turned and looked at her. The

fire was reflected in her wide, dark

eyes, the shape of her small figure

outlined under the loose shirt and

trousers. Shrugging, he turned

away.

"I think I will," he said evenly.

As he walked from her it was her

turn to be perplexed. She had ex-

pected a hurricane of wrath, yet of

the storm she had anticipated not

even a murmur had come. And the

Afghans were whispering. What was

the matter with this white devil?

They knew him; they had seen him

fight in Coolgardie; they had heard

the crack of his whip and rifle out

in the desert. They had stood with

the crowd in Bayley Street when

Brett walked alone into the Marvel

Bar and had dogged with the long

whip a man who had whispered his

name evilly. And they had seen him

single-handed turn old Pina-bitten

Joe away from the only waterhole

in twenty miles, not by force, but by

sheer, cold will. They had heard his

rage, his laughter, and his song, and

they knew Brett Savage to be a man.

So as he walked like a whipped cur

back to his roaring waggons they

whispered and shrugged.

Please turn to Page 22

You Could Have Won £100 by WRITING THIS!

Ideals of 19-Year-Old Girl Brought Rich Reward

Are your ideals and theories about peace worth £100?

They were to an attractive Sydney University girl of 19, who has just won £100 for her essay in a world competition.

She is Miss Mary Sullivan, who idealistically writes of "a new world created from the chaos of the old—a world where men may live together in friendship, understanding and mutual trust" . . . achieved "not by blood, but by love."

Strangely enough, she did not make any demands for feminism and women's rights in her essay.

ACCORDING to Miss Sullivan's theories, the problem of world peace can be overcome by a new international Council with wide powers, set up by the people of the world and composed of delegates from every land.

The following quotations are from Miss Sullivan's essay, which was submitted to the New Historical Society in America, from whom she received £100 prize. Think what you could have done with such a prize if you'd written a similar essay.

Miss Sullivan wrote: "Peace does not mean merely the cessation of warfare. It is an active principle which must permeate all human relations if men throughout the world are to live together in the spiritual comradeship and mutual service which alone can supply their manifest needs."

The efforts of the different nations to gain this preponderance make each of them appear to its rivals as a potential aggressor and, as attack is the best means of defence, the balance of victory rests with whoever strikes the first blow.

CONFLICT may be delayed for a time by the various parties forming protective alliances to increase their strength, but ultimately the conflagration will be the more widespread. War is thus the inevitable sequel to war preparation. If the world is

to be saved from slaughter and anarchy, disarmament must be secured.

The armament race threatens the welfare, the very existence, of the world's people.

The perverted use of the discoveries of scientists and engineers has resulted in the sphere of war being enlarged, and in the horrors of war being intensified.

This industrialised development of modern armaments has made war the monopoly of the world's great powers.

Armament manufacture is financed by the Government of a country, and ultimately paid for by the people in the form of taxation.

Boycott War Ideas

THE Government may itself own certain munition factories and other works where different kinds of armaments are manufactured, but the bulk of war material is produced by privately-owned firms such as the late Sir Basil Zaharoff controlled.

Though the mass of the people sincerely desire peace and the security that a world without weapons can give, they feel themselves powerless to struggle against the forces that are making for their destruction, and through very despair are inclined to let them take their course.

Every effort must be made to boycott books, plays, films, newspapers or broadcasts which, directly or in-

She's Not a "Blue-Stocking"

MISS SULLIVAN, who wrote this prize-winning essay, has a frank, friendly manner, and, in appearance, is more like a young schoolgirl than the traditional "blue-stocking" one might expect.

With dark curly hair, and sparkling blue eyes, she is distinguished by her charming unselfconsciousness and vivacity. Asked how she won, she said she just "waxed all idealistic."

In another competition conducted by the New Historical Society last year, she won a special prize of £50 for her essay on "How Can Youth Develop Racial Harmony?"

directly, urge the necessity of armament manufacture.

Films and plays must be produced and broadcasts given that will educate the people in the truth that man owes his allegiance, not to legends of nationality, race or caste, but to the humanity he shares with his fellows throughout the length and breadth of the world.

Thus must the psychology of war be replaced by the psychology of peace.

The majority of men become soldiers either through coercion or because they have been lured on by the mirage of glamorous adventure.

But the sight of a world organising on every side for peace cannot fail to bring to them a full realisation of the needless inhumanity of their calling, so that they too, whether conscripts or volunteers, will willingly co-operate in the movement for universal disarmament.

Thus may the soldiers of the world become heroes in the vanguard of peace.

But whatever the nature of any localised authority, supreme control over international relations must be vested in an International Council set up by the people of the world, and composed of delegates from every quarter of the earth.

In no sense must these men be merely national leaders, for unlike the present League of Nations, the coun-



MISS MARY SULLIVAN . . . waxed idealistic and won £100.

cil would be founded on the idea of unity instead of separation.

Its first duty would be to complete the work of disarmament by securing the destruction of any war weapons which might still be in existence. It would then be necessary to introduce a series of measures to guard against the dangers of future rearmament.

Economic Reform

A DEPARTMENT of the council, consisting of skilled engineers, must be set up to supervise the working of mines and great industrial factories where materials are produced or manufactured which could be used in the contraband making of munitions.

Tariffs and prohibitions of every kind must be replaced by a system of reciprocal trading, so that all men might have unhampered opportunity to buy or sell both raw and manufactured materials.

Instead of different nations guarding their trading monopolies by force of arms, people everywhere would then be free to meet on equal terms in the markets of the world.

Dominions, colonies and mandated territories must be released

from the suzerainty of other countries so that all men might be free to give their sole earthly allegiance to the international order of society.

The council, too, must remove all restrictions against immigration to any country where the natural resources are disproportionate to the native population capable of developing them.

Thus there will no longer be opportunity for the exclusive land rights of minorities to be guarded or assaulted by force of arms.

I have tried to suggest some plan of action that would enable an enlightened people to secure universal and complete disarmament, and thus demonstrate to dictators and fear-ridden statesmen that, in the final reckoning, the people's desire for peace must prevail.

History records many instances where groups of men, under the impetus of a common purpose, have revolted against their leaders; but this, the greatest revolution of all time, can be achieved not by blood, but by love.

So may a new world be created from the chaos of the old—a world where men may live together in friendship, understanding, and mutual trust.

SOCIETY MANNEQUINS tell their Hosiery Secrets

Miss Alice Grey and Miss Eleanor Douglas-Cox snapped on board the "Monterey." Miss Douglas-Cox, back in Sydney after a long trip abroad, was a mannequin in the world-famous Salon of Victor Stiebel during her stay in London. Both Miss Grey and Miss Douglas-Cox are enthusiastic about the chic and extraordinary of "Refinement" Hosiery.



AUDREY CONNELL, Eleanor Douglas-Cox, Noreen Hallard—these are only a few of the lovely society mannequins who will tell you that Bond's new "Refinement" Crepe Chiffon Stockings give them the wear of an extra pair.

Hosiery is a big problem for these beautiful girls—constant mannequin work puts a heavy strain on stockings—and of course their stockings must be always supremely chic.

But they have discovered the

way to halve their hosiery bills. They ask for "Refinement" by Bonds . . . and get a more exquisite stocking for far less than they have been accustomed to paying. As charming Noreen Hallard says . . . "These Crepe Chiffons stand up to hard wear with all the toughness of a service weight."

Buy your hosiery as these lovely mannequins do. Ask for "Refinement" by Bonds in every smart Store—Get the wear of an extra pair.

"For all its crepe chiffon loveliness 'Refinement' is an extremely practical stocking that can stand up to all the hard strain imposed on hosiery by mannequin work"—says Miss Audrey Connell, another of Sydney's lovely society mannequins.

READ MARGARET VYNER'S CABLE:—"Thanks for 'Refinement' Hosiery! Dull sheer crepe hose is rage here. Stop Thrilled to find that 'Refinement' is as lovely as the best and wears even better. Stop Congratulations Australia Stop Margaret Vyner."

"REFINEMENT" Hosiery by Bonds

"Refinement" is completely ringless because it is knitted with the revolutionary three-carrier thread.

Ask for
"REFINEMENT"
by Bonds

Ringless and only

in all
smart
Stores.

7/11



ARCH SUPPORTS Made from PLASTER CASTS

Read what a doctor stated recently in the Women's Weekly:—

(Extract.) "Any haphazardly-chosen arch supports in the shoe will not do. The best plan, of course, is to have a plaster cast made of the foot, and then to have the arch support fashioned after that. No two weak arches are alike."

"CORRECTA" arch supports are guaranteed to conform to your feet, and are made from PLASTER CASTS and eliminate callous and "neuritis" pain from ball of foot, give immediate comfort and relief from tired aching feet and painful swollen ankles.

STREET & CO., Foot Specialists

175 Pitt St., (3 doors from Friends)

CHIROPODY By Qualified Chiropodist.

2/6 a foot. 4/6 both feet (including massage.)

DRINK HABIT

RUINS THOUSANDS OF HOMES. If troubled, we can help you with the only genuine, safe, secret remedy with 30 years' successful service to humanity. Our amazing Book sent FREE. Write or call for it. Home Welfare Pty., 333K George Street, Sydney.

OUR MEN... and THEIR SOCIAL FAILINGS

Women's Ideas of Best Types

What are the social qualifications that make the perfect man?

Miss Billie Blyth, a Sydney girl, who has just returned from a trip to Java, has provoked a controversy on this question by declaring that men here are "socially dead."

"Give me Java," she said.

BUT well-known hostesses and travelled women do not agree with Miss Blyth, although many criticise the dress of Australian men.

Here are representative opinions from women in all States.

"I have been quite proud of

our Australian men wherever I have met them on my travels," said Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of the Federal Treasurer, who has lived in many countries and travelled the world. "They all comported themselves well."

"Individually, Australian men do not take so much trouble about their dress as Englishmen, but on the whole our men are well-dressed."

"The social qualifications that make the perfect man for me are character, intelligence and sensibility, and these are open to every man wherever he lives."

"I believe men have as many opportunities for social education in Australia as they do anywhere, for, after all, their social education depends on their mothers, their sisters, and the young women they come in contact with."

"Women educate men in the social sense, the way they like them to be. It is our job to see that they are all right."

"What nation has produced the socially perfect man? The British race as a whole is the answer to that. British men are much the same wherever you find them."

"Perhaps Australians, particularly country men, are a little slyer than Englishmen, and men of other nations, but I think they have more real initiative."

Credit to Australia

MISS JOAN HARTIGAN, former tennis champion of Australia:

"Australian men compare very favorably with any I have met in my travels."

"Those one meets overseas are quite at home at any social gathering, and equally as poised as men of other countries."

"Both in appearance and behaviour they are a credit to Australia and make one feel very proud of our splendid specimens of manhood."

"I have heard it remarked overseas, particularly in sporting circles, that the Australian man stands out from others, because of his fine physique and ability to wear his clothes well."

"Personally, I think that a 'clothes sense' has very little to do with social qualifications. I prefer a man who, provided he is well-groomed, is interested in anything other than his appearance."

Women's Fault

MRS. R. L. BUTLER, wife of the Premier of South Australia:

"Although Australians do not devote the enormous amount of time to parties that the socially-minded men in the East do, it does not mean that they cannot lend themselves to social affairs just as enthusiastically as to anything else."

"Social qualifications and a well-cut suit of clothes do not necessarily make the ideal man."

An American, who has resided in Brisbane for two years, and has done much entertaining, says:

"My experience has been that the average young man socially treats his hostess with much more courtesy in Australia than in Canada or America, where the big percentage of them are far too casual."

"Regarding dress qualifications, Australians do not err in that direction as much as men in other parts of the world. In America you will often see a woman dressed in sables with escort in check shirt, no waistcoat, and baggy trousers. I think the Frenchman is the most socially perfect."

Mrs. R. A. Eakin, wife of Dr. Eakin, of Sydney:

"If Australian men are socially dead,

so are Australian women, and the women are to blame."

"Australian men may not be quite as polished in a superficial way as Europeans, but that's because women here don't demand it."

"We haven't a leisured class here, for which we should be thankful."

"As far as real moral qualities go, our men are superior to most."

"The niceties of behaviour are not so defined here, but Australian courtesy is genuine, and in conversation I find Australians intensely interesting."

"They should be better groomed, certainly. Their clothes are mostly good, but they wear them carelessly. The average 'social' Englishman looks as though he had stepped out of a fashion poster. The average Australian looks as though he had slept in his clothes. But it's the women's fault again."

"Englishwomen demand careful grooming, punctilious manners, good conversation—and get it."

"We're just glad to get any attention at all."



MRS. R. G. CASEY, wife of the Federal Treasurer, says she is proud of Australian men.

THIS BOOK WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS!



THIS interesting booklet deals fully with sewing machines, and gives the necessary features of a good machine. You should definitely read this book before deciding on any sewing machine. Send coupon below now to Bebarfalds Ltd. for your copy.

SECURE DELIVERY and the balance can be paid in convenient weekly instalments. A liberal allowance on your old machine.

The New Improved Bebarfald Blue Bird Sewing Machine



Concealed Direct Ray Sewing Light — illuminates 1 ft. work only, and definitely prevents eye-strain — makes sewing easier.



Modern Complete Dressmaking Course — fully illustrated, and contains 300 lessons, exclusive to the Bebarfald Blue Bird Free.



Guaranteed for the Purchaser's Lifetime. An unconditional guarantee proves the reliability of the Bebarfald Blue Bird.

No Other Machine Has All These Features

We have definitely proved that no other Sewing Machine at any price is complete with all these features. In addition, the Bebarfald Blue Bird sews backwards and forwards—correct starting device prevents breaking of cotton—automatic bobbin-winder—self-adjusting belt always ready for use—guaranteed spare parts service during purchaser's lifetime. Complete with all these features, and fitted into a beautiful Exhibition Model Veneered Walnut Cabinet as illustrated for £22/18/6

Other prices range from £19/19/- to £32/18/6



FREE! Dressmaking Attachments

Complete with Hem-stitcher, with which you can hemstitch, tuck, shirr, pleat, etc., as easily as you can sew straight seams. Fully illustrated instruction book also supplied free.

BEBARFALDS
OPP. TOWN HALL, SYDNEY

NAME
ADDRESS
W.W.11.

Please send me full particulars of the Bebarfald Blue Bird Sewing Machine you are selling for £22/18/6. I would also like a copy of the free book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

ORCHARD'S Perfect DIAMONDS

EXQUISITELY DESIGNED AND SET IN 18ct. GOLD AND PURE PLATINUM.

£10/10/- £13/10/-
Delightful single stone rings in modern, flatter design. Outstanding value.

£10/10/- £6/15/-
Artistic French design showing the glorious diamonds to greatest advantage.

£12/10/- £17/10/-
Exclusive setting with true lovers' knot on either side of magnificent centre stone.

£15/10/- £10/10/-
Dainty and artistic setting with 'loaf' shoulders and two brilliant diamonds.

£8/15/- £13/10/-
Extra popular three diamond ring in French flange setting, beautiful quality.

£12/10/- £8/15/-
Two diamond ring in smart square design, with diamond set step shoulders.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

ORCHARD'S
TWO STORES

401 PITT ST. RAILWAY SQ.
NEXT ANTHONY HORDERNS' SYDNEY

"THE HOUSE of DREAMS"



●FAR REMOVED from the fret and rush of modern life stands this—the pleasant House of Dreams. Set midst stalwart and beautiful old gums, surrounded

by sweeping, velvety turf and fragrant flowers, it spells peace, contentment, security and rest. Within its four attractive walls, charming rooms await you

with a welcoming smile. They are pictured and described in a special section in this issue entitled "The House of Dreams."

THE King's DAUGHTERS

When Princess Margaret Sang "Who's Afraid of the Wolf"

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose at play . . . mischievously making faces at soldiers . . . questioning visitors . . . acting with the irresistible charm with which all children act—these are the pictures Lady Cynthia Asquith gives in this week's instalment of the story of the King's daughters.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

FROM the very beginning of Princess Margaret's life, Princess Elizabeth was not only a fond but also a very zealous elder sister.

Very intelligent and as responsive as a harp, Princess Margaret at an early age began to be a real companion, and then Princess Elizabeth became very protective and gently authoritative.

Naturally more impetuous and irresponsible than her more meditative elder sister had ever been, Princess Margaret—

"A little child, a limber elf
Singing, dancing to itself"—
may at times become rather what grown-up people call "irrepressible."

For instance, once when Princess Margaret was very little, while she was supposed to be listening to a concert of carol-singers at the Albert Hall, it occurred to her darting mind that the red velvet edge of the parapet of the Royal Box might make a very agreeable perch for her fidgety feet in their pretty red shoes.

She found her idea had been a very good one. The parapet—very soft and conveniently sloped—did make a delightfully comfortable footrest. But her unorthodox comfort was short-

lived, for her elder sister's hand promptly shot out and the vagrant feet were firmly removed from their—as Princess Elizabeth thought—unseemly prominence.

In her bringing-up of her younger sister in the way she should go, one of the very first accomplishments Princess Elizabeth taught Princess Margaret Rose was how to curtsy to their grandparents King George and Queen Mary, a ceremonial she was always most careful to observe herself.

It was only quite recently that the two little girls were told that in future people would curtsy to them.

This they thought a most extraordinary notion, an immense joke. The very next day, when one of their teachers was saying good-bye to them, to her surprise, instead of releasing her hand after she had shaken it, one of the sisters kept on lifting it up and down like a pump-handle.

Merrily expectant, the other Princess stood by, and with their eyes sparkling with mischief, both little girls went on repeating "Good-bye," "Good-bye," "Good-bye."

At last the teacher guessed the reason for this unusual behaviour.

"Why, I believe you are trying to make me curtsy!" she exclaimed.

WRITTEN and published by the gracious permission of Their Majesties, and illustrated with many photographs taken by the King himself.

"Yes!" they cried gleefully. "Isn't it funny?"

It must be admitted that Princess Margaret is not very easy to curtsy to. It is rather like trying to get on to formal terms with a little puff of thiseltdown. To begin with, her entry into the room is apt to be delightfully unceremonious.

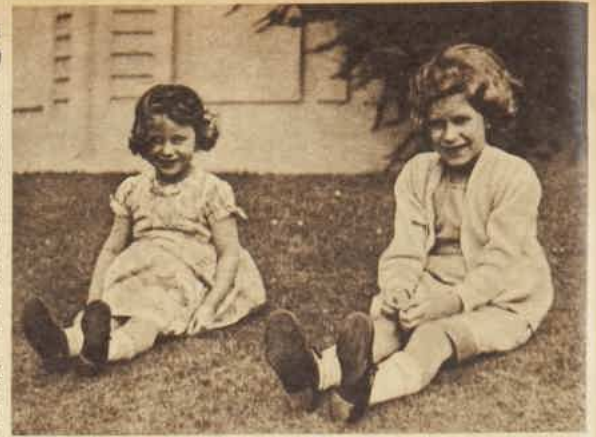
First a tiny, tilted face peers round-eyed through the door. Then, having decided to be gracious, the little Princess flings her arms right up over her head and, as though blown forward by a gust of wind, tears across the room towards the visitor, evidently expecting to be picked up as soon as she reaches her goal.

And then, just at the critical moment, she is apt to upset the precarious balance of the curtsy by a disconcertingly sudden kiss, after which she throws back her head and releases peal after peal of ringing laughter.

Not a Staid Child

HER manner of speeding the parting guest is as charmingly unceremonious as her greeting. While her elder sister, after ringing for the footman to "show you out," courteously escorts you to the very foot of the stairs, Princess Margaret, engagingly cooling, "Must you go? Well, come back again soon," sits smiling on the floor, her little legs dangling through the banisters.

In spite of her natural dignity and



THE LITTLE PRINCESSES. A photograph taken by the King.

sense of decorum, it must not for one moment be supposed that Princess Elizabeth is by any means a staid child.

I should indeed be sorry if I were not able to report an occasional lapse in the correctness of her behaviour. Here are two instances of slight digressions from the narrow path of the strictest etiquette.

Once when a battalion of Territorials was being inspected, Princess Elizabeth and a contemporary cousin took up their position on the top of a wall, past which the soldiers slowly filed—a very lengthy process.

Afterwards some grown-up people, a little surprised as well as pleased by the long immobility and silence of the two children, inquired what they had found to do to keep them quiet for so long a time.

"Oh!" blithely answered Princess Elizabeth. "We were seeing what were the very ugliest faces we could make at the nice soldiers as they went past!"

Another instance of slightly unorthodox behaviour was when, at the age of five, she made the delightful discovery that each time she passed the tall sentry in his little wooden box outside Buckingham Palace he unfailingly and with a most gratifying clatter, promptly presented arms. Irresistible!

So backwards and forwards Her Royal Highness went like a little penny steamer. To and fro at shorter and shorter intervals, passing and repassing the sentry-box again and again.

And the giant Guardsman, entering into the spirit of the game, smartly slapped the butt of his rifle and presented arms every few seconds until his heavy rifle was quite hot and his face nearly as red as his tunic.

If this performance was taking unfair advantage of her position as a Princess, no one enjoyed the abuse of a privilege more than its victim.

"It is only its play," is an apology often made for an over-frisky pony. Just occasionally a similar explanation is offered in defence of Princess Margaret's light-hearted behaviour.

Certainly there is never the slightest suspicion of malice in her merry mischief, and if she is difficult to curtsy to, there can seldom have been any child more difficult to scold.

Once, someone in authority, who was struggling hard not to laugh, and to administer a dignified rebuke, was entirely defeated by the little culprit opening her round eyes very wide and demurely singing:

"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

Gracious Lady

IN the following impression of the two Princesses, the late Sir James Barrie gave a charming instance of this instinctive graciousness:

"To the delightful accident of having been born three miles from Glamis, I owe my tiny contact with the King's little daughters. It is, alas! a mistake, as has been given out in some newspapers, to say that I often sported with them in the north, though we did have two or three games together.

"Of these my happiest memory is that of the Princess Elizabeth's pride in her little sister when the Princess Margaret won a game, which frequently happened if I was present.

"It was like the pride of a mother, though it began, to my eyes, when both were little more than babes. She seemed even in those days to be 'bringing up' Princess Margaret, in the way she should go—with a very strict sense of duty combined with a personal joy.

"She passed on to this little sister the quite exciting knowledge that children existed who were so poor that the question of questions for them was their chance of having a meal to-day, or a bed to-morrow.

"At first this struck them as a very romantic existence and indeed enviable, and I would tell them a little about the lives of such children, who could be uproariously happy as well as miserable.

"The elder sister soon understood something of the truth about the very needy, but for a year or two longer they were the wonders of the world to the younger.

"Then the Princess Elizabeth became absorbed in the magical heart-breaking places called hospitals for poor children, and I would tell her of one of them in which I was interested myself, where many of the nurses sleep 'anyhow' so that there may be a few more cots for little patients.

"This went to her head and heart, and she made for me a pencil sketch of an ideal hospital in which those kind nurses were to have palatial rooms.

"It was really only a very few times that I saw her, but they left on me the happy belief that she would become a very gracious lady.

Birthday Incident

IN those days she was already beginning to be what I think she will become; while the Princess Margaret was playing at being everything on earth. But when she chooses (or, rather, before she had time to choose) she can be as gracious as her sister and as dignified as a queen.

"My most delicious memory of her is of the day when she was three years old and I had the glory of sitting beside her at her birthday tea-party.

"Some of her presents were on the table and they seemed to me to be as simple things as might have come from the sixpenny shops, but she was in a frenzy of glee about them, especially about one to which she had given place of honor by her plate. I said to her as one astounded:

"Is that really your very own?"

"And she saw how I envied her and immediately placed it between us with the words:

"It is yours and mine."

It was at this same tea-party at Glamis that one of the other visitors made himself so sadly conspicuous by his refusal of a slice of birthday cake.

Princess Margaret was then so tiny (seated at the table her face was scarcely above the level of her cup) that she did not hand round the plate of cake herself, but, waiving her privilege, allowed her elder sister to undertake this heavy responsibility.

The visitor, who, busily conversing, did not realise the almost sacred importance of this extra delicacy, coming, as it did, at the end of so sumptuous a feast, turned away from the proffered dainty with a civil but decided refusal.

Dumbfounded with astonishment Princess Elizabeth ran back to Queen Elizabeth and, indicating the offender, at the affront of whose refusal one can imagine the very ghosts of Glamis to have shivered, announced in a quavering voice:

"That man refused the birthday cake!"

The writer's mother, who was present, advised that the delinquent should be given a second chance, which was done, and this time with success.

(To Be Continued.)

MORLEY'S *Lead the Swim with Dashing Style*

SMART TRUNKS for Men. Sizes 34-44. 12/6
No. 61 (in centre) is ablaze with tropical flowers. Sizes 32-40. 15/11
No. 60 is vivid green on white. Also red, navy. Up-lift top. Adjustable straps. Sizes 32-40. 15/11
Special non-sag elastic stitch ensures perfect fit, prevents shrinking. Built-in trunks cannot flop or drop when wet. Special chrome dyes guarantee against fading of colours.
Full range of Morley models at your favourite store. 10/6 to 25/-

MORLEY SWIM SUITS
"Always Trim When in the Swim"



THERE ARE MANY INSECT SPRAYS... BUT ONLY ONE

FLY-TOX

THE INSECT SPRAY THAT

KILLS

It pays to insist on Fly-Tox when you buy insect spray, for Fly-Tox KILLS. Fly-Tox is recognised throughout the world as the best insect spray made. Flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, and all other insects die when it is sprayed. Insist on Fly-Tox, and refuse substitutes.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS

ACHING MUSCLES



working condition. TREATMENT. Smear Rexona Ointment over the limbs and massage briskly into the muscles. ACHING MUSCLES—"quick relief," Mr. Jack Williams, Ogunbil P.O., Via Temworth writes—"Rexona is the best Ointment I have ever used. I always rub it in whenever there is an ache or any stiffness, and I find it gives me quick relief." Mr. W. B. Egging, of Princess Street, Bentley, praises Rexona, too. He writes: "For the last five years I have used your wonderful Ointment—I consider it the best in the world for healing bruises, and for rubbing down after an afternoon's sport."

Rexona
The Rapid Healer
OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

Real Life Stories

Girl Called at Wrong House

THIS incident happened a couple of years ago. I was on holidays. It was a usual custom of mine to spend a few days with a very close friend.

I met my friend's mother, who told me her daughter (my friend), had rented a flat at the seaside.

She gave me the address on a piece of paper and departed.

Next afternoon I packed a few clothes and set off to my friend's place. Arriving, I found no answer to my ring, so I waited on the verandah.

Feeling tired, I tried a window. It opened, so I climbed through.

It was getting on towards tea-time, so I raided the pantry and made tea.

After this I went into the lounge, turned on the wireless, and sat down to wait.

By about nine o'clock my friend had not put in an appearance, so I decided to go to bed.

I imagine my surprise at being awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a young girl in evening dress.

She was looking rather puzzled. I sat up, and asked her who she was, and where my friend was.

Not answering, she ran out of the room. I jumped out of bed, and followed her. To my surprise I was confronted by four total strangers.

Seconds passed before I could speak to ask where my friend was. They explained to me that I was making a mistake of some kind. So I told them everything and showed the address given me.

I stayed the night, and next day found my friend farther down the street. We had a great laugh. We looked at the piece of paper her mother had given me.

We found she had put down 111 instead of 11 as the street number.

11/1/- to Miss M. Kelly, Little Ryan Street, South Grafton, N.S.W.

Storm and Earthquake

RECENTLY we had some very hot days which ended with a series of thunderstorms. These began about four o'clock one afternoon.

One storm followed another. About 7 o'clock hail fell.

With the din of hail on the roof, vivid streaks of lightning on every side, and the explosions of thunder after every stroke, the storm was terrifying enough.

But imagine our horror when the floor beneath us started to tremble. Here was an earthquake.

This continued at intervals for about 15 minutes, until the noise of the storm had subsided. Once again the mysterious trembling began.

But this time we could also hear a bumping noise. Going to investigate we found that a small calf, terrified at the first storm it had experienced, had gone on its knees and crawled under the house.

Finding it could not stand up, it had been struggling to get to where the floor was higher. It had been bumping its head and back on the floor underneath us, as numerous patches of bare hide testified next morning.

1/- to Mrs. John Brodie, Belthorpe, via Woodford, Qld.

Stung for Her Trouble

THIS was a good lesson for me. I hope it will be also a lesson for any young person who disturbs the peace of any harmless living thing.

On a Sunday morning a friend and I were looking for rabbits on Torrens Island, Port Adelaide.

We both carried long, heavy sticks in case we met any snakes.

Suddenly we came upon a huge mangrove tree. Hanging from one of the lowest branches was an enormous swarm of bees so tightly packed together that my temptation overcame me. With a mighty blow I dislodged the lot, killing hundreds, but not killing thousands.

They chased me. I ran like a person possessed. It was of no use. They settled on me like a flock of homing pigeons.

They stung me in the head and body. Unfortunately I only had bathers on. I dived into the water to drive them off, but dauntlessly they hung on. My head felt like a mountain. I ran

Prizes for Memorable Moments!

EVERYONE has a story to tell—some little incident relating to one's schooldays, work, romance, or everyday life. It may have occurred yesterday, a week ago, or twenty years ago—but it's a memorable moment in your life.

This page is for the exchange of such anecdotes. Cash prizes are paid to readers who submit the best Real Life Stories—a first prize of £1/1/- each week, and consolation prizes of 5/- for others published.

Write your story simply and clearly in less than 300 words, if possible. Sign your name and address, then post it to Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

to my friend for him to remove the stings. It took him a long time to remove just a few.

I arrived home a badly-stung person, with perhaps a better regard for the feelings of tiniest animals—if insects.

5/- to Mrs. E. Williams, 13a Martini Street, Exeter, S.A.

£1 Notes on the Pavement

THIS is an account of an extraordinary coincidence which happened to me some years back in a suburb of Sydney.

I was walking down a street with a young friend when we both suddenly bent down to pick up a £1 note lying on the path. A step farther and there was another £1 note.

A few yards on my friend picked up another, and before turning from the street we had picked up five single £1 notes.

The next morning I was going up the same street and picked up another. In the afternoon I was walking along the other side of the street and saw still another £1 note in the gutter, making in all seven £1 notes picked up at different times in a fairly busy thoroughfare.

But through watching the daily papers I was able to return them to a very delighted owner.

Don't worry about what to give

Every Christmas thousands of men and women are worried about what kind of a present they will give their women friends and relatives.

Everybody knows how well loved and famous Charmosan cream and powder are, and how women everywhere adore them.

This Christmas, as usual, Charmosan cream and powder are packed in beautiful presentation gift caskets, each casket being wrapped in cellophane.

They are the perfect Christmas present.

Each jar or tube of cream and each box of powder in these caskets is full size.

Here are details:—No. 1 casket contains a full sized box of Charmosan face powder and costs 2/6 over the counter.

No. 2 casket contains a full sized box of Charmosan face powder and a full sized tube of Creme Charmosan, and costs 3/6 over the counter.

No. 3 casket contains a full sized box of Charmosan face powder and a full sized jar of Creme Charmosan, and costs 5/- over the counter.

How easy and how economical it is, then, to give Charmosan gift caskets to your friends. You can purchase any of the caskets in any of six colours. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including N.Z.

Give Charmosan Xmas Gift Caskets

He had pulled them out of his pocket with his handkerchief and they had been scattered apart by a sudden gust of wind.

5/- to Mrs. A. G. O. Cliff, East Kempsey, N.S.W.

Terror in Theatre

IN 1917, when I lived at Battersea, London, I decided one evening to visit a theatre, my choice being the Lyceum, in the Strand.

Towards the close of the play I could hear the stress blowing, and the police calls of, "Take cover! Take cover!"

These warned the public of the approach of another air raid on London.

The end of the programme being near, I made up my mind to see the finish. The play still continued, even though some of the audience had left.

Half an hour later I heard a terrific boom and crash.

To my horror there were bricks, iron, and broken glass flying in all directions. People screamed, and ran towards the exits.

In the midst of all the crush and pushing and people getting trampled on, I found myself outside, breathing fresh air at last.

When I had gathered my wits together, I saw where the bomb had dropped clean through the centre of the roof into the theatre.

How anyone, including myself, could have escaped death was little short of a miracle.

5/- to Mrs. H. Cowmeadow, Box 16, Mount Hutton, Charlestown, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Stalked by Wolves

IN the winter of 1898 I was mushing dogs on the Klondike trail. I was supplying roadhouses with provisions for the miners making their way over the 550 miles trail from the coast to Dawson City.

The trail ran over the ice of the River Yukon close to the bank.

Late one afternoon I was returning for fresh supplies when I became aware that I was being followed by wolves. As game was scarce at this time they were very ravenous.

The wolves were following me on the top of the bank of the river, dodging among the trees. Having had two dogs killed and eaten by wolves a few nights previously, I feared for my own safety. I whipped the dogs up and fled for the nearest roadhouse.

The dogs also sensed their danger and strained their hardest.

The wolves drew closer. They came down on to the trail. As they closed in I drew my revolver and managed to shoot several of them. The pack of wolves immediately set on those I had shot. This kept them busy for a time.

However, as the roadhouses were 25 miles apart, it was still a long way to the nearest one. I knew I was in for a terrifying time.

Husbanded my ammunition and firing among the wolves each time they again came closer I was able to keep them off until the lights of the log cabin came in sight.

It was with a thankful heart that I reached the cabin with the dogs and myself almost exhausted from our trying journey.

Had not the sleigh been empty I fear to think what might have happened.

I may say I still have in my possession my miner's certificate taken out in Dawson City in 1898, and a book of snapshots taken on the trail during the rush.

5/- to Henry F. Hillon, Chatsworth Rd., Coorparoo, Brisbane.



TAKE A TIP FROM THE HANSEN CHEF—

make more attractive Sweets with Coloured Flavoured Junket



RASPBERRY
Hansen's Junket Tablets and a new raspberry essence per pint of milk.

CHOCOLATE
Hansen's Junket Tablets and a new chocolate essence per pint of milk.

VANILLA
Hansen's Junket Tablets and a new vanilla essence per pint of milk.

COFFEE
Hansen's Junket Tablets and a new coffee essence per pint of milk.

OR PLAIN

Simply stir a dissolved Hansen's Junket Tablet into lukewarm sweetened milk, flavour or leave plain. Serve in individual dishes and decorate with whipped cream, fruit, jelly or nuts.

Order Hansen's Junket Tablets from your grocer to-day and give your family this new summer dessert to-night!

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

Firm Flesh Turns to Fat

WHEN FOOD TRACT IS CONSTIPATED.

A cause of unhealthy fat is often due to a congested food tract. Absorbing the fermenting wastes into your system will create the fat of ill-health. These laxative pills are absolutely harmless. They effectively disperse the waste matter, keep the food tract clean and brisk, and exercise and strengthen the lazy bowels. Keep free from constipation and liveriness by taking Pinkettes, and you will keep free from the unpleasant distressing symptoms and ungainly fat. Get Pinkettes to-day. 1/3 bottle at chemists and stores.

MUSHROOMS

Grow Your Own in Your Own Home

The most appetising healthy and palatable of delicacies, full of the earthy richness, a source for the invalid who desires something different. How very tempting the more mushrooms are in use—but unfortunately they are out of reach of many of us. Why don't you try growing your own? There is not even the necessity for a large garden.

GREENBELLY'S PROPERLY
SPAWN can be grown indoors as well as out. Try sowing your spawn box—if you have no garden then you will be satisfied with the results. 2/- Large Packet, 1/- Small Packet.

ARTHUR JONES, 2nd Floor, 150 Pitt Street, Phone: MARKET, Dr. Bee: 1011111, G.P.O., Sydney. All returns by registered post.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no wires or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEANS EARPHONE CO., 11 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no wires or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEANS EARPHONE CO., 11 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no wires or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEANS EARPHONE CO., 11 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



"I-don't-like-it," whined Patricia Ann, every single morning when Mummie brought in her regular breakfast. There were always scenes and tears while Mummie tried to force Patricia Ann to eat.



"Mrs. Smith gives Betsy Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," says Sis, aged twelve. "I'll bet 'Tricia Ann would like those. Why, Mum, they go 'SNAP!' 'CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on, and it's great fun to eat them!"



Mummie ordered some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles and now the whole family has them for breakfast. "Funny I never thought of them before," murmurs Mum. "Everybody knows rice is one of the best foods you can give children. And they're so digestible and nourishing, too - Patricia Ann and Sis have never looked or felt better!" Rice Bubbles are ready to serve from the inner sealed waxtite packet. Order some to-day!



A REAL MAN'S BELT AT LAST. STRONGEST, SMARTEST, AND BEST BELT EVER MADE.

MOST FASCINATING XMAS PRESENT FOR MAN, YOUTH, OR BOY. Saddler-made of the finest selected Oak Bark Tanned Solid Hide, with a Monogram Buckle Clasp of ANY TWO or THREE letters.



PRICE
3/6
Per
Registered
Post. Free
Anywhere.

This illustration reproduces the actual size of MONOGRAM BUCKLE. The ANCHOR MONOGRAM BUCKLE is made of strongest gun-metal, and the letters are pure SILVER PLATE on SOLID NICKEL, and will last for ever. Simply state the initials you desire, any two or three letters.

JACK AFRAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt St., Sydney. Established 1903.

THE SAVAGE WAY

"HE is beaten."

said Ayub. "I do not like his silence," muttered Ali.

And the daughter of Joe Murchison did not like it, either. Suddenly she was seized with a strange uneasiness, a premonitory warning that Brett's attitude was not one of fear, or even of defeat, but that his broad back merely expressed his utter contempt for her. But it was done. And if he bought more wagons, it would be done again. The story of the shooting of those camels had chilled her. While she ate she watched him actually boil his belly on one of the burning wagons. She saw him squat down and drink his tea. When he had supped he saddled his horse and rode away, not once glancing in her direction.

"I win, I think," she murmured. "So much for the hard man, Brett Savage."

It was a victory for the daughter of old Flea-bitten Joe. The Afghans, while marvelling at it, were forced to accept it. Brett Savage had ridden away. The white woman had beaten the white man. Truly were the ways of these infidels past all understanding. But now they could all sleep without fear of that deadly rifle, for it was still in the hands of Ayub. Long the Afghans talked by their fire under the stars, long the girl lay awake staring at the celestial jewels. But the fires died down. The wagons were now only glowing cinders and cast no light. With a smile for the wisdom of Allah, the dark men slept. With a sigh the white girl slept.

Until a hand closed over her nose and mouth and an arm like iron lifted her from her blankets. Not a sound could she make, not a movement with that crushing paw holding her. Terror also robbed her of quick thought, of the power to articulate or struggle until she was at least fifty yards from the dim fires. Then she began to fight, to cry in muffled screams for Ayub and Ali. But whatever the dreams of the Afghans they were not of her, and her faint cries did not disturb their sleep. Not until the dawn did they stir, not until the grey light lit the desolation of the wagons and the desert did they discover she had gone. And they could do nothing.

"He has got her," said Ayub quietly.

"Then it is all with Allah," said Mohomet.

Hassan and Ali agreed, and the four bent towards Mecca for their prayer.

THE pride of the Murchisons kept her teeth locked during the dark hours. Seated on the saddle in front of him it seemed an eternity before the light came. But at last she forced herself to say: "What are you going to do with me?"

His reply was tense. "Tame you," he said.

That was all. Throughout the interminable hours of the scorching day the horse lurched on, and at dusk Brett said:

"Get down."

Stiffly she did so, fear touching her heart with icy fingers.

"You know what you will get for this?" she said.

He looked down at her, gravely, coldly.

"That needn't worry you."

"I'm thirsty," she panted.

"So am I. There is no water, or food."

She gave a little gasp of horror.

"Are you crazy?"

"No," he said evenly. "I will take no advantage of you. We start level from here. No food, no water. I want you to know what it means to destroy supplies in the desert."

"But they were . . . yours . . ."

"Oh, no. I am merely a freighter. The food and water on those wagons were for others farther on. Now, of course, they cannot get them. Are you still amused?"

"But . . . but . . ." she whispered weakly. "I thought that you . . . that the wagons were . . ."

He shrugged and turned away from her.

"Make yourself comfortable. There will be no fire. The fire of hate should warm you. Try it."

He walked away. She called quickly:

"Where are you going?"

"Back again."

Her heart was pounding madly.

"But . . . you are not leaving me here?"

Continued from Page 16

"I am no longer interested in you."

"Don't leave me here," she choked.

"I shall be lost . . . the sun will send me mad . . ."

He climbed into the saddle.

"What you do when the day comes is your own concern. You vowed to drive me off the tracks of the West before you knew what a track in the West really meant. You'll know now."

"You . . . devil!" she flung at him.

"If I had my gun . . ."

"But I have it," he retorted.

The nearest waterhole is just fifty miles . . ."

"Devil, devil, devil," she sobbed.

He rode on, then stopped the horse. He knew that in the darkness she would not have the faintest idea where he was. He waited. Presently he heard her calling, shrilly, frantically.

"Brett Savage . . . Brett Savage . . ."

He bent and whispered into the horse's ear:

"Hear that? But wait a bit."

The call, a little farther off now, proving that she had begun to walk without any sense of direction, came in a shrill scream.

"Brett Savage . . . for Heaven's sake . . ."

He grinned at the stars as he called:

"You're going the wrong way!"

"Oh," came her gasp. "Where are you, where are you?"

"Here. Are you coming for your gun?"

"No, no," she said huskily. "Where are you?"

She almost ran into the horse. He said quietly:

"If you want to make that waterhole to-morrow, or the day after that, or maybe even the next day, you'll need to go steadily. You can't go rushing over these tracks of the West like that."

"Please," said a very small voice, "I . . . I'm sorry."

HE considered her. Then, bending down in the saddle, he handed the gun to her.

"I'll give you a chance. You can kill me and take my horse . . . or hold my stirrup and walk all the way to the water."

He heard the gun fall far away.

"I'll . . . hold your stirrup."

Slowly he dismounted and lifted her to the saddle.

"I'm glad you did that," he said quietly. "Put this flask to your lips . . ."

"But . . . you said . . ."

"Drink, but not much," he advised.

He listened to the cold tea gurgling down her throat. From a pocket he took out biscuits and cheese.

"Eat," he grunted. "And never mind what I said. I'll walk . . . the fifty miles."

She glanced down as he strode beside the horse. He would walk that terrible fifty miles? So that she might ride? Yes, it was a priceless first lesson in freighting and men.

"But what if I had shot you?" she asked. "That was a terrible risk to take with a frightened and furious woman."

He laughed.

"Not so terrible. I slipped the cartridges out before I gave you the gun."

"Oh," she murmured. "And will those who waited for your wagons suffer . . . for what I did?"

"No," he said cheerfully. "Luckily it was a speculation freight of my own."

"Oh," she said again. "Nevertheless, I regret it now. You know, if I had been what I heard you were . . ."

"Like you," he said thoughtfully. "Curiously enough, I did from the first moment I saw you. Are you going to continue freighting, as your father did?"

"Yes," she replied, a little defiantly.

"And are you still going to hound me off the tracks of the West?" he asked.

"I had reckoned without a certain savage," she retorted. "Without a hard man, with a soft heart . . . Brett Savage."

He said slowly:

"Suppose . . . you let me teach you the game my way. You have a lot to learn."

All at once she laughed. Softly.

"Teach me," she said, "the Savage way . . ."

(Copyright)

"Let's go in and play bridge."—
"Thanks, but I'd better be moving on. Work to do at home, you know."



"Whatever is the matter?"
"It's Tom! He insisted on going home early!"



THEY CALLED HER CHARMING— BUT . . .

No amount of personal charm can make up for the failure to keep fresh and dainty. Tom had found her attractive until this occasion when he was repelled by her carelessness. Yet ODO-RONO could have saved her heartaches.

Make sure you are free from the taint of perspiration! Don't expect friends to tell you . . . don't count on detecting it yourself. Use ODO-RONO regularly to check perspiration . . . prevent odour . . . save your dresses.



Prices:
1/-, 2/- and 3/6

ODO-RONO



Shampoo Hair after Surf

to preserve silky texture, rich colour . . . and lustre

A LITTLE sea-water creeps under your cap . . . or beach mist falls over your hair. Then the alkali in sea-water dries the scalp's edges—makes the hair stiff, sticky, dull, brittle. A rinse with fresh water is not enough.

After the beach, give your hair a quick shampoo with Colinated. Watch the rich "coconut foam" dissolve every trace of sand and sea-water—and leave hair soft, wavy, sparkling, silky—easy to dress.

BLONDES—Colinated Shampoo preserves fascinating true gold tints.

BRUNETTES—Discover rich new highlights.

A 2/6 bottle gives 14 perfect shampoos. All chemists. Give your hair a real "beauty wash" with



ACID STOMACH

Excess stomach acid is always responsible for complaints such as indigestion, heartburn, wind, and dyspepsia. This is needlessly when the remedy is so simple and economical. For quick, safe, and lasting relief take a small teaspoonful of pure TWIN BOLA in water or milk. Your chemist sells TWIN BOLA for 1/6 or 2/6 per extra large packet.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED
Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU
Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

SAFETY FIRST!

NOW is the time for women to band together to obtain playgrounds for all children.

In an industrial suburb the natural playground of the children is the street in front of their homes where they are under the eyes of their parents. But a game of football, cricket, or "chasing," beloved by children, is fraught with danger and interruption from passing traffic.

If they are allowed to play in a paddock, away from supervision, a bully or a precocious child may do a lot of harm.

So why not provide supervised playgrounds for each suburb where healthy games may be played in safety, so that children of all districts may grow up healthy in mind and body.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. M. Kelly, 193 Annandale St., Annandale, N.S.W.

WOMEN'S DRESSING

WOMEN have no sense of dress. This is proved by the fact that nearly all famous dress designers are men. Women have no sense of originality; they are much more conventional in their ideas. It takes a man to break from the established line or color and originate a definitely new conception. Men have not a much better color sense than women. How many among the first rank of painters are women?

Women, too, are more inclined to fussy effects, and do not realise the value of line and cut. They lack the simplicity of the real artist.

In ordinary life, too, if a man considers dress at all, his taste is far superior to woman's. There is a convention that man is supposed to know nothing of clothes, but seriously ask his opinion on a choice of style, or color, and you will always get good advice.

Men, too, rarely make the mistake of yielding to the temptation of cheap or shoddy materials.

I would like to hear readers' opinions on this subject.

Mrs. M. Stack, 265 Station Street, Fairfield Park, Melbourne.

RULE FOR CONDUCT

A GIRL should never compromise with anything less than her best; never lower her standard, even though by doing so it may temporarily lead her to walk alone, without the other self which every girl needs for completion. It is better to walk alone on the high road for a while than with another on the wrong road for life.

Mrs. L. Jones, Boorowa, Bimbaya, N.S.W.

RIGHT VIEW?

A MOTHER told me that her elder son of twenty had been unemployed, except for temporary positions, since he left school after his matriculation examination. Too old to start a trade, and too poor to go on to the University to qualify for a profession, he was discontented and felt himself degraded when he had to do manual work.

"My younger boy will leave school this year at fourteen and be apprenticed to a trade. A little knowledge is certainly a dangerous thing," she says.

But I think that education is not merely to teach one to earn one's living but to help one to lead a richer and fuller life, and, although the elder boy is unhappy, he is better off for having had some education. Contentment is an overrated virtue. Everything ever invented we owe to someone's discontent.

G. M. Sproule, Rouse Hill Rd., Kenthurst, N.S.W.

That Precious Little Thing Called Love!

I DISAGREE with that cynical writer who declares that "any man and woman thrown together on a desert island could be quite happy together" (30/10/37).

There are many men I would not care to share such solitude with for 24 hours, much less for life.

Perhaps I am old-fashioned in believing that love and the possession of mutual interests are important. We are not animals, but creatures of finer instincts.

It would be disastrous, indeed, if we all believed as Mrs. Turner.

With love, one can do without the necessities she also scorns, but without it life would be bitter indeed.

Mrs. W. Bromfield, Eumundi, Qld.

No Such Thing!

I AM interested to read that someone agrees with me.

From keen observation, I have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as "love," which singles one man out for one woman. Most women can be attracted to most men, and if a woman were thrown on a desert island with a man she would probably find herself "falling in love" with him.

Of course, some married people seem happier than others, but only because their natures are well suited, not because of some mystic thing called "love."

Joan Murphy, Bosanquet Avenue, Prospect, S.A.

Happiest People Love

MRS. H. TURNER writes that marriage can be a success without love, but don't readers think that "much over-rated quality" makes all the difference to marriage?

Things which would be just a duty become a pleasure when you love. No doubt there have been and always will be people who marry for other reasons besides love, but the others are so much happier.

Mrs. E. Tweedale, 54 Jellicoe St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Uninspired Marriage

IT would be disastrous if all young people had your outlook, Mrs. Turner.

There are so many people we can "get along with," when things are going smoothly. But when hardships and difficulties arise we learn each other's failings and need that "something" to bind us together and give us tolerance and patience.

Marriage on your lines, Mrs. Turner, would be an uninspired, everyday thing, lacking the one essential for complete happiness.

Mrs. Janet Webb, 27 Liverpool Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Is it Common Sense?

THERE is a good deal of truth in what Mrs. Turner says. People are inclined to accept the existence of love, because it has been handed down in tradition, right through the ages. If they find a person of the opposite sex interesting, they are only



Romantic... but is it love?

too anxious to call their perfectly explicable sensation "being in love," which, of course, is entirely different from the sensation of "loving."

Not every man on a desert island would appeal to every woman, but a good 80 per cent. would.

Thank you, Mrs. Turner, for a little much-needed common sense.

Caroline Wearing, Queen's Crescent, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Children of Divorced Parents To Be Pitied

WHILE it certainly is very unfair for the children of divorced parents to live in the unrest of their homes, an institution for them would be far from suitable, as Miss Child suggests (30/10/37).

Separate visits from their parents would be most upsetting, as adverse criticisms would arise about one another. Why deprive children of all family life? After all, the Court decides the custody of the children and gives them to the more suitable parent to be cared for. That parent must love the children or else he or she would not have fought for them, so why not let them enjoy his or her friendship and affection?

Allice L. Holloway, 16 Walkerville Terrace, Gilberton, S.A.

Not So Unfortunate

AFTER all, children of divorced parents are no more unfortunate than if one of their parents had died. The wrong-doing parent goes off, and soon forgets his (or her) children in the necessity of making a new home life for himself. Consequently, he often remarries, and sees little or nothing of the children of his first marriage, who soon learn to do without him and to adjust themselves to a new life.

After all, in these modern, indi-

SCHOOL FOR PARENTS

IN these days of specialised subjects, why has no one opened a specialised school for the training of parents and prospective parents?

Considering that parents are ignorant of child study, in a parental sense, before they begin with their own, I feel that a "parent speciality" school should be established.

Olive Wood, 213 Liverpool Road, Burwood, Sydney.

vidual days, is it so dreadful to be deprived of one of your parents? W. Heath, Sussex St., North Adelaide.

Better to Separate

WHAT solution does Miss Child offer for the children of divorced parents?

Certainly, divorce is regrettable—not only for the couple concerned, but for their children—but how much unhappier are children brought up in a loveless home, witnesses to bitter quarrelling between their parents?

Many a mother has brought up her children to be good and upright citizens through her own efforts, and I think this is one function a parent can perform better than the State.

M. Raymond, 169 Johnstone St., Annandale, N.S.W.

Will Quarrel, Otherwise

CHILDREN are often the only reason why two unhappy people stay together. They realise the misery of a child in the custody of one parent.

I do not think there is any need to remind people of their children's unfortunate position if they secure a divorce, but where two people are unsuited it is better for them to part than to bring their children up in an atmosphere of quarrelling.

Doris Ferguson, St. John St., Launceston, Tas.

Skeleton in Cupboard

YES, probably, if children of divorced parents were put into suitable institutions there would be fewer unconsidered divorces.

I have seen much unhappiness in the family caused by divorce. The children are taught to dislike the absent parent, inevitably—as he or she is usually the one in the wrong. He is always the "skeleton" in his children's cupboard; they prefer to say their parent is dead rather than divorced.

Mrs. Shepherd, Havelock St., West Perth.

Marriage is Still Woman's Most Popular Career

I DEFINITELY support Miss E. Smith (30/10/37), in her contention that sex equality in the economic field never will be an accomplished fact. Despite the boast of the "responsible business girl" that she is independent, and can gate-crash a man's job, she usually, if she's wise, makes an early escape into marriage to avoid a future of barren efficiency and frustration.

This is a point that many married women miss. They are dependent on their husbands, and receive food,



"A safe job for life!"

shelter, and security, and give little in return. Marriage is a career in which women may fail, yet never get the sack.

Yes, from the economic viewpoint, marriage is a lucky invention for many women. With mere exercise of wits they can land a pretty big job, and a pension for life.

Mrs. S. W. Liddicost, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

Not Easiest Career

EQUALITY between men and women in the business world, as Miss Smith says, will never exist, because a woman can use her sex as a weapon to help her, when dealing with men.

But I definitely do not agree with her as regards marriage being an easy living with rich rewards for a woman.

When a woman takes on marriage it is a full-time job, believe me, and the rewards are very seldom high.

Mrs. Henry, care Elsternwick P.O., Melbourne.

PRAISE PEASANTRY

I DO not agree with the writer who said in The Australian Women's Weekly that it is an excellent thing socially that Australia has no peasantry. During my travels the peasantry has always proved to be the most interesting part of a country.

Their simple philosophy is refreshing; we are slaves to social codes and fashion. Peasants, when not in their own beautiful costumes, dress irrespective of fashion, and value the simple things of life.

In Switzerland, their musical modelling is a pleasure to hear, and their happy, carefree dancing, in colorful costumes, with faces devoid of make-up, is a delight to witness, especially after the heavy perfumed atmosphere of our ballrooms.

Long may peasantry reign! Mrs. O. Paul Knaus-Travis, Villa Halde, Brunnhilde, 2, Lucerne, Switzerland.

MONEY STAKES

AT a recent card evening the subject was raised as to whether or not the spirit of a game was spoilt when money was given as the prize.

The nicest and best-tempered person will undergo a marked change when a few shillings are at stake, and patience is much shorter when a partner makes a mistake.

The value of the prize is often very small, but because it is CASH it seems to have the power to harden the players.

Miss J. Williams, Commerce House, Adelaide.

EXCESS EATING!

IT seems strange that so much criticism is directed against excessive smoking and drinking, yet excessive eating continues to be prevalent, but unacknowledged.

Varying degrees of gluttony can be observed in any restaurant that one enters, yet it is rarely that children are reproved for displaying signs of greed. "Starvation diets" have provoked much head shaking, but surely even this is preferable to over-indulgence!

A campaign in this matter seems a crying need! What do readers think?

Miss E. Wilkins, 49 Tranmere Avenue, Carnegie SE3, Vic.



EXCESS ACID CAUSES THAT PAIN

Take this Advice and Eat what you like

Read how this quick-acting Powder will give you immediate relief from your pain. And, what is even more important, it tones up and strengthens your stomach so that your indigestion eventually goes for good.

The stomach, from three to four times a day, has to deal with a variety of foods and convert them into nourishment for the body. These foods are not always the most suitable, or they may not have been properly chewed, and so reach the stomach in a form that makes digestion difficult.

So we must not be surprised that the stomach rebels at this harsh treatment. It does its best to extract nourishment from the food. But too often this results in an outpouring of excess acid. At first, flatulence and palpitation are the only symptoms, but later come inflammation of the stomach or duodenal ulcers—all caused by excess acid in the stomach.

De Witt's Antacid Powder, owing to its extreme fineness, neutralises the excess acid as soon as it reaches the stomach. There is immediate relief from the pain and the inconvenience of flatulence. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does more than this.

FIRSTLY, it protects the stomach walls from further burning by the acid. SECONDLY, helps to digest your food, and THIRDLY, tones up the whole digestive system so that excess acid is no longer given off, and you can eat what you like without any ill after-effects.

You start your happiness the day you start using

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6

**After
4
Years'
Research**



1 Here you see an actual microphotograph of skin which is lacking in "skin-vitamin". The skin is harsh, dry, scaly, old-looking. The oil glands are dried up, the tissues are shrunken.

2 Another actual microphotograph of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. See how smooth the skin is. How lustrous and healthy. This shows how vital the "skin-vitamin" is.

3 Under the microscope the oil glands are seen to be healthy. Dried-up flattened skin cells are rounded out. The shrunken tissues normal and functioning properly once again.

Now—Pond's Creams bring to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"

FOUR years ago scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet.

This was the "skin-vitamin".

This vitamin actually helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. It aids in keeping the skin beautiful.

Of Great Importance to Women—

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of the

"skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams. For over 3 years they worked. You can see the results in the microphotograph shown above.

Pond's gave their "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used these creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them came back asking for more. The Skin-Vitamin was a great success!

And these are the things they said:—"My skin is so much smoother". "My pores are finer". "My skin has a livelier look now". "Lines are disappearing" . . .

The Australian climate is constantly drying this necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams help to bring it back. If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin", try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—to-day.

"Pond's Creams will work wonders for you",
says **LADY MILLICENT TIARKS**

Lady Millicent Tiarks—glorious auburn-haired Irish beauty, says: "I trust my complexion to Pond's Creams. They're so effective and easy to use. I cleanse my skin at night with Pond's Cold Cream. It takes away all the day's grime and leaves my skin feeling wonderfully soothed and refreshed. I never worry about lines and blackheads, thanks to Pond's Cold Cream. Before I powder I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds powder on so evenly and it's a marvellous protection against winds and summer sun."

Listen to "Serenade to Beauty"—2CH; 4BK-
AK; 6IX-WB—every Monday, 9 p.m. 3DB-LK
every Monday, 8 p.m. 5AD-MU-P1—every
Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.



In the Same Jars—at the Same Price

The new Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known, with the active "Skin-Vitamin" added. They are in the same jars—at the same price. You use them the same way as you did the old.

Pond's VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places—that's why it's such a grand powder base and overnight softener.

But now with the active "skin-vitamin" it's even better for the skin. It makes the skin smoother, softer, and best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look.

Pond's COLD CREAM with the active "skin-vitamin", cleanses, clears, softens and smoothes for powder. It invigorates the skin and fights off blackheads and blemishes. It smooths out lines, and makes pores less noticeable.



Now — with
the active
"SKIN-VITAMIN"

Try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams for yourself — on sale everywhere.

FREE! Send for Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams

Mail this coupon today with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) (), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural) (), Naturelle (Light Natural) (), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Suntan) (). POND'S Dept. 22, Box 1131, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____
Address _____

THE MOVIE WORLD

November 20, 1937

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and
JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Sonja Henie's Latest

THE new Sonja Henie picture, "Bread, Butter, and Rhythm," will be under way shortly, as the entire cast is back in Hollywood.

Sonja has returned from her Norwegian holiday, and Don Ameche came back from a trip to Bermuda to be with his wife, who was rushed to hospital shortly after his departure.

New York's famous torch singer, Ethel Merman, is having another fling at the movies in this film, after stirring Broadway with her performance in "Anything Goes." She tried a movie career last year, but didn't like the results, so returned to the stage.

Dynamic Direction

WOODY VAN DYKE, already well known as Hollywood's speediest director, has been breaking some of his own records in the production of "Rosalie."

When a big 5000 dollar set for the final number was ready he completed shooting in a day and a half, and had the set torn down without waiting to see if re-takes were needed. Remember that some directors take weeks to shoot a big dance number—the finale of "Broadway Melody" was an example.

Messenger Boy's Luck

WHEN you see the new Ginger Rogers picture, "Having Wonderful Time," watch out for a handsome youngster by the name of Steve Putnam, for his is one of the few real romantic stories of Hollywood.

For a long time Steve was a messenger boy on the R.K.O. lot, and drew a salary of about three pounds a week. But a producer, who was looking for someone to fill a place in the

Shirley as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

• For the third time the famous story of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is coming to the screen. Almost twenty years ago Mary Pickford scored one of her greatest hits in the title role.

Shirley Temple will shortly star in a very up-to-date version. She will have several tap routines, for which she is being coached by the colored dancer, Bill Robinson.

Rogers picture, noticed Steve as he dashed across the lot on an errand, collared him for a screen test and had him in the role before he knew what was happening.

He has been promised a contract if he makes good in his first part.



Raft and Cooper at Sea

• George Raft and Gary Cooper (lower left) are co-stars for the first time in "Souls At Sea," a period film about the suppression of the slave trade. • Top left: Raft in a Liverpool cabaret scene; top right, Frances Dee; lower right, Olympe Bradna.

Gary Cooper's Daughter

THE Gary Coopers still can't decide on a name for the new baby, in spite of having studied books on "How To Name Your Baby" for weeks before the infant's arrival.

But, like all good Hollywood productions, she has a "tentative title." They're just calling her Maria, until they think up something better. And if nothing better turns up, Maria she will remain.

Frenchman Succeeds

FERNAND GRAVET, the French actor who scored a hit in "The King and the Chorus Girl," and then left abruptly for a trip to his native land, is coming back for more movie-making.

He'll act in Warner pictures, but will also go into the business of producing miniature films for amateur camera enthusiasts. The miniature movie craze is in full swing in America, and there are plenty of places where one can rent the little movies for home projection, but so far all the film rental libraries have carried only silent films. Gravet plans to make his productions with sound.



NUGGETING NATURE: (1) THE KOALA



To make the best of yourself you MUST Nugget your shoes. And do it EVERY DAY to keep the shoes good longer. There's nothing quite so good as Nugget. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

STUNT Men Are HEROES But They Earn No Fame

By MARY OLIVIER, from
Hollywood

WHEN you see an actor climb along the wings of a plane thousands of feet up, or dangle on a rope over the edge of a precipice, listen to the comment of the simple soul in the seat behind you.

As a rule, he thinks the star has run a fearful risk for the sake of the picture and a pay cheque. But he is quite mistaken.

WHEN a risky scene is required—a jump from a rooftop, a battle with a lion, a crash of two speedboats—the star is hardly ever allowed to carry it out in person.

Not only would he or she be incapable of doing it with success, but any injury sustained would hold up production, and that means heavy loss to Hollywood studios.

So a professional stunt man does the job. And while this substitute risks his neck, the hero who will get the credit for it is sitting in an arm-chair with a cigarette and the latest best-seller.

Foolhardy Players

THERE have been a few occasions when a wilful lady or obstinate young man has insisted upon executing a stunt personally, and sometimes the results have been unfortunate. I remember a circus picture some years ago in which the hero was a trapeze artist.

Having ideas about his own ability the star eventually persuaded the director to let him do a little aerial work. He came off with a broken collar-bone and slightly less regard for his own versatility.

Several actresses have been thrown from horses because they would insist upon riding instead of letting a double do it for them.

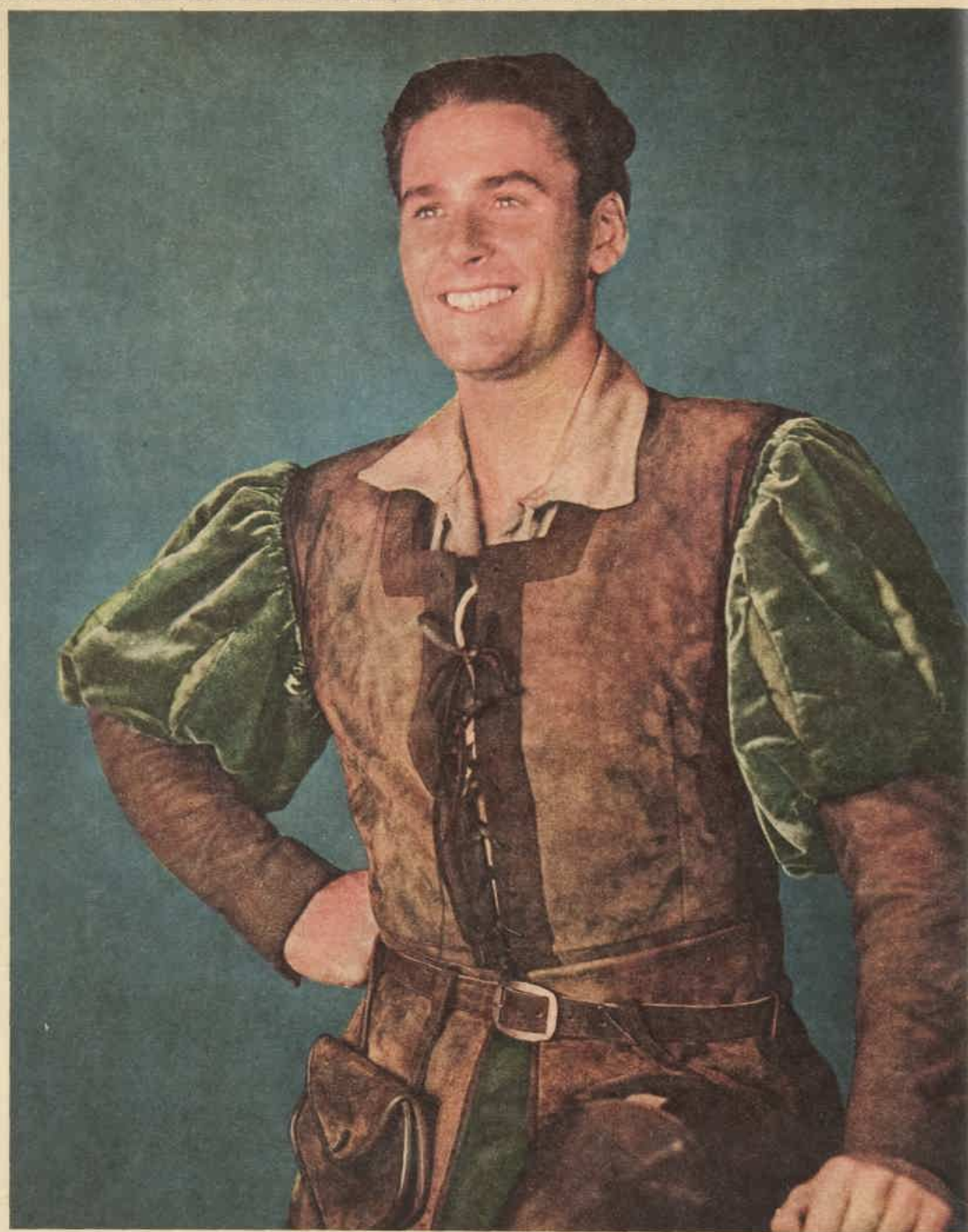
Hollywood, however, has a whole team of professional stunt men and women who do nothing else but take risks doubling for the stars. And if you feel sorry for them, forget it.

They like stunting so much that they do it even when they are not working.

Chick Collins, Harvey Parry, Gil Perkins, Johnny Sinclair, Alan Pomeroy, Wesley Hopper. Their names mean nothing to you. They've never appeared on a credit title.

Probably the only time they'll ever break into print will be when one of these days some stunt doesn't quite go off as planned and they meet a violent death.

Yet they are as important a part of a motion picture as Robert Taylor, Dick Powell, Tyrone Power, or any of the other handsome heroes of the screen.



GALLERY OF STARS

Errol Flynn
(Warner Bros.)

as he appears in "The Prince and the Pauper."

That flying leap onto the back of a native horse in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; the perilous progress of Brian Donlevy along the wings of an aeroplane in "Crack Up"; those log-riding scenes (which sent three men to hospital with broken arms) in "Come and Get It"; the exciting horse race between Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags" . . .

These, and many similar scenes of hard riding, cliff climbing, rapids swimming in western dramas are all the work of Chick Harvey, Gil, and the other boys.

Probably the one stunt man who has made any sort of a name for himself is Dick Grace, a rather frail little man with a quiet, nervous manner. Nothing of a dare-devil in appearance, pale of face and diffident in style, he has nevertheless broken 68 bones in his stunting career.

Only a few grey hairs hint at the 27 times he has been pulled out of an aeroplane wreck, unconscious, often with fractured limbs and ribs, once with a fractured skull.

Dick has been the anonymous provider of thrills in "The Lost Squadron," "Wings," "Young Eagles"—in fact, almost every air picture where stunting has been required.

He is the last living member of the Squadron of Death Club, formed some years ago by a group of seven Hollywood stunt flyers. For one scene in which he crashed an aeroplane flying at 100 miles an hour into the sea he earned £500.

There is a common belief that stunt men

are starving to death, and that for £2 a day they'll jump off burning buildings or stop runaway freight trains single-handed.

This is not true. The dare-devils of cinema-land have an unwritten agreement that there will be no throat-cutting about neck-breaking. They have definite prices for most stunts and the studios, for the most part, are glad to meet their terms.

Fall Downstairs, £18

It costs £9 a day to hire a Hollywood stunt man. That is largely a retainer fee. Nearly everything he does before the cameras in the line of risking his neck costs extra. Falling down stairs is an £18 item each time it is done. Auto chases and ordinary skids cost £25 a day.

That little auto crash into a tree which Loretta Young supposedly did in "Love Is News" cost the studio £40. Fights in bar-rooms, boudoirs, or any place where there is a danger of cuts as a result of broken glass cost £18 a day.

Water work—on boats, in storms, and so on—costs £18 a day on account of the cold and exposure. Car collisions cost from £40 up, according to the risk involved. Turning over a car costs the same—if it is a simple turn over, at about 45 miles an hour.

These stunts in cars are very dangerous. No matter how little petrol there is in the tank there's still oil in the motor and fires sometimes break out.

Wing-walking and a parachute jump in John Gilbert films netted Harvey Parry £375, but others have done it for less. The boys in "The Holy Terror" each got £25 for parachute jumps. Polo players in "Polo Joe" received £8 a day.

The men who fall from the walls in Foreign Legion and other films such as "The Charge of the Light Brigade" get £18 a day. Falling off a horse while in motion earns the faller the same amount.

Stunt men are seldom hurt, because they are necessarily masters of their own art and see to it beforehand that everything is perfectly arranged with the minimum of risk.

What the stunt man needs is good muscle, sufficient insurance to care for his dependents, and a light-hearted disregard for his health.

And all a Hollywood actor needs to thrill his public is a good stunt man.

MEXICO'S STRANGE GRETNA GREEN

Rapid Marriage Near U.S. Border

THE wedding of George Brent and Jocelyn Howarth is the most famous that has ever taken place at Tijuana, Mexico. But many other Hollywood personalities have also married there.

"Mala" (Ray Wise) and Gadya Liss, Dick Foran and Ruth Hollingsworth, Nina Quartero and Joe Shea are a few of them. Tijuana is the strangest Gretna Green of the world.

FOR one thing, it is the only place where the bride and bridegroom are legally tied by a verbal knot in a language they do not understand. I have witnessed two Hollywood marriages there and almost know which question (in Spanish) to answer (in English).

The imaginary boundary that divides the United States from Mexico dips into the Pacific Ocean just one mile from Tijuana, and sixteen miles further north is the southernmost city in the United States, San Diego, California, which is only 130 miles by highway from Hollywood.

In California it is necessary to wait three days from the issue of the marriage licence before the marriage can

when they want something quickly, have willingly paid a fee as high as 200 dollars for the licence alone, and another 200 for the ceremony.

Going down the principal street of Tijuana, Boulevard Obregon (named in honor of one of Mexico's assassinated Presidents), the marriage-minded couple pass the small, dusty office of the local newspaper, and notice in the window a large poster bearing these words:

"MARRIAGE BUREAU HERE."
If they seem to hesitate on hearing

BY
ESTHER JAYNE
From Hollywood

be performed; in Mexico there is no wait—and sometimes the convenience of acting on an impulse is very attractive, especially among Hollywood players, who can afford to act on impulse.

There are certain laws of Mexico governing civil marriages; the applicants must have been residents of Mexico for seven days prior to the marriage; they must obtain a certificate of good health from a civil physician; and they must understand the Spanish language. The comic element in Tijuana marriages is provided by the evasion of these laws.

The official fee for a licence is 75 Mexican pesos. Most of the applicants coming from the U.S. pay in United States currency, which amounts to 25 dollars. The ceremony itself costs another five dollars (payable in advance).

Most Unromantic

MOVIE stars have made Tijuana's marriage system famous the world over, but movie stars are not the only ones who go to Tijuana to be married. Thousands of obscure people are married there every year.

The whole procedure is unromantic and machine-like. In the first place, the licence is not issued by a public official, but a concessionaire—a private individual who purchases the privilege from the Government of the Territory of Lower California, of which territory Tijuana is the metropolis.

This concession is granted (at a price) each year, usually to a friend of the Governor of the district.

In return for potent favors, the Governor bestows the highly lucrative concession on a barman, or, as is the case currently, on the local newspaper publisher. The concessionaire sets his own licence fee; that is not a government affair.

This fee covers individual fees of the doctor and hotel manager, with a fair profit left over for the concessionaire. Movie people, generous to a degree

• THE NUPTIAL TRAIL from Hollywood to Tijuana, 147 miles, is shown in this diagram, which is not drawn to scale.

that the licence costs 25 dollars, the clerk smiles at the bride-to-be and says to the hesitant male, "Isn't it worth it?" And he hardly ever says no.

The applications, bearing such information as name, age, birthplace and date, are filled in. Then there is a wait of about five minutes, while the application blanks disappear.

In this interval copies are taken—one for the town doctor, who enters the names on his records as having been examined and passed as fit; and one for the local hotel, where the names are entered in a register under date of seven days before, to show that the applicants are truly residents under the law.

You might think that the laws, designed to protect applicants and governments alike, would be respected. But officials in Tijuana shrug their shoulders and say, "Why should we bother? These people will never reside in Mexico, so they won't be able to affect the Mexican marriage and health standards."

The application and licence being in order, the couple are directed to the Government House two blocks away, where the marriage clerk types a long document in Spanish. This typing is the slowest part of a Tijuana marriage; it takes twenty minutes.

The document declares, with many a flourish, that the couple have been married according to the laws of

• RAY WISE ("Male"), one of many Hollywood players who have been wedded across the Mexican border. Although American-born, he has made his name by portrayals of South Sea natives and Eskimos.



• DICK FORAN, singing star in a long series of musical Westerns. He was married to Ruth Hollingsworth in Tijuana.

be married at Agua Caliente, "the Monte Carlo of Mexico." This is a few miles from the main town of Tijuana, situated in lovely grounds surrounded by the bare, uncolored Mexican hills. Besides the casino, the racecourse, and the beautiful spa, there is a magnificent rambling hotel.

Every suite in the hotel is luxurious, but there is one suite more luxurious than all the rest—"the Presidential Suite," designed like a most pretentious movie set bedroom. This is where the movie stars prefer to be married.

In the centre of the floor in the large lounge of the "Presidential Suite" is a big thick rug. The ceremony is usually performed with the principals standing on this rug.

Usually, as the bride steps toward the judge for the ceremony, she trips over the edge of that rug, adding to her fluster and embarrassment.

The "regulars" at Agua Caliente weddings keep watch on the bride. When they discover one who has controlled her emotions well enough at that crucial moment to step over the edge of the rug without tripping, they smile wisely, as if to say, "She's old at this game."

Varied Costumes

THE vast majority of Tijuana weddings are results of quick decisions, and the costumes range from overalls and shirt sleeves to full dress, and from gingham frocks to fluffy gowns of white. At Agua Caliente it is most common to see the bride wearing slacks and the bridegroom plus-fours.

Tijuana is also well known for its quick and easy divorces. Here, anyone can obtain a divorce in 30 days from application, without having to reside in Tijuana or Mexico (although the records will read differently). The fee for such a divorce is 200 dollars.

In the same window that announces "Marriage Bureau Here" is another sign that reads: "DIVORCES ARRANGED." And attached to every marriage document given to newly-wedded couples in Tijuana is a neat announcement regarding the divorce system, with a polite invitation to the couple to avail themselves of the convenience in case the marriage "doesn't take."

The licence clerk unromantically calls it a "rain-check."

So that is what a Tijuana wedding is like. And at the end of the day the Press correspondent (who has his desk in the newspaper office, which is also the marriage bureau) looks over the day's list. Spotting a well-known name, he sends out his stock despatch to a world which will thrill to the romantic implications of the bare announcement:

"TIJUANA, MEXICO, SEP. 30—Glamora Garbrich, movie star, and Joe Zilleh, her press agent, were married here today."

Mexico. The official signature and stamp are not placed on it until the 5 dollar wedding fee has been paid. Then the town judge is called from an adjoining office and, after a few mumbled words, the clerk translates the Spanish into English and the surprised couple discover that they are united in holy matrimony.

The clerk suggests that the bridegroom slip a ring on the proper finger of the bride. If, as is usual, the couple have no ring, the clerk hands them a stock ring to use. Then he instructs the couple to kiss, after which he sees that they return the borrowed ring.

That stock ring has been used for thousands of weddings, being slipped onto the fingers of all brides, whether blushing or not. It is the only service for which there is no fee—it is just a touch of Latin sentiment.

It must be said, in all fairness, that the wedding of Mexicans in Tijuana is a much stricter affair. In that case there is no "licence," the doctor does make an examination, and the ceremony is well understood by the couple—and very impressive, too.

The scene and mood are rather different for screen people who object to being married in such grubby surroundings as the marriage clerk's little office.

Hollywood people usually arrange to

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

DANCING Ruby Keeler, who left Warners with her husband, Al Jolson, has signed an exclusive contract for two pictures a year with R.K.O., the first to be a musical, "Love Below Freezing."

As Fred Astaire is also with R.K.O., it wouldn't be surprising if the two are teamed before long. But first Fred must finish "Damsel In Distress," and do another film with Ginger Rogers.

It is interesting to hear that the studio has promised to do the next Rogers-Astaire opus in technicolor.

MARGARET SULLAVAN, who has been away from the screen for many months, what with having a baby and her long stage engagement in New York in "Stage Door," is returning to Hollywood for the lead in "Road Show."

AFTER Nelson Eddy had recorded all his songs for "Rosalie" it was discovered someone had made the minor mistake of using a full symphony orchestra as a background instead of the lone guitar called for by the script. So now Nelson is back at the studio recording all the numbers again.

In this film Eddy has the part of a football player, and has to spend several hours a day with a professional trainer, learning the fine points of the game.

Between the recording and footballing, the star has to practise dance routines with Eleanor Powell, his leading lady. The studio did not originally intend giving Eddy any dancing in the film, but many fans wrote in demanding that he have at least one number with Eleanor.

MARY GRANT's girl friend, Phyllis Brooks, looks like a twin sister to his ex-wife, Virginia Cherrill.

DOTS... and DASHES

he has never before attempted. ● Joan Blondell's young sister Gloria signed up by Warners on a long-term contract. ● Andra Marlo, from Vienna, taking Luise Rainer's place in "The Last Gangster," with Edward G. Robinson. ● Freddie Bartholomew tipped for the part of Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind." ● Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers getting \$6000 for one week of personal appearances in Cleveland. ● Garbo hoping for a comedy role soon. ● Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone making badminton the star turn in their hospitality.

A NOTHER "hoodoo" picture seems to be Darryl Zanuck's epic, "In Old Chicago." You remember this was the film Jean Harlow was scheduled for.

After Jean Harlow's death, Alice Payne was given the chance of her career by being awarded the leading role.

Actors have a superstition that a production that starts with tragedy will be hampered by bad luck throughout, and it seems to be coming true this time. A few days after shooting commenced, Alice fell down a flight of stairs in a scene, injuring her back, and had to be sent to hospital for several days.

Then the other day Alice Brady fell and hurt her ankle. An X-ray revealed a broken bone in the foot.

Katharine Hepburn has finally captured a leading man, none other than Cary Grant, for her next picture, "Bringing Up Baby," the "baby" in the case being a panther.

The current gay in Hollywood is that it was not the panther, but Kathie who was scaring the men away.

JOHN BARRYMORE has hired and fired 6 valets within 6 months. The good valets couldn't play chess well enough and the good chess-players were poor valets.



● NEWLY CONTRACTED to R.K.O., Ruby Keeler may take the place of Ginger Rogers as dancing co-star of Fred Astaire.

FREDRIC MARCH and his wife, Florence Eldridge, will appear this winter in a New York stage play entitled "The Christian Hero." It is years since March faced a real audience in the theatre.

TYRONE POWER was too embarrassed the other day when he went to show a friend the very elegant interior of his trailer dressing-room, and discovered piles of baby clothes littered all over it. It seems that the day before they'd been testing some infants for a picture, and had borrowed his dressing-room for the use of the babes and their nurse. Someone thought it would be amusing to leave the diminutive garments around for his embarrassment.

IAN KEITH's fourth wife is conferring with his fifth wife in an effort to get Ian back. No. 4, the whimsical Fern Andra, claimed that she was only "loaning" him out when she permitted the former Hildegard Pabst, chemical heiress, to become his wife. At the time she felt that Ian was entitled to a real home, which she could not provide for him.

Ian and No. 5 are now parted, and Fern thinks the separation should be permanent.

"I am going to serve notice on Hildegard that she's had Ian long enough," said Fern. "She must get a divorce. When they got married I told her that I was just loaning Ian to her. Now I am going to call in that loan."

IRENE DUNNE has said many times she will not object if her little daughter, now nineteen months old, becomes an actress when she grows up. But a piece of information that was recently made public would make it seem otherwise.

Irene and her husband, Dr. Griffen, have established a trust fund for their daughter. It makes the condition that if, when she is twenty-one, she is not connected with the theatrical business, she is to receive the principal of the fund in a lump sum. If she is in the theatre, she will be allowed only the interest for another twenty years.

ACCORDING to experts, the salary William Powell will receive for his next picture, "Jean," will be the highest ever accorded an actor... \$28000 a week for five weeks. If his trip abroad won't cheer him up, his new contract should.

Bob Ashton, the Australian polo player, now seems to have first place in the heart of wino Jane Faynor. At the Hawaiian Paradise the other night the vivacious little brunette gave Bob all her attention.

They say she has lost interest in Tyrone Power, who was wooing her around town until Bob took his place.

This Hollywood make-up will bring you Loveliness!

Hollywood's own make-up, originated by Max Factor, make-up genius of the films, will "discover" beauty in your face that you didn't know was there. The secret lies in Color Harmony—whether you are a blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead there is a special combination of Max Factor powder, rouge and lipstick that will dramatise your type and give you loveliness and glamour. Fill in coupon below and send for samples of your correct Color Harmony make-up—

Sold at all leading stores and chemists everywhere.



Charming Jane Wyatt, star of Columbia's magnificent production, "Lost Horizon," is thrilled with Max Factor's make-up. Above, Miss Wyatt using Max Factor's Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in her own Color Harmony shades.

Max Factor Hollywood & London

James and Anderson, Representatives for Australia.
Sydney Shop: C4, Her Majesty's Arcade

FREE Max Factor's, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia. Send postcard, Rouge sample and Lipstick potency four shades. I enclose response to your postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor.

NAME	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
ADDRESS	Very Light	Blue	BLONDE	Dry
	Fair	Grey	Light Dark	Oily
		Green	BROWNETTE	Normal
		Crummy	Light Dark	
CITY	Medium	Hazel	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Ruddy	Brown	Light Dark	Moist
	Sallow	Black	Light Dark	Dry
	Freckled	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
STATE	Olive	Light	Light Dark	
		Dark	Light Dark	

SHARTEX

Happy Carefree Summer Days!

IN FROCKS OF SHARTEX THE NEW CRISP CREASE-RESISTING FABRIC WITH THE FAMOUS Spectator SPORTSWEAR GUARANTEE LUCAS & LUCAS

SIX SMART WAYS OF STEPPING INTO SUMMER

MACRAMI

A debonair sandal. Cool as the air. Smart as a fashion picture. Comforting as a slipper.



No. 361

New in cross-over style and line. Puts tennis, leisure or promenade on a better footing.



ARENA

A Sports Oxford that steps up to the front row for smartness. Gloriously comfortable, too!



SUNBEAM

An economical way to get holiday freedom and comfort in a new "look-up" style.



STROLLER

A fancy Derby that has the easy, clean-cut style which says "really well-dressed."



TENNISSET

A sturdy man's shoe that women admire. Right in looks and comfort for active feet.



AND — WHY SHOULDN'T MEN BE SMART FROM THE GROUND UP?

Only a few examples of the 67 Dunlop styles for women, men and children are shown above. For instance, the "Tennisset" is only one of the many smart styles for men — each with the good looks, fit and strength that combine to please both the beholder and the wearer.



Dunlop

SPORT AND SANDSHOES

PRODUCTS OF DUNLOP PERDRIAU RUBBER CO. LTD. (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA)

SHIPWRECK DRAMA FILMED

"Souls at Sea" Based
on Facts

By BARBARA
BOURCHIER

From Hollywood

ARE survivors of a shipwreck, packed into overcrowded lifeboats, justified in drowning some of their number that the rest may be saved?

This terrible problem faced survivors of the clipper "William Brown" when she was wrecked in 1842. The story of that wreck was a sensation throughout Europe and America at the time, and has now been made the theme of the Paramount film, "Souls At Sea."

IN the early 'forties slave ships were still thick along the Gold Coast. Ponderous Indianmen were armed against pirates lurking in Sunda Strait. Steam was replacing sail in short coastal runs.

Samuel Cunard was experimenting successfully with a regular transatlantic steamship service. Wind ships were being pressed for supremacy.

At the same time the China tea trade was booming, and although steamships had not yet entered it because of their inability to carry sufficient fuel for the long passages, the competition among sailing vessels was at the keenest and most exciting point of shipping history. The fastest ships got the choicest cargoes and unloaded them at the fanciest prices.

Steam and tea resulted in the highest achievement of the sailing-ship builder's art—the clipper ship. Driven hard by daring skippers, who wouldn't shorten canvas for anything less than a hurricane, ships like Red Packer, Lightning, Thermopylae and Flying Cloud reasserted the supremacy of sail and kept it for three magnificent decades until the Khedive of Egypt cut a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, opening the China commerce to steam.

Iceberg Tragedy

THAT marked the end of sail's golden era. The clippers are dead, most of them at the bottom of the sea. One old ghost, the Cutty Sark, still haunts Falmouth Harbor, a training ship for the British merchant service. The Union oil barge Phelps is all that is left of the Flying Cloud. It was just at the beginning of this

golden era that the William Brown, Liverpool for Philadelphia, rammed an iceberg off the coast of Newfoundland and stove in both her bows.

There were 81 souls aboard and only two lifeboats, able to carry safely no more than 30 passengers between them. Seven members of the crew and one woman passenger went into the jollyboat with Captain George L. Harris. The nine remaining sailors and 32 passengers crowded into the longboat with Chief Officer Francis Rhodes.

Thirty-one passengers were left aboard ship and went down with her, kneeling in prayer on her quarter-deck while the small boats stood by. About half of the doomed were women.

In reply to their terrified cries for rescue the skipper replied that he was helpless. A minister tried to console them from the longboat just before she plunged to the bottom.

Next morning the lifeboats parted company. The captain stood for Newfoundland. The longboat, so crowded that the sailors couldn't work the oars, wallowed like a tub, unable to make headway.

In her was Alexander William Holmes, a seaman, who the night before had gone back to the sinking ship after once getting a place in the longboat to carry a sick child down the tackle falls. Then he had given his coat and oilskins to some women while he shivered at the oars.

By morning he seems to have assumed command, probably because the obvious necessity of sacrificing some of the castaways to lighten ship



● HENRY WILCOXON is a featured player in "Souls at Sea." He takes the role of a British naval officer secretly leagued with the slave-traders. Other members of the cast are pictured on Page One of this week's Film Supplement.

—a necessity acknowledged by the captain before he pulled away in the other boat—proved distasteful to Mr. Rhodes.

Holmes decided not to draw lots. He considered that method too haphazard. Instead he formed a little jury of himself, another sailor and the cook, and they decided on their own authority who should be thrown into the sea. They chose those whom they considered to be of least value to others.

Seven passengers were hurled over the boat's side that morning before rescue came with a passing ship. Holmes reached America, was brought to trial and pleaded stark necessity. Some of the castaways had to be sacrificed, he argued, that the others might be saved.

His case became famous. Newspapers carried editorials for and against him. He was a principal topic of discussion over tea tables and waterfront bars. Debutantes mingled in the courtroom with foremen hands and law students.

The jury heard from the lips of the survivors the harrowing tale of shipwreck and of this man who had dared to "play God" with human lives, and found Holmes guilty with a recommendation to mercy. He served six months in prison, then went back to the sea.

Dug from News Files

THIS story came to light in files of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" that were hauled out when the newspaper was about to celebrate an anniversary. A sub-editor told it to Ted Lesser, then an assistant to Paramount's Adolph Zukor, who carried photostatic copies of the newspaper account back to Hollywood.

"Souls at Sea" was placed on the production schedule, and from a story which Lesser had written based on the actual facts Grover Jones and Dale Van Evert were assigned to write a screen play.

In the hands of these craftsmen, who understood that truth must be skilfully adapted to beat fiction at the box-office, the barque William Brown became a clipper ship, Holmes became "Nuggin" Taylor, a Yankee skipper travelling as a passenger; a

swashbuckling rascal named Powdah became his intimate.

The iceberg became a fire at sea. The slave trade entered the story along with the British Navy and Queen Victoria. And most important of all two love stories were created to complicate matters for Taylor and Powdah.

Gary Cooper and George Raft were teamed as Taylor and Powdah, and chief supporting roles in a huge cast given to Frances Dee, Henry Wilcoxon, Harry Carey, Robert Barrat, Olympe Bradna, Porter Hall, Joseph Schildkraut and Robert Cummings.

Search for Clipper

THE first big problem faced by the property department was to procure a clipper ship, for there is none in existence to-day except the Cutty. The old barque, Star of Finland, once queen of the Alaska fishing fleets, was wakened from a ten-year sleep on the mud of San Francisco bay, brought south, and given the role of a British patrol ship. Then it was berigged as a clipper to play the William Brown.

The schooner Lottie Garson was chartered to serve as a slave ship, and five other sailing vessels were rented on a day-to-day basis for Liverpool dock scenes taken at San Pedro, where a large and picturesque set was constructed with the tangled spars and rigging of the flotilla as background.

Filming began after months of preparation, including extensive digging by the studio research department. A company of 200 went on location to the Catalina Isthmus, and every day stood out to sea at dawn aboard either the Finland or the Lottie for the filming of marine shots.

In addition, a second unit under Richard Talmadge later took the Finland up the coast for a 10-day cruise.

The story of Holmes—or rather Taylor—a lone man doing an awful thing because he believes it to be the best thing, doing it in spite of ordinary moral principles—is at once the plot and theme of the film.

But director Hathaway has tried to inject another theme, too, underscoring the first. This theme is the last picturesque stand of slaves and pirates against law and progress.

Studios Ban Kisses

"NO Kissing" signs hang on several Hollywood stages, as studios combat a current prevalence of heavy colds.

Moving swiftly to prevent a recurrence of the influenza outbreak of last year, which kept many stars in bed, Columbia Studios has assigned a special nurse to every company on the lot and, in addition, altered production schedules, so love scenes would not be the means of spreading colds.

Leo McCarey was the first to put the latter measure into effect. He

is currently making "The Awful Truth," starring Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. McCarey ruled that all close-ups between the new romantic team should come at the end of the schedule, when the present scare should be over.

Another director to follow his example was Marion Gering. The romantic twosome affected are Lull Deste, Viennese star, and John Boles, in "I Married An Artist." Likewise E. H. Griffith took the same precaution with Grace Moore and Melvyn Douglas, in "I'll Take Romance."

NEW ZEALAND

Calls you!

It's Different-Variety-Unique



Inspiring hospitality and splendid travel comforts combine with low costs to open wide the world's most unspoiled show-places rich in its own captivating personality, yet reminiscent of a dozen other lands. You forget yourself in the wonders of nature—towering snow-capped mountains—strange thermal activities—waterfalls of shimmering beauty—wild underground caverns—peaceful lakes, and glorious birds, enchanting in their variety of interest. And the invigorating climate will give you a new lease of life.



SPORT AND
PASTIME FOR
EVERYBODY!

For the deep-sea fisherman the thrill of fighting giant mako sharks and swordfish. For the angler, streams and lakes abounding in trout. For the golfer, well-kept courses wherever he goes. For the hunter and shooter, along scenic trails or mountaineering on towering peaks.

New Zealand
GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

11 Martin Place (opp. G.P.O.), SYDNEY. Phone B1043.
Colonial Mutual Bldg., 218-220 Collins St., MELBOURNE.
Phone Cent. 3114.
King House, 79 Queen Street, DUNEDIN.
(And all Travel Agents.)



FREE TRAVEL SERVICE

To make your trip a truly enjoyable holiday—free from irritation and worry of details of transport, accommodation, luggage, etc.—let us make all arrangements for you. Our special credit system saves you all worry of finance. Call, write, or phone—

PRIVATE VIEWS

★ ★ MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR
Kenny Baker, Jane Wyman. (Warner Bros.)

FOLLOWING the profitable example of Mr. Deeds, an army of innocent young men has come to town from the country in recent films.

But, unlike their illustrious leader, these innocents conceal no homely wisdom beneath their simple surfaces. They are glib to the point of idiosyncrasy.

Mr. Dodd is the latest, and the comedy of his errors is a pleasant one, although it lasts a bit too long.

He is played by Kenny Baker, a radio crooner famous in America who makes his screen debut in this film. Baker's voice is excellent, and his acting is assured and amusing. He has made a flying start in his screen career.

The story is taken from a novel, "The Great Crooner," by Clarence Buddington Kelland, author of "Mr. Deeds."

Week's Best Release

"MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR"

Pleasant comedy introducing Kenny Baker, a new crooning star.

Buddington Kelland, author of "Mr. Deeds," and has been filmed once before.

The ingredients are all hackneyed, but good character work by several people has made it a lively entertainment.

Dodd, the small-town electrician who becomes an ace crooner, is saved by office-girl Jane Wyman from crooks, who try to steal his important

HAD RHEUMATIC PAINS FOR 25 YEARS

His Arms Were Becoming Useless

It was about 25 years ago that rheumatism first marked down this sufferer; and finally the day came when he could hardly lift his arms. But he found relief—here in this letter he tells the whole story—

"About 25 years ago I first experienced slight muscular rheumatism in my arm and shoulder. A few years later lumbago also attacked me. They gradually got worse until the pain got acute in both arms and loins. I could not lift a quart jugful of water with my arm extended straight out. About 12 months ago I bought a bottle of Kruschen Salts and by the time it was finished I was greatly surprised at a slight improvement. I bought another one, and when that was finished all the pain had disappeared, and has never appeared since."—T.R.

If you could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope, you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains. Kruschen dissolves the sharp edges of those crystals, then dissolves them away altogether.

While you sleep
Speddo
ANNOUNCED LIKE "MEADOW"
makes the lavatory
white & odourless

1/3
PER TIN

At all Chemists, Grocers, Hardware Stores

THEATRE ROYAL

New Play Nightly at 8

Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2

J. C. Williamson Ltd. presents

GEORGE GEE

"SWING ALONG"

Together with Valeria Bay, Donald Burr, Billie Worth, Lois Green, Percy La Frie, John Dobbin, William O'Neal, etc.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

radio invention. Jane Wyman is one of the most vivacious youngsters who turn up in Warner Brothers' minor films.

Twenty years old, snub-nosed, she hails from Missouri, and is said to be a very outdoor person. That may explain the freshness of her manner, which is neither sophisticated nor too simple.

One-time star Alice Brady is decidedly funny in the minor role of a temperamental opera singer.

Not an important show, but distinctly enjoyable. The connoisseur of crooners will find a special interest in the arrival of Baker.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ ARMORED CAR

Robert Wilcox, Judith Barrett. (Universal.)

THE transport of payrolls by armored car is the theme of this moderate thriller.

As a gang of "badies" tends to blow the road up under these cars, the

working life of the drivers offers plenty of excitement.

Their private life, of which we get numerous glimpses early in the film, is not exciting at all. The cheery chatter they exchange in locker-rooms and elsewhere is somewhat dull.

As the master mind who leads the criminals, Irving Pichel takes a novel line in villainy. He is very soulful, and when he is not blowing people up he listens to devotional music on the organ.

The romance of Robert Wilcox and Judith Barrett will cause few palpitations in the audience. Action keeps the picture on the average plane; there is not much else to it.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

Not Suitable for General Exhibition

Not Suitable for General Exhibition

Another Bennett Divorce

Marriages in the Bennett family total 8, divorces 5; and they also have one annulment on their record.

JOAN and Constance, who have had marital troubles aplenty, have nothing on their father, Richard Bennett, matinee idol of 25 years ago.

Mrs. Angela Ralsch Bennett, who married the retired actor a decade ago, has just divorced him, bringing the Bennett divorces up to a total of five.

Bennett, per se tossed his hat high into the air when he heard he was once again a free man.

Constance, the oldest of the three beautiful Bennett girls, is now busy denying that she contemplates a divorce from the Marquis de la Falaie de la Coudraye, otherwise known as Hank. Nor does she want unpleasant gossip to interfere with her close friendship with Gilbert Roland, who has been her exclusive escort for months.

Conspicuous for the normality of her domestic life is Barbara, the youngest sister. In 1929 she married her dancing partner, Morton Downey, and to-day they are still happy. When she recently announced her fourth child, she said:

"Nine children would make just a nice-sized family."

Joan Bennett gives no indication of another marriage just yet, but is seen a great deal with her ex-husband, Gene Markey.

CLARA BOW, once famed in films as the "It" girl, is expecting another baby next summer. The announcement has just been made by her husband, Rex Bell, with whom she conducts her "It" Cafe in Hollywood.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



DON AMECHE and DOROTHY LAMOUR
WORKED IN A CHICAGO BROADCASTING STUDIO 7 YEARS AGO... CAME TO HOLLYWOOD AND GOT INTO PICTURES AT THE SAME TIME BUT NEVER MET UNTIL RECENTLY WHEN THEY BEGAN THEIR PRESENT RADIO PROGRAM.



SHIRLEY ROSS' HOBBY IS COLLECTING BARS OF SOAP FROM EVERY HOTEL AT WHICH SHE STAYS.



CHARLES BROWN



BRADLEY PAGE MET HIS 53RD DEATH BY VIOLENCE ON THE SCREEN IN 'HIDEAWAY'.

SNUB NOSED JANE WYMAN is a very charming starlet appearing at the Capitol in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air." Warner Brothers have big hopes for her future.

AT LAST!!! THE RITZ BROTHERS ARE BACK!...

That hilarious, crazy trio of synchronised lunacy who convulsed you and left pains across your stomach in "Sing, Baby, Sing," "On The Avenue," and "Girl in a Million," are back again. And they've got their best, most hilarious concentrated role of all in this feast of inspired fun!... IT'S

ANOTHER SINGSONAL MUSICAL SHOW FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX!

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

ALICE FAYE
RITZ Brothers
DON AMECHE
Charles WINNINGER
LOUISE HOVICK
RUBINOFF
with **TONY MARTIN**
ARTHUR TREACHER
PHYLLIS BROOKE
TIP, TAP and TOE
TYLER BROOKE
LOUIS PRIMA
and HIS BAND

Not Suitable for General Exhibition



Swagger
new
perfume

THRILLS THE FASHIONABLE WORLD!



EVERYWHERE smart women are talking of "Mischief"—the exciting, disturbing new perfume! And it is new—a really new creation, not a mere reblending of former fragrances! "Mischief" is the perfume for the gay mood! It enshrines the wearer in a fashionable aura of romance and style! It intrigues her escort's attention! It is the smartest thing ever presented for lovely woman's additional allure. Ask for the exquisite little Trial Flask and experience the thrill of "Mischief."

Exciting NEW perfume!

mischief

In fascinating black-and-chrome flasks

5/9 10/6 23/6

SPECIAL TRIAL SIZE FOR 2/6

Obtainable from all High Class Chemists and Stores

A ROMANTIC CREATION by SAVILLE PERFUMERY LTD., ENGLAND

CS-27

Connie often had
dainty undies spoilt
in the wash



TILL
SHE FOUND
THAT PERSIL
KEEPS THEM
ALWAYS LOVELY

What a shame to let your pretty silks and laces suffer harsh cake soap rubbing! Give them protective Persil washing instead. Persil's oxygen-charged suds go bubbling in and out of the finest weave, gently easing out all the dirt. The end of rubbing is the beginning of safety for delicate fabrics and dainty shades. Keep that new-look about them with Persil.

Beware of Imitations

The Amazing Oxygen Washer

Persil

Good Housekeeping
Institute

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

21.210.25



HERE THEY ARE—
The new WEMCO fabrics!

Brand-new Bayadere and Paisley prints, colourful Persian patterns, chic Monotone designs—so gay, so colourful, they'll inspire you to new dressmaking heights.

There's Wemcolisse (a crepe that doesn't crush), silky Climesol and Climidine; also Tusade, the crease-resisting fabric in pastel shades and navy—it's the very thing for summer suits.

WEMCO fabrics are English weaves, dependable in quality. Yet reasonable in price. See them at the better stores.

Wemco
FABRICS

PRODUCED IN ENGLAND

Brisbane: W. C. Williams, Egan House, Charlotte St. Perth: Marshall Flower, 251a Hay St. Melbourne: K. Mather, Fawcett House, Flinders Ld. Sydney: Keogh & Co., Grace Bld., York St.

HE HIT a PRIZE-FIGHTER

Continued
from Page 16

PERRY PHELPS took her by both shoulders. He would have liked to shake her hard. But he didn't.

"What is the matter?" he demanded. "I don't want to argue with you. I want to kiss you."

"And I don't want you to kiss me," Phyllis said.

"All right," he said furiously, "get out."

Phyllis stepped down from the car and started toward the house. Perry sat there for half a minute watching her. He thought of running after her and telling her what he thought of her. But he didn't.

He had to admit the next morning that she was right. When he woke up he did think he had been pretty much of a small boy to say he would hit Burke and to keep on saying it. He must have been a little tight.

Perry went to Corley's for lunch. Phyllis and Connie Smith and Jimmy Gresham were already there. Perry knew, as he reached their table, that they had been talking about him. He glanced at Phyllis. She smiled back at him. She looked him in the eye. But he knew. He knew she had been amusing Connie and Jimmy with an account of their quarrel of the night before. She had probably been very funny when she had told about Perry's getting so mad that he said he was going to hit the heavyweight champion.

It made him mad. It made him so mad he had to show her that he wasn't a small boy to be laughed at. He was a man who did exactly what he said he would.

"I suppose," he said, as he sat down beside Phyllis, "that everybody will get a good laugh out of it when I do it."

Jimmy Gresham raised his eyebrows. Connie Smith leaned across the table toward him.

"What?" she asked. "What did you say?"

It was plain that she had heard his words and that she knew what they meant. She was merely eager to confirm them, to make sure he was going to offer himself up to be slaughtered by the heavyweight champion of the world. She was young and blonde and blue-eyed. Perry had always thought of her as rather sweet. A bit dumb, perhaps. But sweet. Now it was plain to him that she loved the idea of seeing him smashed to the ground and lying there unconscious. It wasn't that she had anything against him. She loved excitement and she didn't care what it cost anybody else to provide it. She was like all women.

"I said," Perry replied, "that no doubt it will be very funny when I hit Burke this afternoon."

"Oh!" Connie cried, "you mean you're really going to do it?"

"I am," Perry Phelps said. "He is not," Phyllis said. "Even if he were so silly. I wouldn't let him."

"That's very interesting," Perry Phelps said. "I would be greatly entertained to know just how you are going to stop me."

PHYLIS looked momentarily abashed.

"Don't be a cock-eyed fool," Jimmy Gresham said.

"The more I consider the idea," Perry Phelps said, "the more the idea pleases me."

"Oh, Perry!" Phyllis said. "Don't be a sap!"

"I don't believe he'll get a chance to hit Burke," Jimmy Gresham said. "He can't walk into the ring this afternoon and box him. His handlers would stop any man who tried that."

"I have a simple plan," Perry Phelps said. "I know how to do it."

He realised now that he was going to have to hit Burke. His boast had ceased to be a joke. He had ridden it too hard. He wasn't hungry. But he ate a good lunch. He had to. He couldn't let the others see how scared he was. Besides he knew it might be the last meal he would ever eat. Burke had killed a man in the ring, a tougher man than Perry Phelps.

They started towards Burke's training camp after lunch. They walked slowly. Phyllis walked close beside Perry.

"Please, Perry," she said. "Nobody wants you to do it."

"I am merely following your excellent advice," Perry said. "On this occasion I am doing what I want to do and not what other people want me to do."

Phyllis gave him a stricken look. He saw the red-headed newspaper girl he had danced with once or twice the night before. He would have liked to ask her if she would use her influence to keep the story out of the papers. But Phyllis made this impossible. Phyllis advanced to meet Jane Evans and put her arm through Jane's and walked on ahead with her.

PERRY walked between Connie Smith and Jimmy Gresham. They did not talk. But Perry could feel that they were full of excitement over the prospect. They reached the gates of Burke's training camp and bought tickets and went in. There were rough tiers of planks on which to sit. The place was scarcely half-full. It was still half an hour before Burke was due in the ring. Perry resolutely led the little party down the aisle which Burke always used when he came out of the cottage with his handlers and his sparring partners at three o'clock. He got all the others to take their seats first so he could

GIRLIGAGS



"IT'S THE hostess' nose that is kept to the grindstone, but it's the guests' welcome that wears out."

sit on the aisle. Jane Evans said she would have to join her fellow reporters who were interviewing Burke and Issy. Phyllis sat beside Perry Phelps. Phyllis put her hand on Perry Phelps' arm and pressed it gently but said nothing.

Perry Phelps looked out across the ring at the trees beyond. It was one of those days that come when summer is at the full. It would have been too hot there in the sun if it had not been for a tiny breeze, cool and sweet. It was too lovely to last. At least it would not last for him.

The stands were full when Burke and his followers came down the aisle and climbed into the ring.

Issy Mandelbaum stood in the middle of the ring and raised his right hand high and demanded silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he bawled, "I have an extraordinary announcement to make. Sailor Burke is fit and ready to go. Some of the sports writers have got the erroneous notion that he ain't what he used to be. Some of the fans have been trying to tell you he has lost his punch."

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are going to show you to-day where these guys got off. We are going to take off the wraps and turn the big boy loose. For this one occasion we are going to let you see what he is like. Don't be sorry for his sparring partners, they're getting double pay. After to-day you will have to wait for the fight. But to-day you are going to get your money's worth twice and three times and four times over."

Please turn to Page 36

The BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

WOULD you like to see a note I received from a young girl, recently married? Here it is.

"... Your Bride's Book was marvelous. It helped me through numerous difficulties that were utterly bewildering to me. Just think of it. There I was, a month before the wedding, trying to supervise all the wedding details and plan our new home, too. Of course, I wanted the wedding perfect in every respect, so I spent untold hours hunting advice, trotting from one place to another and worrying perpetually. That alone was enough of a strain; trying to plan our new home besides was making me look



old enough to be Jack's mother instead of his bride. Of course, in planning the house, we realised we should proceed cautiously because we'd have to live with any mistakes such a long time, but with so much else to do, there didn't seem to be time for caution. . . . and then I read the Bride's Column in the paper and obtained a copy of the Bride's Book. It helped me in every possible detail imaginable. . . . you can't think how much I appreciated it. . . ."

Needless to say, the wedding was a success. Why not obtain your copy of the Bride's Book now? It's FREE to engaged girls. Fill in the coupon below, and post to Enquiries, or call in to the Home Planning Bureau, 3rd Floor.

Miss Mary Sheraton,
C/o Beautifolia, Limited,
George Street, Sydney.
Please send me the particulars I have marked with a cross. Without charge, without obligation.
1 Bride's Book
2 Furniture Plan for Home under £70.

Name
Address W.W.11

Test these "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES



See how they soften your face in bright light

Notice what a strong bright light does to your face!

How it brings out little faults—casts hard shadows that sharpen the lines of your face.

Then try Pond's Powder!—Carefully blended to catch only the softer rays of light, Pond's softens your face. Never shows up harsh and "powdery". Fine and smooth. Pond's clings—fresh looking.

POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.
Pond's Dept. 237, Box 1231 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME
ADDRESS

Farmer's

Mail orders to P.O. Box 497AA,
Sydney. Telephone M 2405.



IMPORTED KIDS

Fine styles, soft as you please

Luxurious white bags, whips in weight, yet way up in fashion importance. In natural kid . . . a rich, creamy colour you'll be unable to resist. Some are set off with strips of contrasting red. Why not lay-by one of the five styles? Each only

13'6

Handbags on the Air-Conditioned Ground Floor.

FARMER'S CONTINUES A SENSATIONAL FUR SALE. £5000 STOCK CLEARS. LAY-BY NOW!



LAY-BY XMAS TOYS

Two Dolls in suitcase. With outfits of hand-made clothes. Pink or blue. Illustrated size, **37'6**

"Topsy"—the popular black doll, wearing a white strandi frock. **5'6**

Toys—Fourth Floor. Country Freight extra.

SUMMER SALE OF FABRICS

Right in the heart of the season

Half price dress fabrics galore . . . many even less . . . right at the time when you need them most. Farmer's holds the summer dress fabric sale now to give you an opportunity to lay-by for later.

Dress Fabrics—First Floor. Lay-by!



"Bermuda Sandals"

Farmer's captures the carefree gaiety
of romantic island shoe styling

Little jewels of colour that seem born for the beach and days out in the open. Intriguingly-woven webbing sandals and others in coloured towelling styles, all with comfortable crepe rubber soles. And they're real triumphs in price, too, at only 3/11, 4/11 and 5/11.

Beach Sandal. Blue, red, green multi-colour designs. Full sizes only, 3-7 **5'11**

White webbing or blue, green, red towelling English sandal 2 to 7. **3'11**

Coloured webbing. Blue, green, black, red, multi-colour designs. 2 to 7. **4'11**

Farmer's Sandal Shop—Third Floor. For Mail Orders.



BLOUSETTE

Priced very specially at **5'11** Sizes S, W. & W. Lay-by!

Lovely embroidered blouses, very chic and delightfully cool for summer. Woven silk material that washes perfectly. Sizes S, W and W only. Each at a special 5/11.

Blouses—Ground Floor.



Child's Sandal

Towelling beach sandal in red, blue, green or white webbing. Very soft, cool. Full sizes 7 to 1. Price only **2'6**

Children's Sandals—Third Floor.



New hair roller

Flexible "Midinette" for the latest full-roll coiffure. Wear it day or night. 4 sizes, 3 shades of brown. Ea., from **9d.**

Hair Accessories—Ground Floor.



CHAMINADE
FRENCH FERN
GARDENIA
JUNE ROSES
PINK LILAC
TENTATION

There is a Morny perfume expressive of your own personality and your individual temperament. Discover which it is and then link all your toilet requisites in the harmony of one exquisite fragrance.

MORN Y, REGENT ST., LONDON
The Home of British Perfumery.

"NICEST GIRLS I've Met," Says JOAN

American Players Won Approval In State Tennis Matches

By JOAN HARTIGAN, former Australian tennis champion.

Miss Dorothy Bundy and Miss Workman are two of the nicest girls I've had the pleasure of meeting on a tennis court.

It must be very disappointing to these American visitors not to have reached the finals in any event in our State championships last week.

BUT realising how difficult it is to play on strange courts and in different surroundings, I feel sure that neither of them has produced her best form.

In the Victorian and Australian Championships to come, I am certain they will give a much better account of themselves. They are good sports, and took their defeats gamely.

Both the girls have become great favorites with tennis enthusiasts since their arrival in Australia, and their court demeanor is very pleasing to the spectators.

The women's events in the tour-

naments this year will be very closely contested. In view of a women's team going abroad next year, all our players will be doubly keen to give of their best.

Good Play

MRS. HARRY HOPMAN, who defeated Miss Bundy in the New South Wales championship, continues to be a difficult person to beat. Her ability to cover the court and her tenacity and will to win always make her a difficult opponent. She seems to be hitting the ball

Changed Mind, Won Trip to Australia

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

BECAUSE she thought she was too old at 28 to continue with serious athletics, Miss Gladys Lunn nearly missed her chance of being a member of the team which is to compete against the world's best at the Empire Games in Australia next year.

Record-holder in track and cross-country races, both national and international, Miss Lunn had decided to retire from competitive sport. Then she heard that a javelin-thrower was required by Britain for the Australian athletic celebrations.

Changing her mind, she entered and won the javelin-throwing title last August, and now in a final duel for the coveted distinction she has out-thrown Miss Kathleen Connall, of Leeds, and won a place in the Empire Games team of nine.

The inhabitants of her home town are so proud of Miss Lunn that they have been subscribing to a fund, and had she not been chosen she might still have gone to Australia at their expense.

much harder, and I think she will be able to hold her place among the first graded players in Australia.

Miss Dorothy Stevenson is just as difficult to beat as Mrs. Hopman. She is one of the fastest players on the court.

She was champion squash player of Victoria and Australia, and attributes her speed on the tennis court to her prowess at squash racquets.

I think Miss Stevenson has an excellent chance of going abroad next year.

Miss Nancy Wynne, the present Australian champion, is hitting with much confidence.

So is Miss Thelma Coyne, and it will be a great surprise to me if these two girls do not meet in the finals of the tournaments to come.

Tennis Fashions

SHORTS seem to be the most popular form of dress during the present tournaments, although it is difficult to tell the difference between the pleated shorts and dresses.

The American girls, like May Blich and myself, wear dresses. They look most attractive on the court. Both girls favor white shark-skin dresses made with gored skirts.

They wear them much longer than the Australian girls.

Eyeshades take the place of hats as the most popular protection from the sun, though Nancy Wynne refuses to succumb to the vogue.

The American girls don't seem to worry about any protection for their heads. To keep her hair in place, Miss Bundy wears a plaited hair band that matches her frock, but Miss Workman doesn't wear anything at all on her head.

... for successful salads



Aged like a fine old Liqueur.

CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR

STANDARD JEWELLERY

4th Floor, Trust Buildings.

155 KING ST., SYDNEY. MAT723

Ladies' and Gentlemen's 15 Jewel Stainless Steel, Chrome and Gold Wristlet Watches, all carrying our 10 year written guarantee, may be had on the easiest of terms.



Mail Orders. Call and inspect our other lines.

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHT.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

A SCIENTIFIC FUTURE FORECAST Covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, children, speculation, etc.

All Questions Answered.

Send P.N. 2/4. Birthdate, Year, Occupation, Addressed Envelope, Box 3093NN, Dept. C, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

*RAMON

It cooked itself

WHILE MUMMIE WAS OUT

It sounds ridiculous, but it's true! With an automatic gas cooker, you can actually prepare a dish, place it in the oven, set the easily-understood thermostat dial . . . and go out. No more oven peeping; no more guesswork. Automatic gas cooking is the perfection of accuracy—a world-famous chef could not improve upon it. * Streamlined for beauty, in designs to add smartness to any kitchen; marvels of efficiency and economy; with many novel features to make cooking a pleasure; the new Automatic Gas Cookers are revolutionising Australian kitchens! Call in at your local gas company and see the new Automatic Gas Cookers. (Easy terms can be arranged.)



The National Gas Association of Australia.

AUTOMATIC GAS COOKING.

GIVES YOU FREEDOM
SAVES YOU MONEY

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the South Pole to rescue
MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Missing airwoman. They walk through a wall of steam into a prehistoric world, find Molly, and meet
LANCE: Member of the super race of ero-magnons, who tells them his people have been enslaved by a gang of ruffians led by

CLEM STONE: Former American pilot. Clem tells Mandrake that there is a solid lake of oil under the country, and, despite Mandrake's warning that the country will soon freeze over if he continues, says he is determined to get all the oil he can. Mandrake, therefore, finds speedy action necessary, and with Lance's two tame dinosaurs pulls Molly's aeroplane out of the swamp. NOW READ ON--

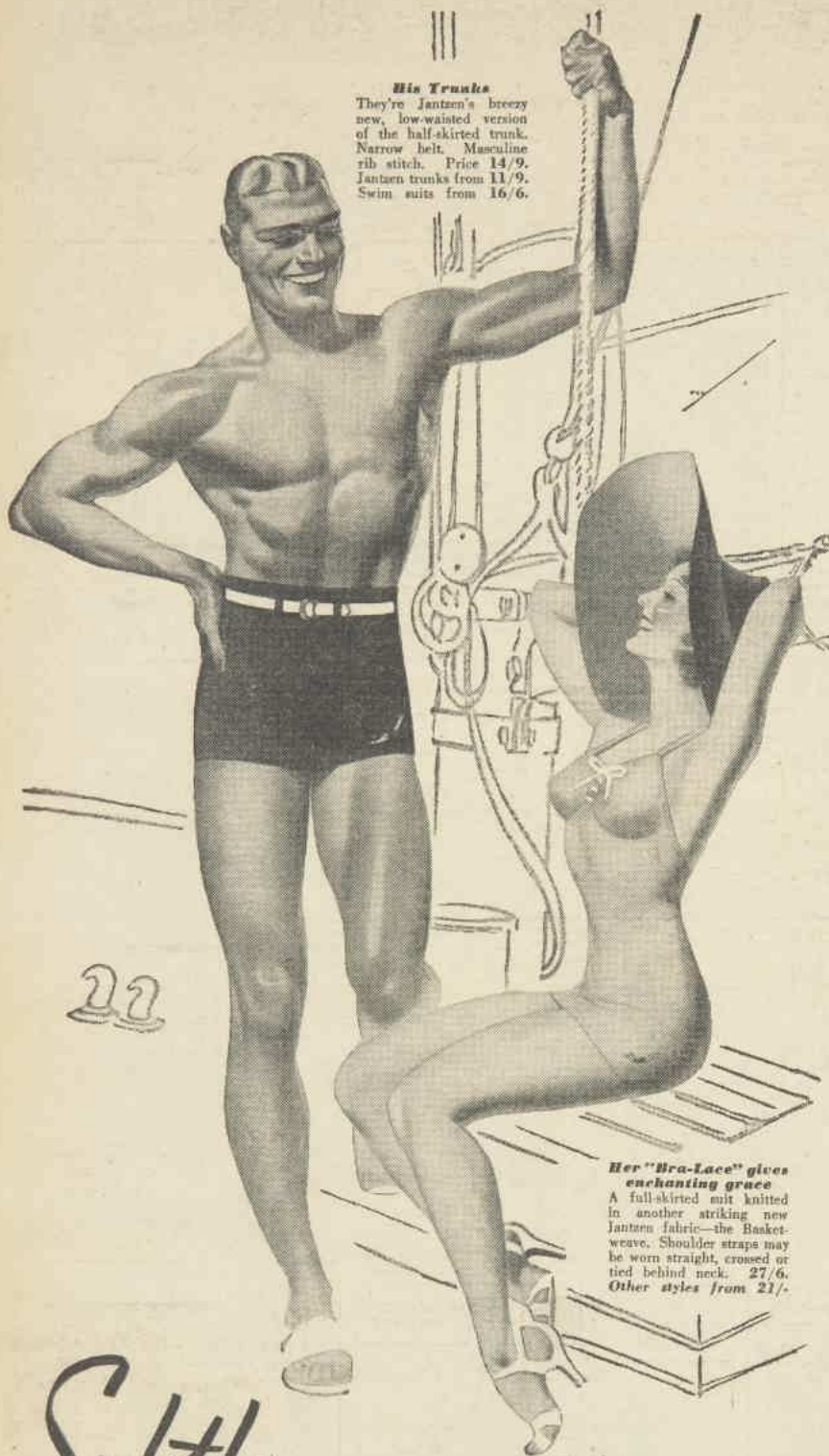


HE HIT a PRIZE-FIGHTER

Continued
from
Page 32

His Trunks

They're Jantzen's breezy new, low-waisted version of the half-skirted trunk. Narrow belt. Masculine rib stitch. Price 14/9. Jantzen trunks from 11/9. Swim suits from 16/6.



22

Her "Bra-Lace" gives enchanting grace

A full-skirted suit knitted in another striking new Jantzen fabric—the Basket-weave. Shoulder straps may be worn straight, crossed or tied behind neck. 27/6. Other styles from 21/.

Subtle Flattery BY JANTZEN

Every Jantzen is a thrilling fashion story. Slenderising fabrics knit from luxurious, quick-drying wool. Lovelier new "evening gown" colors so exquisite, so easy to wear! Try on these glorious new Jantzens in your favourite store. Revel in perfect, permanent fit, through the magic of the famous Jantzen stitch.

Men! When you buy your first trunks, remember—Jantzen has tailored the world's finest for years.

Jantzen
(Australia) Limited, Lidcombe

"LADIES and gentlemen, the big boy is like a hungry lion. He wants raw meat. And, ladies and gentlemen, he is going to get it."

Izzy Mandelbaum turned to Burke "Get up there and take a bow."

Burke got up and bowed.

"Ladies and gentlemen—Sailor Burke," Izzy Mandelbaum yelled. "Heavyweight champion of the world—who will now box two rounds with each of three sparring partners—six rounds in all."

Perry calculated rapidly—a round was three minutes and the rest period was one minute. He had less than half an hour to enjoy a perfect day—much less than half an hour.

Burke came out wearing the head-guard that protected him from cuts in training. His body was deeply tanned by hours in the sun. He hadn't shaved for several days. His first sparring partner was a colored man—a tall, lean, supple man with a good straight left. Burke kept ploughing in, taking the straight left again and again, crowding his man. Suddenly the negro clinched. As Izzy Mandelbaum broke them Burke hooked his right to the body twice, his gloved fist striking with a deep thump. Perry saw the negro wince, but he did not go down. He danced away, his chin tucked behind his shoulder, his left hand high, his right protecting his body. The bell rang.

Burke rushed forward when he came up for the second round. The little black boy caught him twice on the side of the head with that long left hand, and then Burke was in close, solid and powerful. His right struck from a distance of only a few inches. His right fist thudded into the black man's belly. The black man doubled up in agony, his hands clasped to his mid-section, and sank slowly to the canvas.

He lay there without trying to get up, his long, lean brown legs twitching convulsively, while the crowd roared its delight. Burke went back to his corner. Two of Burke's seconds helped drag the black boy out of the ring. They threw a bucket of water over his head. He came to, his eyes rolling like those of a stricken doe. They led him up the aisle, past Perry Phelps, and another sparring partner took his place in the ring with Burke.

The second man was broader than Burke, with a hairy chest. His nose had been flattened so many times it had three separate curves in it. His eyebrows were a network of scars. He had tight curling cauliflower ears.

Burke reversed his tactics. He began to use a straight left while his opponent bared in, as if anxious to get his great arms around Burke's body. Burke popped him almost at will on his right ear or his right eye. But the hairy chested one merely shook his head and bared in. Burke staggered him towards the end of the round with a right to the cheek. Perry Phelps knew the punch would have put the tough man down if it had landed three inches lower. He was suddenly aware that his own fists were clenched. He was sweating. He looked down at his hands. He had clenched them so hard the knuckles were white. He looked up as the crowd yelled.

BURKE had caught his husky sparring partner with a one-two. The man shot backwards half-way across the ring and landed in a heap. Burke waited for him to get up. He couldn't get up. They dragged him out and revived him and led him up the aisle.

The third man to face Burke was much lighter and faster than the others. He managed to keep away from Burke until in the very last ten seconds of the second round Burke caught him with a left hook and he went down while the crowd cheered.

Burke did not wait for them to pick the man up. He tore off his head-guard and started up the aisle. Perry Phelps timed it perfectly. He got up. He had his back turned as if he were saying something to somebody down the row of seats. Burke bumped into him hard. Perry Phelps whirled.

"You clumsy fool," he roared and

aimed a punch at Burke's face with all his strength.

Burke inclined his head automatically and Perry's fist went whistling by his ear. Perry was so astonished that for a fraction of a second he did not know what to do. For a fraction of a second his eyes glared into Burke's at a distance of six inches. Then Perry swung again. He swung and his fist landed with a satisfying thump on Burke's nose. Perry felt a sudden shock, as if he had been driving a car and hit a telephone pole. But he was still on his feet and unhurt. Burke had merely pushed him away. The next moment he was in the middle of a riot. The crowd around him and Burke pushed and shoved and yelled. But no one in that crowd, nor all of them together, could yell as loud as Izzy Mandelbaum.

His face red, his hands waving, Izzy Mandelbaum yelled them down, stopped the riot, and led Burke away.

"Oh, Perry," Phyllis said. "Perry, let's get out of here."

They walked down the aisle while the crowd scrambled to get a clear view of the man who had hit the heavyweight champion. Perry tried to look unconcerned. It was hard not to swagger.

"Perry," Phyllis said, when they had got away from the crowd, "Perry, please forgive me."

"Forgive you for what?" Perry demanded.

"Everything! After all, you wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been so nasty."

"No," Perry Phelps said.

"And I didn't mean a word of it," Phyllis cried. "It isn't true that you let people step on you. You're just the opposite."

"Hmmm," Perry said.

PHYLLIS looked up at him in her most wistful way. "Oh, Perry," she said, "I didn't mean any of the things I said. I didn't even mean it when I said I didn't want you to kiss me."

"What you said about my doing what other people wanted me to do isn't true. There's just one person I've let step on me, and that's you. I've let you step all over me. Hereafter it's going to be different. Or else—"

"Oh, Perry!" Phyllis cried. "You know I didn't! You know I couldn't step on you if I tried."

"Hereafter," Perry said, "we're going to do what I want."

"Yes, Perry," she said.

Perry looked down at her. She was most appealing.

"You could have told me you didn't mean the things you said last night before I hit Burke," Perry said. "If you'd been nice at lunch instead of trying to make me ridiculous by telling everybody about our quarrel I never would have done anything so silly as to hit Burke."

"But, Perry," Phyllis said. "I had no idea—"

"Listen," Perry Phelps interrupted. "You wanted me to hit Burke. You didn't care if I got knocked out. You're just like all the rest. You wanted to see it happen."

"Oh, Perry, I'm not like that. You know I'm not."

"But you could have stopped me, and you didn't."

"Oh, Perry," Phyllis said, "I was afraid for you. I asked Jane Evans—and I hated to, because I don't like her and I couldn't bear to ask a favor of her, but I did. I asked her to tell Izzy Mandelbaum what you were going to do and—"

"Yes," Perry said, "and what?"

"She said she would, but she said it wasn't necessary. She said a prize-fighter couldn't hit an amateur because people would be so sore at him if he did. She said it happens all the time. But he can't hit a man back no matter what the man does to him."

Perry looked down at her. He had been a fool, but somehow it was all right. He kissed her.

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

What Women Are Doing

After Six Years

MRS. SYDNEY MOORE, a former State President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in N.S.W., has returned to Sydney after living for the past six years in the Isle of Man.

Temperance activities in England aim at the abolition of licences, and the Union is also concentrating on a great Youth movement, she says. Mrs. Moore was president of the Baldine Branch of the British Temperance Union, and vice-president of the Isle of Man Union while overseas.

Prominent Golfer Holidaying in N.S.W.

MISS WINIFRED BRENNAN (Brisbane), now visiting New South Wales, is sure to inspect some golf courses in the south. She is a keen golfer and was recently elected honorary secretary for the third year of the Brisbane Club.

Miss Brennan has had plenty of golfing experience. She was captain for four years of Gales Club, and when living in Maryborough was secretary of the Maryborough Club. She is, too, an executive member of the Queensland Ladies' Golf Union, and is a delegate for her club.

Brisbane Golf Club has a membership of over 200 players, so Miss Brennan has a particularly busy time. She says the work runs very smoothly all the year, and she thoroughly enjoys it. Perhaps the biggest effort is the club's open day when over 150 players have to be partnered and looked after. Her spare time Miss Brennan devotes to gardening.

Nurses Working for Scholarship Fund

THE Florence Nightingale International Foundation Scholarship Fund, which is being augmented steadily, has reached about £300. The object is to send a South Australian nurse abroad early in 1938 with the express purpose of studying and getting experience, so that she can take charge of a training school for nurses on her return.

This will be the second time the Fund has been able to send a nurse abroad, the first scholarship winner being Miss Kathleen Scrymgeour, who is now at the Adelaide Hospital as tutor. The Royal British Nurses Association (with Mrs. E. C. W. Martin as lady consul) and the Australian Trained Nurses' Association (with Mrs. W. Howie as president) have been responsible for practically the whole of the money raised and yet, as Mrs. Martin points out, the entire community will benefit from the scheme.

Time to Work For Two Fetes

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Forgan Smith, wife of Queensland's Premier, is very busy working for the Government House fete in May, she has managed to find time to work for another one to take place in March, to mark the official opening of the new Crippled Children's Home at Corinda, Arden.

The first meeting called was most successful, and Mrs. Smith says that she has had a wonderful response from the women of Brisbane. Mrs. T. A. Foley is the honorary treasurer for the fete, Miss E. Mansfield, honorary secretary, and the committee will receive great help from Miss Marjory Norval, who is responsible for the publicity.

Mrs. Forgan Smith
—Sydney Rusey

Flower Festival

IT seems as though a floral festival is to become almost part of Adelaide's annual scheme of things, for, after the success of the event last year, during the Centenary, it has been decided to have a one-day floral festival in March, 1938. Mrs. B. Mehrtens was responsible for the committee of women who made the carpet of flowers which decked the lawns of North-Terrace last September, and she will again take charge of the arrangements for a carpet in March, but entirely different kinds of flowers, and a new pattern, will be used.

It was suggested that the carpet be made for March 25, but as Mrs. Mehrtens leaves for abroad on a visit to her son in England on March 24, the flower festival date will probably be brought forward a few days.

Indian Missionary Forms Brownie Pack

DURING the 12 months since she was on furlough in Adelaide, Miss Elfrida Hill has organized a most successful Blue Bird flock at Orakand, in the Farquhar district of East Bengal, where she is working with the Baptist Mission. Her flock, which is equivalent to a Brownie pack, has a steadily increasing membership and several of the Blue Birds are already beginning their first-class tests.

Miss Hill spent a lot of her time during her leave working as a Brownie Guide with the Adelaide Girl Guide Company, as she wished to gain experience in Australian guiding before she returned to India. She has kept in constant touch with her former colleagues in South Australia, and frequently exchanges guiding ideas with them.

New Captain of Royal Queensland

MRS. RONALD STEWART, of Brisbane, on Thursday of this week will be elected captain of the associates for the Royal Queensland Golf Club. It will not be a new experience, as she has been captain of clubs before.

In 1926 she captained the Stanley Club in Tasmania, in 1931 the club in South Grafton, and in 1935-36 was captain of the Townsville Club. This year Mrs. Stewart was elected a vice-president of the Queensland Ladies' Golf Union; last year she was a member of their scratch score committee. Her former experience will be a great help to Royal Queensland, as during most of her golfing days she has been a committee member of whichever club she belonged to.

She has won four country championships—the Stanley (Tasmania) in 1926, and the South Grafton in 1930-31-32.

Well Known to Radio Listeners in the West

MRS. STANLEY JAMES, a well-known radio personality known as "Frances" to the listeners-in at Station GPR (Perth), distinguished herself a few years ago by being one of the pioneers among young women to take an interest in women's organising work. A former president of the Perth Women's Service Guild, she has often given addresses on various phases of women's work and status, and has contributed valuable points of view at conferences.

Mrs. James is a daughter of Mrs. Ruffy Hill, one of the foundation members of the Women's Service Guild, and a skilful exponent of the art of speech. Mrs. Ruffy Hill took her two daughters to be educated in Switzerland at a school which specialised more in education than fashionable finish. Until her marriage Mrs. James was first assistant mistress at the Albany High School, when much older women held the position in the other Government high schools. She has always had a weakness for amateur theatricals, and is an enthusiastic Repertory Club member.

Mrs. James, as Frances, has a big fan mail, and is often called by her admirers "The lady with the laughing voice."

Made Good Progress With Her Music

MISS MYRA KRONK, of Gull Gull, Queensland, says that although she has been interested in music since the age of three it was not until 1934 she began studying it seriously.

Since then she has gained fourteen certificates for musical examinations, under the Trinity College of Music, London, and the Australian Musical Examination Board, gaining her Miss Myra Kronk tuition from the Sisters of Mercy, Bundaberg. In 1936 she began taking singing lessons and at the 48th Queensland Elstedsdoff, held last Easter in Maryborough, she gained second place in the second grade soprano solo, being beaten by one point. Jazz drums in a dance orchestra have been played by Miss Kronk for the last four years.

Invalid Kitchens For Needy Sick Poor

MISS A. S. MURRAY, who returned to Sydney recently from one of her periodic visits overseas, became very interested while in London in the Invalid Kitchens which have been established in several of the poorer districts in that vast metropolis.

These kitchens assist convalescents from hospitals, T.B. cases pending their admission to sanatoriums, expectant and nursing mothers, and very sick people who are being treated in their own homes. In each case the diet recommended by an advisory physician attached to the kitchen is provided.

All this work is helped by voluntary subscriptions, and workers. It is under the patronage of Queen Mary, and the Duchess of Gloucester is president of the committee.

Miss Murray reports that "Australian Stories for Children," written by her sister, the late Miss Kit Murray, has now run into a second edition, and that its sales are most gratifying.

Shows 700 Women How to Keep Fit

TWENTY-THREE-OLD Joan Melvaine, leader in Melbourne of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, is kept busy showing 700 women how to keep fit by the League's special scientific exercises.

Joan went from Sydney to take charge in Melbourne in February last. She is the League's youngest instructor, and in conjunction with Beatrice Lynch she has made a success of the work.

Miss Thea Stanley Hughes, B.A., the Australian founder, who returned recently from England, where she and a small contingent from Australia took part in the monster demonstration at Wembley, will probably find a Melbourne total of 800 members when she makes an official "round" in that city.

Are Providing Another Christmas Tree This Year

WITH Mrs. Frank Hareus, one of Adelaide's most energetic social workers, as its organising chairman, the women's committee of the Navy League in South Australia has made another generous donation towards the annual Christmas tree at the Naval Depot, Birkenhead. The donation is the result of a successful bridge party, organised by Mrs. Hareus, Mrs. S. R. Symonds, the president, and Miss Aileen Allen, the minutes secretary.

The women's committee, which was disbanded at the end of the war, was re-formed last year with the object of helping the naval ratings and their dependents in any emergencies. It has also taken over the responsibility of providing the money for the Christmas tree each year.

Enjoying Holiday in Tasmania

MISS MOLLY DAVID, who has been receiving high praise for her book, "The Life of Sir Edgeworth David," published recently, has been staying in Launceston with her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. McIntyre. Her father, the late Sir Edgeworth David, who died in 1934, was, in addition to being a world-famous scientist, much beloved for his charming personal qualities, and his daughter's biography is a fitting tribute to a great man.

Youthful Animal Lover Holds Exhibition

IT is probably because she is so very young that Miss Nellie Hennessy, who has been holding an exhibition of pictures in Adelaide, refuses to disclose her age, but she looks little more than a schoolgirl. At the Argonaut Galleries, the exhibition of her work and that of her brother, Herbert, was opened for a fortnight on November 3. Miss Hennessy has studied in the life class at the School of Arts and Crafts, Adelaide, but she has never had a lesson in animal drawing. The majority of the exhibits—the result of two years' work—are pastels, watercolours, pen-and-inks and oils, mostly of cat and dog life. Miss Hennessy also taught her brother drawing.

Helped With Production Of Insect Play

MRS. GWENNETH BALLANTYNE, who has been secretary of the Workers' Educational Association Little Theatre in Adelaide for about five years, has been having an interesting time lately, for the job of producing one act of "So On, Ad Infinitum" was entrusted to her.

This play, which deals with insects, is divided into three acts, all so separated that it was decided each act should have a separate producer. The performances were billed for November 6 and November 13, and, at the last moment, one of the cast playing a beetle in Act II (the act she was producing) had to be rushed to hospital, so Mrs. Ballantyne had to fill the gap at a moment's notice.

Movement for Social and Economic Research

MRS. WINIFRED LEES is president of the newly-formed Victorian branch of the Australian Women's Movement for Social and Economic Research.

Mrs. Lees, who is a member of the Victorian Women Citizens' Movement and the Social Credit Movement, is also vice-president of the South Yarra branch of the Victorian Movement Against War and Fascism.

She says the new women's movement is non-party, but not non-political, and its members intend to support any woman standing for Parliament, providing she acknowledges no obligation except to her electors.

Appointed Singing Instructor

MISS MONICA MILLER, a former pupil of Loreto Convent, Ballarat, Victoria, who won the Ladies' Art Scholarship to the University Conservatorium some years ago, has been appointed as singing instructor in the Ballarat district by the Education Department.

Miss Miller was assistant organiser for the Centenary display in 1935.



Mrs. Ballantyne
—London.



Miss Brennan
—Norton Treasare.



Mrs. Stewart
—Dorothy Coleman.



Mrs. Forgan Smith
—Sydney Rusey



Miss Melvaine
—Raymond Sawyer

Give A Face Powder Party at your home



NO matter what colour face powder you use, it may be the wrong colour for you. A certain blonde may look far better by using a brunette powder, and a brunette by using a blonde powder. The only certain way to know is by trying one colour on one side of your face and another colour on the other side. Let us send you free a special box of powder and six packages of different colours and try them alone or with a few of your friends and see what a difference it makes.

Poudre Tokalon moussé de cream

powder is made in new and strikingly beautiful colours to suit every complexion. It is air-floated, invisible and waterproof. Daily newspapers said that two American girls in the Olympic swimming contest, who used waterproof "make up" had immaculate complexions even after immersion. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses and we will send you free a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six packages of different colours. Also Crème Tokalon for both day and night use. State colour of powder you usually use. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 2222), 168/172, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Poudre Tokalon is sold at 1/- and 2/- a box at all Chemists and Stores.



Brilliant gem of the Southern Seas made even more scintillating by glorious pageantry, merry carnival, gala sporting events, in celebration of a Nation's 150th Birthday

PAGEANTRY, CARNIVAL, SPORT. Whatever your tastes and inclinations may be, you will find in the round of attractions something to interest, to amuse, to enthral you—the brilliant spectacle of pageantry on land and sea—the gaiety of carnival—the excitement of closely contested sport—the quiet reflective joy of historical, industrial and artistic exhibitions.

The attractions include—Venetian Carnival on Sydney Harbour, Surf Carnivals, March to Nationhood Pageant, Royal Show, Empire Games, World's Largest Rifle Shoot, International Lawn Tennis, Gala Race Meetings, Big Game Fishing, Big Cricket, Bowls Carnival, City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and the most magnificent scheme of municipal decorations and illuminations ever planned.



AUSTRALIA'S 150TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

SYDNEY — JANUARY 26 — APRIL 25 — 1938



"I expect he's constipated. Show me your tongue, Johnnie." "Yes, I thought so. See how it's coated. Your head aches, too, doesn't it Johnnie? and you feel poorly? Sure signs that he's out of sorts."

That's the trouble, Mrs. Wilson, his system wants a thorough cleansing. Give him a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—now and he'll be as happy as a sandboy in a few hours. It's difficult to keep them regular when they're young, they get lazy about it and are soon upset. But you can avoid all that by giving Johnnie a dose of

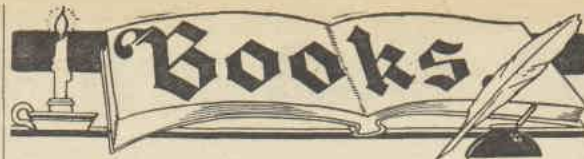
'California Syrup of Figs' regularly every Saturday night. It will keep him fit and save you a world of sickness and worry.

Safe? You couldn't have anything safer! It's a natural fruit laxative, and acts like fruit on the bowels. That's why so many doctors recommend it, and give it to their own children.

You can't afford to take chances with medicines, particularly with the children. No matter whether it is for myself or a patient, I always insist on 'California Syrup of Figs'—Caldwell's.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Caldwell' on the package.

'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE



The Women in John Wesley's Life

John Wesley, "brand plucked from the burning," lived to flame into prophetic fire as the torch of religious revival.

This same John Wesley was a very human fellow. His victory over the distrust and scorn of his age was nothing beside his victory over himself.

MRS. G. ELSIE HARRISON has called her story of the private life of Wesley "Son to Susanna."

With reason, for to the day of his marriage, possibly to the day of his death, John Wesley's every act was inspired by his mother, Susanna.

Susanna had enough to do. She was the mother of 19, and her husband, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, forthright disciple of the prophet Job, always in debt, never in doubt, was a bigger child than any of them.

In February, 1709, the rectory of Epworth went up in flames.

John, aged six, was rescued by neighbors through the nursery window. He had been left behind asleep when the nursemaid fled with his younger brother, Charles, in her arms.

Truly "a brand plucked from the burning."

Susanna never forgot the night, and "never tired of pointing the moral and adorning the tale."

There were not a few women in Wesley's life; it is characteristic of him that having contemplated marriage with one after another his choice alighted at long last upon one who never made him happy.

Molly, Mrs. Wesley, caught him on the rebound from his ideal partner, when a splendid union was frustrated by his marplot brother Charles.

Charles, the sweet singer of the revival, had a bitter strain in him.

His income of £100, upon which he himself had married, depended on John. John married would be a provider for his own wife, not his brother's. . . . Charles busied himself to throw the devoted Grace Murray into the arms of another suitor. . . .

And John bounced back to Molly. So much for Charles.

"Off With the Old—"

FIRST girl to shine in Wesley's eyes was sparkling Sally Kirkham, the "Varanese" of his letters, friend of his Oxford days.

She had a pretty wit, and a racy style of talking; as a girl, had run wild in the Cotswold out-of-doors.

She was religious, acclaimed Thomas a Kempis, made an apt pupil of John, though his mother faintly damned the saintly Thomas, "An honest weak man."

It must have felt, says his biographer, like playing with fire, but John, now 23, really began to wonder whether in seven years he might dream of an engagement.

Seven years! Before one year was out he was dancing "perhaps with tears in his eyes" at pretty Sally's wedding to the village schoolmaster.

"Aspasia" now follows Varanese across the prophet's vision—a young widow, Mrs. Pendarves, who found Wesley amusing for a season.

In his monk's cell in Lincoln College he had a consuming passion to receive her letters and he dreamed of her in the moonlight.

And truly she was very beautiful, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, but terrible as an army with banners." Aspasia went to Ireland in 1731 and John Wesley waited for a letter that never came.

Wesley was on with the new love; it was his Holy Club. . . . Self-examination and good works on such a scale as to leave no room for the flesh.

Wesley's father died in 1785. John and Charles, fired with missionary zeal, sailed for Georgia.

With them went Charles Delamotte, a youngster deaf and blind to everything save the charm of John, "the little handsome missionary with the beautiful, clear-cut face and the light of high adventure in his eye."

The Wesleys were out after the souls of Indians. They got no Indian souls, but found plenty to occupy them among the white colonists.

Before they had known only good women, now they were to make the



John Wesley, a "brand plucked from the burning."

acquaintance of Mrs. Hawkins and Mrs. Welch, who "found an exquisite escape from boredom in leading the brothers Wesley up the garden path."

Charles was first in trouble. The two ladies both confessed to him their misbehaviour with General Oglethorpe, leader of the Georgian colonists; they told the General that Charles had similarly misbehaved with Mrs. Welch.

All of it was lies. . . . Nevertheless Oglethorpe, convinced that Charles was slandering him, shipped him back to England.

Worse was to come. Mrs. Hawkins took to John with a pistol and a pair of scissors. . . . "He was only saved by the finesse of Dr. Hawkins, who whisked his wife off her feet with an admirable low tackle."

Oglethorpe was wise in his generation. He knew the remedy.

He threw a beautiful girl at Wesley's head. . . . Miss Sophy Hopkey, none other, destined to make John Wesley suffer, and to teach him much, but never to marry him.

"Far across the sea from Epworth's apron-strings, the controls still held good."

"Miss Sophy, I should think myself happy if I was to spend my life with you," John declared.

But he didn't do it.

Sophy came to breakfast. They sang their hymns together, morning, noon, and night, and Wesley said, "I am resolved, Miss Sophy, if I marry at all, not to do it till I have been among the Indians."

But he never went among the Indians. . . .

Swept the Country

SOPHY eloped with a Mr. Williamson. John refused to marry them, and later he refused the sacrament to Mrs. Williamson.

The upshot was Wesley's arrest on a charge of defamation. A storm of complaints burst over him. He took to his heels. Delamotte helped his tarnished hero to escape.

Back in England it was a new and sublimated Wesley, now indeed a brand from the burning, whose reformation swept the country.

Grace Murray, lovely young widow of a master mariner lost at sea, was one of his converts.

Grace kept house for John Wesley and accompanied him on his journeys. But there seems no basis for the scandalous talk which Charles Wesley so eagerly fostered and reported.

Wesley saw John Bennett marry her under his eyes, and himself promptly married the prying tergiversant Huguenot who lived to slander him with tales of wife-beating and mental cruelty.

He survived her, spent seven years in peace, and died aged 87.

See to Susanna. The private life of John Wesley. By G. Elsie Harrison. London: Ivor Nicholson and Watson.

THOUSANDS SUFFER FROM SURFER'S ITCH (TINEA)

Medical authorities estimate that about three out of every five people contract the itchy, painful disease known as tinea or surfer's itch. The germs of tinea may be picked up from any moist surface, such as a shower-room floor. The skin of the feet becomes sore, tender—and often turns gray, white or sticky moist between the toes.

PREVENT IT WITH LIFEBOUOY'S ANTISEPTIC LATHER

Make sure of safety from tinea by giving your feet the daily care of a Lifebuoy bath. Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather, containing the famous health element, sweeps away all the germs of infection. No need to fear if you were regularly with Lifebuoy—use plenty of the rich lather—and afterwards dry the skin carefully between the toes. Lifebuoy refreshes your feet, too.

A LEVER PRODUCT

use—



2.3.3.2

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR made my life a misery...



"My arms and legs were covered with a hideous growth of thick dark hair. I tried everything to get rid of it. Irritating pastes—evil smelling powders—painful electric treatments. Nothing did any good. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. Then a chemist told me of a new discovery under the trademark 'Veet'. To my great delight it dissolved away the hair in 12 minutes. Left my skin soft, white and smooth, as if that disgusting hair had never existed. And new 'Veet' is so pleasant and easy to use, it's a dainty scented whitener. Now my superfluous hair troubles are ended forever. New 'Veet' is sold in 4 and 8 ounce tins at all Chemists and Grocers."

Friday night is AMAMI night!

Blondes—use Amami No. 1. This gives the natural fair colour of the hair and emphasises the beautiful luxuriant quality.

Brunettes—use Amami No. 2. This gives the natural dark colour of the hair and emphasises the beautiful luxuriant quality.

Conserving Lemon Rinse & Restorative Tonic. If you have any difficulty in obtaining AMAMI Shampoo please write to Messrs. Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonald House, Pitt Street, Sydney.

OUR NEW Radio FEATURES

Home Advice . . .
Daily Serial

A weekly broadcast by Eve Gye, of The Australian Women's Weekly, is a new feature of 2GB programmes every Tuesday at 2.45 p.m.

Another new feature will be a serial, which will be put over the air by Dorothea Vautier at 11.45 a.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of each week.

EVE GYE, who is friend and adviser to thousands of Australian women through the pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, was introduced to listeners on Tuesday, November 16, during The Australian Women's Weekly session.

Her first talk was given on the day The Australian Women's Weekly pre-

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, November 17.
—11.45 a.m.: Serial (a romantic thriller). 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, November 18.
—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, November 19.
—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, November 20.
—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Jack Buchanan and Casino Royal Orchestra.

SUNDAY, November 21.
—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Gerhard Husch (Bari-tone).

MONDAY, November 22.
—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, November 23.
—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: "The Homemaker," Mrs. Eve Gye.

sented an enlarged Ideal Home section.

Mrs. Gye supervises the Home-maker section of The Australian Women's Weekly. This includes all the departments nearest a home-lover's heart—knitting, needlework, cookery, home decorating, gardening, and beauty.

Mrs. Gye is an Australian with a wide knowledge in affairs affecting the home, and is sure to have a huge following of listeners.

Tour Abroad

A FEW months ago Mrs. Gye returned from a tour of England, America, and the Continent, and listeners may expect many excellent stories of her travels.

She flew across America in one of the world's largest airliners. She delved into unusual corners of the earth in search of new material, new experiences, new ideas for her tremendous newspaper public.

While abroad, Mrs. Gye studied home decorating and beauty culture, and acted as chief sub-editor of Weldon's publications in London.

These experiences have not only broadened her outlook, but have given her a deeper understanding of affairs related to the home.

Time-in to 2GB every Tuesday at 2.45 p.m. and hear Mrs. Eve Gye of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Listeners will find her an expert in home features, for she will dispense information that will be appreciated and valued by every home-lover.

GRACE BROS

NOVEMBER SHOP-EARLY CAMPAIGN

2/- IN THE £ DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL

Dressing Gowns for Beach & Bath!

On practically everything you buy at Grace Bros. during November 2/- in the £ will be deducted from your bill. The only exceptions are:—Cash & Carry Dept., Provisions, Quick Sales, Refreshments, Service Departments, and a few Proprietary articles.

Mail Orders
Supplied!

ALSO OBTAINABLE
AT OUR BONDI
AND PARRAMATTA
STORES

LESS 2/- IN THE £

Have You Heard Of Grace Bros.' Letters of Credit

This is a personal credit service which we have provided to meet the needs of the thrifty responsible family that has a regular income. With a "Letter of Credit" you purchase your goods at the same price as if you paid cash across the counter.

For full particulars apply: Letter of Credit Office, Ground Floor, Furniture Bldg.



8/- EA

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DR 2

13/- EA

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DR 1 & 2—PRINCESS GOWN in gay floral. Made of Waffle Cloque. Suitable for beach or bath wear. Skirt made with full six gore, fitted bodice, full puff sleeves. Finished bright bias bindings and ties at waist in shades of White, Lemon, Blue, Green, Pink background. To fit girls 10 to 16 years. Full length to ankle.

SPECIAL BARGAIN, each 8/-

LESS 2/- IN THE £

MF 3 & 4—Mother or Daughter may wear this attractive Beach or Bath Gown, featuring the graceful "Princess" style in the new waffle Cloque. Well tailored revers and patch pockets. Both styles and designs are procurable with long or short sleeves. In floral and conventional designs. In tonings of Brown/Gold, Red/Mary, Green/Black, Sage/Black, Sage/Rose, Brown/Rose/Gold, Green/Gold. All on White background. Sizes: SSW, SW, W.

SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICE 13/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. ♦ BROADWAY, SYDNEY ♦ PHONE M 6506

ARE YOU PLEASED TO SHOW YOUR KITCHEN ...



DON'T LET 'SCRATCHITIS' RUIN THESE

JUST RUB A LITTLE MONKEY BRAND ON A DAMP CLOTH AND WIPE OVER THE SURFACE. A LITTLE DOES A LOT OF CLEANING BECAUSE IT'S CONCENTRATED!



Of course you want your kitchen to be attractive like the rest of your home. You want it to remain attractive—so don't clean with harsh scourers. Once your aluminium or enamel ware is scratched, dirt finds gripping places; you have to scour harder next time—that soon means "Scratchitis" and an ugly, depressing kitchen.

Smooth-clean your saucepans, stove, table-tops with Monkey Brand. Monkey Brand's materials are so fine and regular that there's never a scratch to mar the even gloss of the surface. Keep your kitchenware attractive, new looking with Monkey Brand the handy little tablet you can rely on for every cleansing job.

3.149.22 A LEVER PRODUCT

MONKEY BRAND
CLEANS SMOOTHLY... PREVENTS 'SCRATCHITIS'

WOMAN'S Unusual Job as PLAY PRODUCER

Will Not Pander to Stage Temperament

"Day Must Break," a clever drama of ancient Rome, written by a 20-year-old playwright, Alexander Connell, is to be presented for the first time, at the Theatre Royal, over an extended season of matinees from November 23.

The young author has selected a woman producer, Miss May Hollinworth, to present his play.

"THERE is no distinction made by a cast between a man and woman producer," contends Miss Hollinworth, who is one of the few women in Australia to produce professional shows.

"Women producers are likely to get more sympathy, and the members of the cast are more inclined to proffer good advice."

"I always invite suggestions from the artists, but definitely the director should have the final say."

Trained in the Benson School of Acting, Miss Hollinworth is the daughter of parents who were both in the theatrical profession.

She made her first stage appearance at the age of two.

When radio was in its infancy, Miss Hollinworth decided to explore that medium as an expression for her art, and to-day is among the many well-known personalities on the air.



MISS HOLLINWORTH

Sex Equality

"BUT producing plays is my chief interest," she declares. "It opens up so many channels. In doing a period play, for example, a director can spend days in research before even beginning rehearsals."

"Then there is the building of scenery, which has to be directed, and lighting—one of the most important points in producing a play."

Miss Hollinworth has made a hobby of this branch of the theatre and plans to visit Germany in the near future to further her experience.

"The German method of lighting is the only one for the theatre," she states. "Personally, I look to the day when light will take the place of scenery."

"The essentials for an actor or actress, she considers, are a good voice, a good ear and a sense of theatre."

"In handling a cast I have no preference for either sex, but I appreciate someone with a good brain that is obedient to suggestion."

"Costume drama is the most interesting type of play to produce, although I am keenly interested in impressionistic plays."

"The man in the street does not appreciate this type of play," she continued, "but would appreciate Shakespeare if presented with a good cast."

"The public want to be amused. They do not go to a place of entertainment to be educated. Therefore, in selecting a play those who are responsible for the popularity of a show have to keep this well in mind."

Staging a Temper

COMMENTING on the work of producing, Miss Hollinworth outlined the many problems that arise for the director.

"There is nothing to be gained by temperamental storming," she said, "though on occasions I find it necessary to stage a temper."

"Temperament is temper," Miss Hollinworth maintains. "I never pander to it, though often a good artist needs what might be termed 'nursing' by the producer to bring out his or her work. But one should never give way to the artist."

"One of the most interesting aspects in producing a play is handling a cast in which the members are of different schools of thought."

"There is a marked distinction in the schools of acting. The older schools believed in gesture, movement and emphasis."

"The school of to-day believes in none of the three. The modern school has more value than the old school to the modern public mind."

"It is a school which thinks rather than acts its way through a play, and

therefore conveys more to the mind of the audience."

In summarising the qualifications necessary for a producer, Miss Hollinworth quotes: "A sense of theatre, and acting ability, coupled with clarity of thought."

CAREERS for Girls and Ladies!

STOTT'S has special Postal Courses. These include:—

Commercial Art, Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Mail Order, Stenography, Journalism (Pure), Correspondence, Nurses' Educational, Architectural Work, Salesmanship, Advertisement Wkg., University Exams, Dress Cutting, Window Dressing.

There is no need to leave home to prepare. Stott's can train you—S.O.C.—C.B.S.P.U.L.Y.—in the privacy of your own home. Without obligation, use the Coupon!

Technical Correspondence College

—Mail This Coupon: Cut Here—

To Stott's Correspondence College, 79 Pitt St., Sydney.

I should like particulars of your Courses.

I am interested in

MY NAME

ADDRESS

A.W.W. 1937.

To-day's Beauty Hint

Every day brings increasing evidence of the importance of re-conditioning and re-vitalising the hair by scalp treatment to improve its tone and lustre.

Neglect of daily brushing, together with indifferent permanent waves, are responsible for the dull, harsh and lifeless condition of the hair.

Training abroad and years of experience have established Mrs. and Miss Rolleston of 88 King Street as leading Hair Specialists and Permanent Wave experts. They are making a feature of the new scientific hair treatment so much in demand in England and the Continent, which, in addition to restoring beauty and vitality to the hair, prevents premature greyness, eradicates dandruff, and improves Permanents. MRS. or MISS ROLLESTON will be pleased to give advice gratis at their Salon, 1st Floor, 88 King St., Sydney.

Eyes Right



They must be
CROMPTON
COILED-COIL LAMPS

Join the army (of Crompton Lamp users) and see the world. Crompton Lamps with their special Coiled-Coil filament give you as much as one-fifth more light for the same current consumption. That is why they are favourites all over Australia.

Obtainable at all Dealers.

The Lamp of Lasting Brilliance

Wholesale Distributors:

NOYES BROS. (Sydney), LTD.

115 Clarence St., Sydney.

11 Watt St., Newcastle.

MERIDEN

Church of England Grammar School for Girls
REDMYRE ROAD — STRATHFIELD

One of the leading Secondary Girls' Schools of Sydney. Situated in beautiful and healthy surroundings within 15 minutes of Sydney. Accommodation for boarders of most comfortable and modern kind. Liberal education provided to Leaving Certificate Honors Standard. Scientific Physical Culture and Instruction in Art and Musical Appreciation.

Illustrated Prospectus on application.

MISS GRACE OVERY, B.A., Th.L., Principal.

2GB

presents



3

great
adventure
stories
for
young
and
old



Adventures With Jules Verne

Thrilling stories from the pages of the master of fiction that has since become fact, presented as a B.S.A. Production, with Leonard Bennett in the role of the mysterious Captain Nemo.

MONDAYS TO FRIDAYS, 6.0 p.m.

Treasure of the Lorelei

A young man discovers treasure in the hold of his yacht and so begins a great adventure that takes him to the romantic Isles and waters of the South Seas. Here are thrills a-plenty.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS AT 6.15 p.m.

Dolt and Zumba

The strange adventures of a great detective, Steve Dolt, and his equally strange assistant Zumba, son of a Zulu Chief, in their efforts to circumvent the plans of the mad Duke Kooki to become Emperor of the World.

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS AT 6.15 p.m.

2GB

"The Favourite Station"

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

I Do Like—

The electric fittings in the shape of sea horses in Professor and Mrs. W. Dakin's delightful home at Vaucluse. Also the dome-shaped, midnight-blue ceiling of their entrance hall.

Super Liners

THERE is a nautical air about this week's social doings. The arrival of the super liners Strathmore and Orcaades has been the signal for much shipboard entertaining. The Strathmore scarcely had time to breathe before dashing off on a N.Z. cruise.

The Orient Company liner Orcaades is due this Thursday, and dinner and cocktail parties will follow each other in quick succession until she hoists the Blue Peter and leaves for the other side.

Noel Coward Item

A HILARIOUS comedy entitled "The Red Peppers," by Noel Coward, was chosen for the final item on the interesting programme arranged by the Independent Theatre at the Hotel Australia on Monday night.

The whole affair was most informal, and the arrangement of the chairs and sofas in drawing-room fashion made for friendliness.

Lady Gordon was present and took part in a play reading. Mrs. Jim Dickson, Mrs. Cuthbert Sheldon, Doris Fitton, Jane Connolly, Admiral Montgomery, Mr. O. D. Bissett, and Elliott Napier also read parts.

Party at Point Piper

OVER a hundred guests have been invited to the late afternoon party to be given by Dr. and Mrs. Maynard Furber this Friday. I am wondering what the flock of cars will do for parking space, as Wunulla Rd., where the Furber home is situated, makes no allowances for the party-minded.

Mrs. Furber, I believe, will wear an ankle-length frock of dusty-pink sheer and a short coat in a deeper shade. Her daughter Nancy will assist her in entertaining.

The guest list includes Dr. and Mrs. Holmes a Court, Sir William and Lady Vicars, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Pockley, Professor and Mrs. F. P. Sand, Mr. and Mrs. Orwell Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Gibson, and Dr. and Mrs. Dick Francis.

Mrs. C. W. Lord and her two little children, Clemence and Colin Clive, will sail in the Orcaades en route to India. They will be reunited to Major Lord at Dannu on the North West frontier.

Au Revoir Party

THE Lloyd Hughes couple are now homeward bound. Although they both thoroughly enjoyed their stay in this country they are most anxious, now that "Broken Melody" is finished, to return to their children, Isabel and Donald, and their home in Los Angeles.

They are very clannish over their relatives, and have already arranged a tremendous family welcome for their return home. The reunion is to take the form of a Thanksgiving dinner. The calendar date of the feast didn't quite fit in with family plans, so they sensibly fixed up a date of their own.

Sydney friends said au revoir to the visitors at a cocktail party at Usher's Hotel given by Mr. and Mrs. Ken Hall on behalf of Cinesound directors.

Vice-Regal Guest

SIR GILES LODER, who is expected to arrive in Sydney by the Orama next month, will be the guest of Lord and Lady Wakehurst during his two months' holiday in this country.

The visitor, quite a young man, is the third baronet. His father, who was a first cousin to Lord Wakehurst, was killed on Gallipoli. Sir Giles' home, Leonardslee, Horsham, Sussex, is a beautiful old mansion, far-famed for its delightful garden.

Molly Walder's Trousseau

CHATTING with Lady Walder about her daughter Molly's trousseau, I learned that Molly's favorite frock is an evening gown of black taffeta with dusty-pink pipings at the neckline and barrel-shaped sleeves entirely made of the same piping. A little short jacket of the same pink finishes the ensemble. This confection, one among many lovely creations in the lucky young lady's trousseau, is an English model.

Molly is very keen about bathing and has chosen rubber suits of yellow and white and a green dream of shirred satin to include among her sporting clothes. Molly's wedding to John Human, international cricketer, will be a big social event of the week. It takes place at St. Andrew's Cathedral this Thursday.

Sue White arrived back in town on Friday after an enjoyable stay with the Bruce Campbells at Bombala.



A POPULAR COUNTRY hostess, Mrs. George Francis, of Tara, Mumbil, who has just returned home after a short stay at the Queen's Club, Mr. and Mrs. Francis and their two children intend to come down to the seaside later in the year.

—Women's Weekly photo.



For Outsize Parties

THIS bright idea comes from Melbourne. Lady Gengoult Smith is the originator of it. To cope with unexpected guests and outsize parties, both indoors and out, Lady Gengoult Smith has several dozen camp stools brightly covered in cretonne packed away in her luggage room.

This well-known hostess, I'm told, numbers rug-making among her domestic accomplishments, and has just completed a pair of wool rugs for her lounge. They have a green foundation with an all-over rose design.

Touring the East

WITH a steamer ticket in her pocket which will cover a two years' jaunt, Mrs. Louise Emery is sailing off on the Maetsuycker in November for the East. She is making first for Malaya, where she has a number of friends, and, after that, is travelling to Indo-China, where she will make Saigon her headquarters.

Undeterred by the war, Mrs. Emery wants to revisit China. While waiting for her boat, she is staying at 52 Macleay St. Ltd.

Century Ball Procession

IT is too bad that Katharine Burdekin will not be able to take her part in the Century Ball procession this Tuesday at the Town Hall.

She has had the misfortune to hurt her ankle, and although she will be present she is unable to manage the stately walk required for the part allotted to her in the pageant. She was to have led the 12th Century set with Joan Marks, who will represent Queen Berengaria, wife of Richard I.

Jeanette Hollingdale is taking Katharine's place, but as she has titian locks and the gown in the making was bright red a new color scheme had to be arranged at the last minute.

Ida King is due on the Wanganella this Tuesday after a long stay abroad. Her sister, Lucy, has invited over a hundred guests to welcome the traveller at a garden party at her home at Killara this Thursday.

Mrs. Page Returning

FOR the last two months Mrs. Earle Page has been living on the family property, Neringbar, Grafton, while alterations to the homestead are in progress. Now that these are almost finished and there is no further need of her supervision, Mrs. Page is coming back to town.

During her absence her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Tart, and their small daughter Felicity have been staying in the family home at Wollstonecraft.

Hawaiian Influence

THE success of the Night in Honolulu Ball has fostered a Honolulu spirit in us and the thrum of the ukulele is now often abroad in the land.

This Sunday the Younger Set of the Appeal Committee of the Sydney Industrial Blind Institution and their friends will make merry at Bilgola Beach.

The Hawaiian Beach Party is the name of the entertainment and the frolic will include swimming, surfing, deck tennis, and a Camp Fire Concert with Hawaiian music predominating.

"Swing Along" Premiere

I HAD an idea that I might see a few brightly-colored shirts in the foyer of the Theatre Royal on Saturday night for the premiere of "Swing Along," as the theme of the play concerns shirts of all hues. However, all the men, as usual, played safe and turned up in their usual conventional garb.

After the show, Donald Burr, the leading man, and his charming wife, Billie Worth, took a party to Romano's. Among their guests were Dr. and Mrs. Matt Banks, George Raynor, Mrs. George Cohen, and William O'Neal.

I Thought—

That Claire Spruson showed originality in the invitations she devised for a recent party. The cards were decorated with a collection of snappily-shaped wine-glasses.



She'd like YOU to give her

BLUE RIBBON EAU DE COLOGNE

DON'T spoil the surprise by asking what she'd like for Christmas. Get her what she would have chosen, anyway—Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne. It's always the welcome and endearing gift...tinglingly cool...deliciously refreshing...elusive...haunting...the symbol of elegance and good taste.

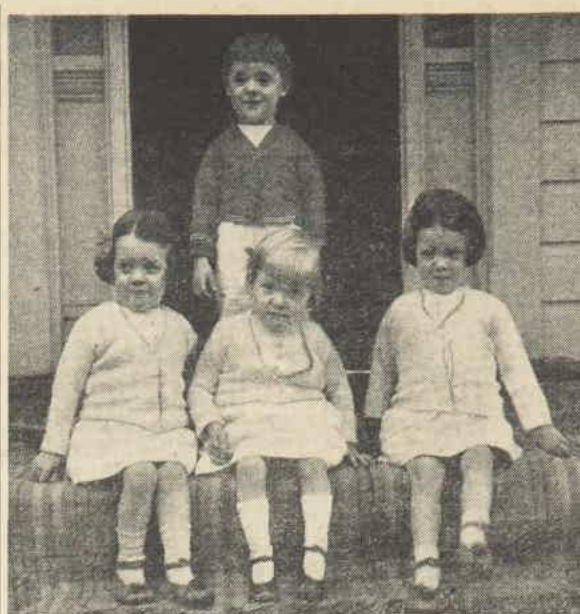
See the full range of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne Preparations at any store or chemist...unbelievably low priced for such exquisite quality. Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne illustrated with the screw top bottle in gift box, 2/3, 3/6, 6/6, 9/6, 12/6.

Toilet Preparations by POTTER & MOORE

FOR OVER 200 YEARS LONDON'S HOUSE OF QUALITY

For Slim Beauty

That slim, healthy, youthful figure you admire is not hard to attain, providing you observe correct treatment. Beauty, too, must have bright eyes, smooth skin and clear complexion. Chamberlain's Tablets, if taken regularly, will help you to attain this. They cleanse the system, purify the blood, remove food wastes by causing you to be Thorough as well as regular in your bowel habits. You'll be surprised how quickly your system and figure respond to the Chamberlain's Tablets Treatment.



THE JOHNSON "QUADS," of New Zealand. Mary, Vera, and Kathleen are sitting down, while Bruce smiles happily from the rear.

FAMOUS N.Z. "Quads" Are "STAGE-STRUCK"

Babies Have Already Enjoyed

Three Public Appearances

By MARY TRUBY KING, who conducts the Mothercraft Page for The Australian Women's Weekly

Bruce, Mary, Kathleen, and Vera, the famous Johnson quadruplets, of New Zealand, have just made their third stage appearance, though only two-and-a-half years old!

Their first appearance was in a picture theatre on their second birthday, their second at a carnival to raise funds for a municipal band, and their third at a community singing concert in aid of themselves.

THEIR good behaviour on each occasion, plus an apparent natural aptitude for the stage, has set their mother's thoughts towards a stage career for at least three of them.

Vera shows signs of being somewhat of an acrobat, while Bruce and Kathleen lean to the arts of singing and dancing.

Mary shows no interest in music and is merely the audience at the concerts which the children stage for themselves on the verandah of their new home.

She is inclined to be a book-worm, and watches over the other three like a mother. Perhaps she will turn out to be their Stage Manager.

THE Johnson family have come through a long and hard winter with little mishap to the "Quads," who have been exceptionally well, even with cutting their teeth.

Apart from their three stage appearances, they have lived very quietly, though there was one more excitement in the form of their first broadcast.

At this, however, both Kathleen and Mary declined to speak!

Mrs. Johnson has managed the "Quads" alone for seven months without any help. Looking after the many wants of the four babies keeps her too busy for time to hang heavily.

She still receives visitors from overseas, who are always interested in the doings of her children.

Vera is still very fair and quite different from the others. She expends her energies thinking up new acrobatic antics. The rest of the "Quads" are very proud of her original turns.

Kathleen and Mary are now quite dark, with blue eyes, but Master Bruce's eyes have turned brown. He continues to take the lead in everything.

In fact, the children continue to grow and develop in the order in which they were born—Bruce, Kathleen, Mary and Vera.

THE two elder Johnson girls, Bryen and Nancy, are splendid helpers in keeping the "Quads" amused.

The chief delight of the "Quads" is to play school or hold a concert at which Bryen and Nancy give the first items with the "Quads" sitting in a row, applauding. Then Bruce and Kathleen will give their song and dance act, Vera supply her acrobatics, and Mary reads a "tory" aloud. (The "tory" is, of course, purely of her own making).

Not Shy

MRS. JOHNSON is rather disappointed that it isn't Mary and Kathleen who are beginning to show signs of stage talent, for being as like as peas they would be a better combination than Bruce and Kathleen.

The latter two have every confidence in themselves and the stage holds no terrors for them.

None of the "Quads" is shy, except before the microphone. Their confidence is probably due to having had so many visitors during their short lives.

Mrs. Johnson says that until the recent Community Singing Concert she had no idea that the babies were so popular.

The hall was packed an hour before the children were due to appear. People were being turned away from the doors. When the "Quads" left the theatre they had to have police protection!

This sounds more like America than New Zealand. During this concert, £100 was raised for the "Quads" in two hours.

The Johnsons' new home has seven spacious rooms, and everything has been designed for the comfort of their famous babies.

Mr. Johnson is about to make a good lawn, back and front, where the children can romp when the weather permits.

He is also having a vegetable garden, so that the family need not lack their vitamins and roughage.

Mrs. Johnson is, meantime, determined to make the interior of her home as cosy and artistically attractive as possible.

Though not well off, she is anxious that her children should be brought up to enjoy the simple beauties of life in an atmosphere of happy refinement.

I WONDER WHICH OF YOU CHILDREN TOOK MY PACKET OF JUICY FRUIT?



—and everybody will be chewing Wrigley's new penny Juicy Fruit Chewing Gum. Rich, ripe, fresh juicy fruits give it that luscious flavour that all women and children especially will love.

AR29

Can't sleep



ACID stomach, night indigestion—that's what causes those sleepless nights, nights when you toss and turn and just can't rest. The food you've taken during the day is turning acid during the night, and this acidity so irritates the stomach nerves that your whole nervous system is upset, making sleep impossible. Neutralise this excess acid, and your digestion will become normal and you'll sleep like a top! Try it; just take a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia before you go to bed to-night, and see what a difference it makes. Excess acid is neutralised in a moment. Your stomach is soothed and sweetened, and nervous irritation is impossible. Once more you enjoy deep, refreshing sleep.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Piles Disappear

No Cutting or Salves Needed.

External treatments seldom banish piles.

Nor does cutting remove the cause. The cause is inside—bad circulation. The blood is stagnant, the veins flabby.

The bowel walls are weak, the parts almost dead.

To quickly and safely rid yourself of piles you must free the circulation—send a fresh current through stagnant pools. Internal treatment is the one safe method. Ointments and cutting won't do it.

J. S. Leonhardt, M.D., a specialist, set at work some years ago to find a real internal remedy for piles. He succeeded. He named his prescription Vascuoloid, and tried it in 1,000 cases before he was satisfied. Now Vascuoloid is sold by chemists everywhere, under guarantee. It is a harmless tablet, easy to take, and the makers will gladly refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied customer.

THE HOUSE of DREAMS

November 20, 1937

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Page One

Set in a Lovely Garden . . . and Furnished for Enduring Charm

We take you on a tour of the garden, planned as a perfect setting for a simple, but lovely, home.

And then we glimpse the charming and colorful rooms, pictured and described on the following pages.

IN visualising this little house, we did not see it fronting a busy suburban street, nor yet crowning a lonely, wind-swept hill. Instead, we saw it set among lovely, stalwart gums in a beautifully-planned, but "close-to-nature," garden.

SO many builders of homes decree that splendid trees—trees that perhaps have seen a century of summers pass by—must go before the axe . . . We would retain every possible tree so that their beauty might enfold us, morning, noon and night.

as a drying area. The clothes-lines are so built that ugly props do not come into the picture to spoil the loveliness of the scene.

The garden is so planned that every window overlooks serene green intermingled with floral gaiety. Framing all, trees . . . Trees for utilitarian purposes; trees for shade and seclusion;



A PLEASANT WALK, this, up the garden path. There is nothing reminding here of the stress and strain of modern life. The eye sees only beauty, the heart and mind must needs feel only beauty—and so be at peace and in tune with nature at her loveliest.



MORE BEAUTY unfolds before your eyes at every turn of the path. Here you see the rose-bed where standards raise their flower-laden heads above a riotous mass of smaller blooms.

IN the colorful picture of the "House of Dreams," presented earlier in this issue, you see what we consider to be the ideal position of a house in relationship to its frontage and area of land.

The house is placed on its plot as far as is possible from the street. This emphasises its dignity as well as ensuring a certain amount of privacy. And yet, it does not encroach too far upon valuable garden space and service areas required at the rear.

As you will have noted, the garage is excellently placed. Its accessibility to house and to roadway is an important feature. Moreover, unity of planning adds to the general appearance of the home.

The whole of the area at the rear of the house has been utilised. There is a miniature orchard, where every specimen of fruit suitable to the climate is grown. There is also a neat vegetable garden, which is in itself an asset to the home. Even provision has been made for a tiny herb bed, in which herbs of all descriptions flourish and blend their fragrance and flavor to dishes old and new.

Under a spreading gum in one corner stands a green-topped table, its legs set in cement. Strong, wooden chairs painted green, yellow, and orange are set around it.

In another corner, a beautiful rockery, surrounding a tiny fish pond, gives charm and color to the scene.

The garden path flanking either side of the house runs beside, and under, pergolas fragrant with the beauty of roses. These paths continue around the green, velvet lawn immediately backing the house.

This lawn, apart from its beauty—for it is flanked with flowers—serves

for background. And trees just for themselves and that deep sense of peace, security and rest which they lend to house and home.

And now we will go up the garden path and into "The House of Dreams."

We step into a small but bright entrance hall and then enter the living-room. Here is a room that holds your interest by reason of its simplicity, its color, and all-pervading charm.

Like every other room in "The House of Dreams," it has an air of spaciousness about it. This spacious atmosphere has been achieved by a subtle choice and blending of color, by skillful choice of furnishings, and arrangement of furniture.

Although this room is situated on the cooler side of the house, it seems always as if it were flooded with sunshine.

Lovely All the Year

THE dining-room, on the other hand, is so planned that it gets all the morning sun. Spacious windows occupy the greater part of two walls and overlook the loveliest and most colorful section of the garden.

The bedroom which is presented in color, just a few pages away, is the loveliest room in the house. Though modern in its planning, it simply exudes sunny charm.

Before we step into the kitchen let us peep into the bathroom. It is not a large bathroom, but it is efficiently equipped, clean and bright looking. When you see it a little later pictured in color, note the shower "curtain."

It strikes an original note in bathroom planning.

It is usual in furnishing to spend a great deal more on living-room, dining-room and main bedroom than on

any other part of the house. We considered a more balanced plan of expenditure—with slight emphasis on the kitchen.

This being the workshop of the home we decided to make the kitchen as efficiently up to date as it was possible to make it.

It was most carefully planned. Though compact, it contains everything necessary in the way of cupboards, shelves, drawer space. It boasts a refrigerator, a good stove, ample window space, adequate lighting and labor-saving equipment.

There is, too, a small laundry, adjoining the kitchen, where modern appliances cut the work of washing-day in half.

The sun-room, which opens out from the living-room, is a most delightful spot. It, in turn, opens directly into the garden and seems as gay and colorful as the brightly-hued flowers that hug its steps. Here, breakfast can sometimes be served, afternoon tea, often.

Now, turn the pages and see the rooms of this dream house for yourselves!

QUICK HEALING FOR ALL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES

1 "My lips always get terribly wind burned when I go motoring, but Vaseline Jelly soothes and heals them quicker than anything." 5/- to Mrs. Taylor of Sister's Crescent.

2 "I am on my feet a lot and get tired and I find it's a great help to massage them with Vaseline Jelly after a warm bath." 5/- to Mrs. Spencer Argent, of Park Avenue.

3 "When the kiddies fall over and get bruised, I always rub on some Vaseline Jelly to make them better." 5/- to Mrs. Edford, McMahon-st.

4 "I often burn my self on the iron, so I always keep a jar of Vaseline Jelly handy to soothe the burn quickly and prevent a scar." 5/- to Mrs. White, of Milner Crescent.

5 "I put a smear of Vaseline Jelly over my face before lathering it for a shave, and it makes my skin feel smoother." 5/- to Mr. Garrett Hamilton St.

6 "I have brittle nails, but they're improved since I started using Vaseline Jelly." 5/- to Mrs. Wilson, Hawkins St.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for Vaseline Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. A7, Box 221 D, G.P.O., Sydney.

There is only **ONE** Vaseline Jelly—the original and genuine Petroleum Jelly refined and purified for medical and household uses. Do not accept cheap, inferior petroleum jellies.



Look for this name on the jar

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

HERE YOU See the Old LIVING-ROOM—



Good-bye to Clutter and Confusion!

WOULD YOU LIKE to live in the old-fashioned room reproduced above? Study it. Note its irritating and light-absorbing color-scheme, the way in which boldly patterned curtains clash with the upholstered chairs, divan, and carpet. Count, if you like, the pictures on the wall, also the "little treasures" cluttering picture rail and overmantel. Compare it with the spacious, colorful and inviting room reproduced on the opposite page. Then read the story below.

An overdressed, cramped and depressing room like this belongs to yesterday...



BETTY HARRIS LIVES and LEARNS

"HOWEVER DO YOU KEEP YOUR STOVE SO SPICK AND SPAN PAT? MINE ALWAYS LOOKS DINGY."

"THEN WHY DON'T YOU USE SILVAFROS TOO, BETTY? THAT'S WHAT MAKES MINE SPARKLE... AND ALL MY PIPES TOO, IT'S SO HANDY I ALWAYS KEEP A TIN ON THE SHELF."



TAUBMANS SILVAFROS gives a gleaming silvery finish to taps, pipes, bath-heaters, stoves, fences or any other metal work inside or outside your home—wherever there's metal there's a use for Silvafros. It is heat-resisting, weatherproof, and lasting—the greatest protection against rust and corrosion.

A FREE BOOK TO HELP YOU

Anne Stewart's famous book "The Colorful Home" (24 pages in full color) shows how to make your home more cheery and modern, inexpensively. Send coupon for your free copy!

FREE

Anne Stewart,
Taubmans Home Decorating Service,
75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Please send me my FREE copy of "The Colorful Home." Enclose 3d. for postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

A15

CONTRAST this room with the colorful, sun-splashed atmosphere of the spacious and inviting haven reproduced in rich, vibrant color on the opposite page.

Yet it is the same room! Shorn of confusion and old-fashioned appendages, it wears modern, charming dress.

COMPARING the two rooms you will agree that the faults of the old-fashioned one, shown above, lie in a mixture of irritating colors, badly arranged furniture and general clutter.

For instance, the walls above the picture rail are darker than those below. The ponderously "patterned" furniture clashes with the carpet and curtains.

Note wrong placement of the low table in the centre of the room, with the tall vase of flowers standing upon it; see, also, lamps with their "frizzy" shades set in the most inconvenient places for reading comfort.

Cast your eyes over the cluttered picture rail almost groaning beneath its weight of "treasures," likewise the mantelpiece and overmantel.

Count, if you feel like it, the pictures on the wall, the majority hanging from the roof almost. By the way, why do so many people hang their pictures, as it were, on the sky-line?

Consider now how the transformation was made:

First and foremost out went the bric-a-brac and down came the

"treasures" from the picture-rail, and heirlooms from the walls.

The carpet was taken up and sent to the dyers to be converted into a rich chocolate shade. All the furniture was piled into the middle of the room, and then attention was directed upon the fireplace.

The ornamental overmantel was scrapped. Only the mirror survived this onslaught. Then the windows were stripped of all their glory and the painters took possession. The walls, woodwork and the mirror frame were painted a rich cream, almost verging on palest honey.

The small occasional tables and low centre table were, too, painted to match walls and woodwork; smoker's stand, lamp standard, and fireside piece were given coats of palest daffodil paint.

Curtains in a rich jade replaced the heavy floral masterpieces. The valances never came back. Venetians took the place of blinds.

Chosen for Service

THEY were painted to match the walls and woodwork and will give years of faithful, effective service. You might say that venetian blinds are veritable "dust" catchers, but, remember, they can be dusted with ease, washed over occasionally, and once a year given a fresh coat of paint in order to regain their pristine freshness.

Loose covers for the ponderously decorated chairs were made from the same material as that used for the curtains. A natural colored linen

crash was chosen for the divan. This was piped (corded fashion), with the jade green.

The lamps were then stripped of their ornately trimmed shades, and these were replaced by parchment banded in daffodil-yellow.

Now came the rearrangement of furniture. A small occasional table, which previously hugged a corner, was brought out into the open and lodged against an easy chair. A home-made bookcase took its place. This gives quite a vivid touch of color to the corner with its gay-jacketed books.

Only one large picture, a most delightful piece, came back, and looking at it you would say that this charming, joyous room had been "built" around it.

Vivid Color Accents

THE candlesticks came back, too, and now carry tall orange-colored candles which give a charmingly vivid accent of color to the mantelpiece. Two other attractive pieces of pottery from the picture rail joined the group.

And so you have a room that radiates cheer and charm; a room invitingly liveable—one that will inspire home-lovers to work such little miracles with their own living-rooms.

Life, it is said, is very largely what our mental outlook makes it. So it would seem sheer lunacy to surround ourselves with drabness that reacts unconsciously, yet nonetheless seriously, on our welfare.

The yellows, shading from the palest pastels to rich deep orange—the sunshiny colors—are joyful, stimulating, energizing and life-giving. Because of this, every home should contain at least one room mainly furnished in one or two of these colors. And, for preference, combined with browns or blues or with a lovely shade of green as was done in the living-room in "The House of Dreams."

—TRANSFORMED into HAVEN of CHARM



A happy blend of old and new, invitingly colorful, it's a pleasant place to live in

MANY of you can remember the days when every self-respecting living room hid its paint or wall-paper beneath a galaxy of plaques, oleographs and family portraits.

Fancy bric-a-brac cluttered tables and shelves.

Furniture was placed "just so"; sombre color chilled you or else ran riot.

But to-day things are altogether different.

THE charming living-room pictured above will instantly appeal to every home-lover. It is a fitting room for "The House of Dreams." It is a room glowing with color; it is inviting, and therefore a pleasant place to live in.

Actually it was "made over" from the cluttered, overdressed, badly-colored and ill-arranged room pictured on the opposite page.

What a contrast! What an inspiration to little home-makers who face tired-looking rooms hopelessly!

And yet, how many women of the home have transformed, at no great expense, drab and depressing rooms into places of joyous color and refreshing harmony.

"Interior decoration" is not something exclusive to mansions and sumptuous apartments, nor is it entirely the prerogative of the experts, valuable as is their influence. In these days when glowing color and simplicity are the primary requirements of home decorating, it is possible for every woman to be her own decorator.

Every home, however humble, can be glowing and inviting with color. Every home can be a true expression

of personality and a background for pleasant living.

Color and simplicity are the vital working principles in home decoration to-day. In fact, these two are the only basic principles. Color is used as the theme of decorating, and simplicity of arrangement creates the atmosphere of spaciousness that is such a charming and distinctive feature of the up-to-date home.

In every other respect, modern decoration like modern fashion, is extremely flexible and varied. It is by no means limited to tubular steel furniture, for one thing! Decorators now are making use of furniture and ornaments from all ages. In fact, many of the most effective modern interiors have been planned completely around "period" pieces, and certainly all the most liveable rooms are a happy blend of old and new.

A Happy Release

GROUPING such elements in a room according to some planned and coherent color scheme releases it immediately from the chains of drabness and dinginess, from unhappy huddles of furniture, and unfortunate accumulation of meaningless trimmings.

That's one of the most fascinating and practical aspects of the problem of rejuvenating your rooms—you

don't have to go to the expense of making an entirely fresh start.

Perhaps a yard or two of new fabric for curtains and covers, certainly plenty of paint, a re-sorting of the furniture—and behold! A few busy hours and you'll have a cheery, modern room blossoming from the old wilderness.

To illustrate more strongly this point, take another good look at these two pictures, which show you exactly the same room before and after it was "made over." Apparently quite a hopeless confusion of irredeemable horrors, thanks to a little judicious pruning and painting, this living room now radiates an atmosphere of sweetness and order and light.

Read the interesting story on the opposite page telling you just how this transformation was made.

Paint-pot Magic

EVEN if you can't quite bring yourself to the point of doing over whole rooms there are countless little ways in which you can make your home a brighter and more pleasant dwelling.

Start in your kitchen, by painting over all your old chairs and canisters with glossy enamel in some cheery, eye-appealing hue!

Remember this: A bright and attractive kitchen is a happier place to work in. And seeing that you spend approximately two-thirds of the day in the workshop of the home, why not make it beautiful?

Again you can lighten your living rooms or lounge by painting all your old vases with stark white or cream enamel. Plain vases like this show up any flowers to better effect, and make a dramatic spot in otherwise sombre rooms.

When once you see how easy it is to make these little improvements, you'll soon take your courage in both hands and indulge in really ambitious redecorating plans.

This Room Radiates Charm and Order

COLOR AND SIMPLICITY are the keynotes of the invitingly liveable room reproduced above, so faithfully in delicate, rich, and vibrant color. Painted, as it were, with sunshine and nature's lovely green, could anybody feel gloomy in a haven like this? What a contrast to the overcrowded, overbearing room pictured on the opposite page. And yet it is the self-same room. Shorn of clutter and skilfully transformed by color, this, the living-room in "The House of Dreams," now radiates an atmosphere of charm, light and order.

MRS LANGLY LAUNCHES OUT

BUT MARY LANGLY YOU COULDN'T HAVE PAINTED THOSE OLD STAINED DOORS AND WOODWORK YOURSELF? THEY LOOK LOVELY.

HA! I USED TAUBMAN'S DULSETTA. ANYONE CAN DO A GOOD JOB WITH DULSETTA. AND DON'T YOU LOVE THAT DULL SATINY FINISH?

Taubman's Dulsetta is an absolutely new kind of semi-flat enamel for your walls, doors and woodwork. It has an exclusive dull satiny finish and reflects light with a soft radiance. Amazingly easy to use—it flows on smoothly without a brushmark and dries to a hard, washable surface.

FREE Anne Stewart, Taubman Home Decorating Service, 75, Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney. Please send me my FREE copy of "The Colorful Home." Enclose 3d. for postage and handling.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____



ANOTHER VIEW of the room featuring the buffet-style sideboard.

Be Glorified BY GOSSARD



beneath the glamour... a GOSS-Amour*

THE "X-RAY" photograph reveals the reason for the lady's loveliness of line. Goss-Amours* are those breathlessly-talked-about elastic NET foundations. Here, Goss-Amour*, is shown in a beauty moulding girdle, with slender satin panels back and front. Model 5030. The lace bra is designed for the small bust.

GOSSARD FOUNDATIONS ARE SOLD AT ALL LEADING STORES

Designed for... **BRIGHTER MEALS**

● Spacious Windows Capture the Maximum in Light and Sunshine for this Modernly-planned Dining-room

THE furniture in this well-designed dining-room embraces only utilitarian pieces that invite constant use. Yet it is a most delightful spot. Windows are the highlights of the room. By day, as you dine, you look out upon green, velvety lawns, colorful flowers and stalwart gums. At night, with curtains drawn, the room is still bright and friendly.



TWO VIEWS ARE GIVEN for your benefit of this spacious, sunny dining-room. Walls are deep cream; floor brown, with beige tonings. Curtains carry a rich design in autumn-leaf red and two shades of green.

LIKE all other rooms in "The House of Dreams" this dining-room is free of clutter, and by a subtle choice and blending of color and of furniture it looks a large and spacious room.

The spacious windows, a feature of the room, were incorporated in the designing of this room for several reasons.

In the first place, it was considered that a dining-room should be a bright place. Cheerful surroundings, charming table arrangements, and good food make for health and happiness.

Secondly, there was a wonderful view of the garden, with its background of beautiful trees just begging to be used.

Then again, the fact that during a great part of the year an open-air atmosphere could be given meals simply by throwing open all windows was given earnest consideration. It was the final and irresistible point in their favor.

For Winter Cheer

IT was decided, also, that the room must have a fireplace and that this should occupy the central position of the inner wall. Moreover, that a built-in cupboard would be a useful aid in housing china and glass as well as dining-room linen.

Because of its situation the following color scheme was chosen:

The walls and woodwork were painted a deep cream; ceiling, a soft ivory.

A hard-wearing and sun-proof haircord carpet in brown, with beige trimmings, was selected for the floor. Curtains of fadeless linen, lined with cream crash, were decided upon. They are lovely. Cream, with a rich pattern of autumn-leaf red and two shades of green, they hang in heavy folds and give a gay splash of color to the room by day and a warm and cozy atmosphere when, on cooler nights, a fire gleams in the grate.

As you can see, the furniture is plain but smartly attractive in its design—a blend of old and new. It is honey-brown and cream.

The long buffet-style sideboard is lovely to look at, practical and capacious. On its gleaming top stand candlesticks matching in design the rungs of the chairs, a large colorful nut bowl and two attractive cigarette holders. Pictures are few and the lighting equipment is adequate. In addition to the central candelabra there is a wall lamp.

You will note that the pictures are hung at eye level. The wires used match the color of the walls and hang in parallel lines and not in an inverted "V."

HER FRIENDS WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!



SOLPAH PAYING PAINT is a particularly hard, tough color finish for cement, brick, or wooden surfaces, and linoleums. Everyone uses it outside to beautify steps and paths—it's completely weatherproof; and it wears like iron. Inside the house, a coat of Solpah will give you colorful, modern floors at very little cost. Easy to use—anyone can do a job with Taubmans Solpah!

Anne Stewart's Book FREE

"The Colorful Home". Anne Stewart's famous 24 page book in full color, shows how easy and inexpensive it is to make your house more colorful. For free copy just fill in and mail coupon at night.

TAUBMANS SOLPAH
PAYING PAINT in 14
colors is obtainable at
all leading paint and
country stores.



FREE

Anne Stewart,
Taubmans Home Decorating Service,
75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.
Please send me my FREE copy of "The
Colorful Home." Enclose 3d. for postage
and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

A14



HOW LOVELY to waken in a spacious and sunshiny bedroom like the one above. Note rich, warm-tinted walls, and modern off-white furniture; the comfy chair picked out in orange. Curtains, voguish candle-wick spreads and chocolate-brown rug carry on the color unity expressed in the living-room of "The House of Dreams."

SUNNY CHARM

Here it is—the loveliest room in "The House of Dreams"

AN air of spaciousness and a joyous sense of sunshine have been captured in this bedroom. It is not a large room. Skilful choice and treatment of color in furniture and furnishings are responsible for these effects.

INFINITELY more thought and care are given to-day in the selection of furniture and fabrics for bedrooms. More individuality is expressed in the choice of color schemes than a few years back, and more attention is paid to the harmonious arrangement of furniture.

Not so long ago the average woman, shopping bent, might scent a bargain—say, for instance, in curtains. She would think to herself: "I could do with new curtains in my bedroom—these are cheap. I'll get them."

Triumphantly, these would be hung to the windows. New curtains! Not the slightest thought given to color harmony or suitability.

But women are learning fast the rights and wrongs of furnishing, and are achieving little miracles at no great expense.

Yours to Copy

COULD you wish to own a more delightful room than the one pictured on this page? No matter how drear the morning, it would be a pleasant place in which to awaken. No one could feel drab or depressed in this bedroom; nor would you grow weary of it.

There are several features worth noting about it quite apart from its sunny freshness. It is neither over-dressed nor overcrowded. Like cluttered living-rooms, such as the one

pictured further back, overcrowded rooms are troublesome to clean and irritating to occupy.

The walls of this room are warm but not overpowering. The candlewick bedspreads, fast coming into vogue here, have much to recommend them. They do not crush as easily as aliken spreads. Moreover, they launder well and do not require ironing.

Modern Simplicity

CERTAINLY the furniture is light in color, but not too light. Modernly simple, it is not the type of design that will "date" within the space of a few years, and its color scheme will harmonise with blonde, brunette, or the titian-haired type.

The dressing-table, with its large, frameless, circular mirror, is decidedly attractive. Its position between the two windows is ideal for daylight visibility. Table-lamps give adequate light by night. So many dressing-tables are placed against a window in order that milady can see herself the better for make-up purposes. But it's a shame to shut out a view, unless, of course, it be roof-tops or a brick wall!

And here is another point we want to stress in regard to the selection of color schemes for living-room and bedroom in "The House of Dreams": Both are designed to accentuate a feeling of spaciousness and simulate sunshine, yet each room contrasts pleasantly with the other. Note, also, that chocolate-brown carpets were used in both to continue the feeling of unity and space.

A HAPPY DAY FOR Connie Brown

I'M JUST FED UP WITH ALL OUR OLD DINGY FURNITURE, MOTHER.

I KNOW DEAR, BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD NEW ONES FOR AGES.

YOU CAN MAKE ALL YOUR OLD FURNITURE MODERN AND COLORFUL AT VERY LITTLE COST WITH TAUBMANS DYNAMEL.

DYNAMEL! THE VERY THING FOR THESE CHAIRS. I'LL GO AND GET SOME RIGHT AWAY.

MOTHER, NEW GREEN CHAIRS—THEY'RE DIVINE... BUT...

THEY'RE NOT NEW AT ALL, CONNIE. I DYNAMELLED THE OLD ONES THIS AFTERNOON. IT WAS SO EASY AND THEY DRIED IN AN HOUR.

TAUBMANS DYNAMEL is a high gloss color finish for furniture, bedsteads, or any other household articles. It makes every room in your house look brighter and smarter! And you'll always get a good job with Dynamel. It never leaves any ridges or brushmarks. Dries in one hour, and becomes a mirror-smooth, washable surface.

Get Anne Stewart's helpful book FREE

"The Colorful Home," Anne Stewart's famous 24-page book in full color, is packed with useful hints for making your home more colorful at little cost. Send in coupon to-day for free copy.

TAUBMANS DYNAMEL in 30 colors, and black, white or clear, is available at all stores.



FREE

Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Please send me my FREE copy of "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

A1Z

They
Are
Destined

For Enchantment



"Hi, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this? . . . You can't change 'em . . . Oh, that's tough!"



"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor fellow—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so uncomfortable it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"



"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about any skin troubles you may have had. And every time mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is as soft as silk—not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps baby's skin smooth and healthy. Make protection doubly sure by using Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream also.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby - Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc Toothbrush, Mollies, Etc. AS.37



FINE CHINA, silver, beautifully designed glass and quaint pieces of brass like these pictured here will grace the living and dining rooms in "The House of Dreams."

Lovely China and Scintillating Glass, Fine Linen, Silver, and Gleaming Brass for Dining and Living Rooms

SO delightful is the china to-day that no real home-lover can resist its appeal. The same can be said about pottery and glass, and all the other lovely accessories that make for table grace and room enchantment.

GLEAMING silver and cutlery are within the reach of the humblest purse to-day; so are fine linen and charming pieces of brass.

Because of all this the rooms of the simplest home can acquire charm and individuality, providing the little home-maker chooses wisely and well.

If you decide to buy a new dinner service, tea or coffee set, don't choose one simply because it is bright and gay. Make sure before you come to a decision that its design and coloring will harmonise with the color scheme of dining-room or living-room.

Be as fastidious as you possibly can in the choice of all accessories.

Quality First

IN selecting glass, however small your purse, concentrate on quality rather than quantity. There is nothing so lovely as scintillating crystal or cut glass. You never tire of it. You care for it assiduously, and proudly display its sparkling beauty when company joins your table.

Good linen, be it for table or tray, repays you a hundredfold in appearance and long wear.

If you have the leisure, buy a linen tablecloth and embroider it with your own hands. Even if it takes you twelve months to finish, you will never fail to realise its witchery as the perfect foundation for your table china, silver and glass. And why not complete the picture with serviettes to match?

If you feel in your heart that you couldn't possibly cope with a "54 x 54"

add to your linen cupboard a set or two of the table mats. These lovely bits of linen or lace can so easily be made (even by unskilled hands) to

give individuality and charm to luncheon or dinner table.

Who doesn't love the beauty of gleaming brass? Trays, table-tops, book ends, candlesticks, and the most picturesque ornaments can give lustre to your rooms. But keep it gleaming—there's nothing so irritating to the fastidious eye as dull, neglected-looking brass.

Cool Colours



for a COOL KITCHEN

Design your kitchen to look cool . . . with cool colours. "Dulux" Green and White, or "Dulux" Yellow and Green will give your kitchen a fresh, airy atmosphere . . . making it a far more pleasant place on hot days.

Use "Dulux" — the beautiful, durable, easy-to-use finish. "Dulux" won't fade — its lustre won't dull. Dulux is washable — and therefore, most hygienic.

TUNE IN

"THE MASQUERADERS"
"THE MYSTERY CLUB"

B.A.L.M DULUX

SUPERSEDES ENAMELS AND VARNISHES

A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd., makers of famous "Duro" Lacquers

EFFICIENT EQUIPMENT

... to Lighten
and Brighten Daily Tasks.

Modern labor-saving appliances have removed forever the wretched word "drudgery" from household tasks. Two very pleasant words to the ears of homemakers have taken its place—"more leisure." More leisure for gardening, for tennis or golf, for some all-absorbing handicraft, or for social activities.



LIKE THE GOOD WORKMAN, the good housewife chooses good tools—the best equipment she can afford to help her in the all-important job of running her home efficiently.

OF ALL MODERN EQUIPMENT, the automatic refrigerator (shown at top right) is perhaps the most spectacular. Its possession is a boon to the housewife—to the whole family.

AMERICAN women led the world in their demand for equipment that would lighten and brighten housework. They argued that the business man believed in using modern machinery in his business, so why not modernise domestic appliances to aid in the business of running the home?

Their demands were answered. And so to-day we have all manner of labor-

saving appliances, vacuum-cleaners, washing machines and ironers, dish-washing machines, automatic refrigerators, electric toasters, cake-mixers, etc., new and improved types of ranges with modern-planned kitchens to carry them.

They are even throwing away the garbage can in America to-day. All food wastes go down the sink drain. A touch of a button, and the refuse is swiftly reduced to pulp and flushed away like water. No clogged pipes and no odor permeates the kitchen! They have, too, electric coffee-makers in all sorts of shapes and sizes, and with different "internal workings."

Amazing little kitchen helps are the electric mixers which are used successfully to beat eggs.

They also whip cream, mix mayonnaise, cream butter and sugar, mix cakes and other batters that are not too stiff, shred or slice vegetables, strain and puree many fruits and vegetables, shell peas, mash potatoes, etc.

We are nearly all of us familiar with the vacuum-cleaner. Regarded once as a luxury it is to-day looked upon as a necessity in the home.

If the average family were given the choice of choosing between a dish-washing machine and a washing-machine what would be their choice?

Mothers would most certainly vote for the washing-machine. Imagine that awful pile of soiled household linen—to say nothing of Willie's shirts and trousers, Betty's frocks and pinafores—facing you every Monday.

Then consider the advantages of a machine doing the back-breaking job for you in less than half the time.

The girls would, of course, be glad to rid themselves of the task of washing up. They would imagine that when the table was cleared the dish-washing would be done. And pretty right, too. For in these modern

affairs you simply stack your china, glassware, silver and pots and pans, too, in the trays of the dishwasher. Turn the controls—and that's that.

Dishes are thoroughly, hygienically cleaned, and dry by their own heat.

House Beautiful
HOUSE beautiful upon the hill
Tell me what you see?
For I am not so tall as you
And things are lost to me.
The dancing little sailing boats,
The boats that swim the bay,
I cannot see their slender masts
Or hear the things they say.
House beautiful, I love your peace.
Your dream of quiet calm,
Your poplar tree that turns to lean
Upon your gabled arm.
And I would stay and talk awhile
And keep you company.
But all your thoughts are far away
And have no need of me.
—Yvonne Webb.

FASHION ACCLAIMS THE CHIC OF CUTEX SMOKY SHADES



Soft, glowing colours that flatter your hands. Ask your favourite shop to show you the new soft "Smoky" shades that are especially flattering. Old Rose, Mauve, Rust, Robin Red. Remember that Cutex has a wonderful new polish that applies easier... wears longer... resists thickening in the bottle.

Send 9d in stamps for Cutex trial kit containing all the materials necessary for a complete manicure.

CUTEX
LIQUID
POLISH

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. T.W.A.

179 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Name _____

Address _____

SUSANNAH IS A TOMBOY
SUSANNAH IS A PEST



SHE GIVES HER BAFFLED TEACHER
NO TIME TO TEACH OR TEST



THOUGH BLACK AS PITCH FROM PLAYING
SUSANNAH DOESN'T WORRY



BUT MAMA SAYS "MY ANGEL-CHILD,
THE SOLVOL—IN A HURRY!"



KIDDIES THINK SOLVOL IS FINE,
BECAUSE SOLVOL GETS THEIR GRUBBY LITTLE HANDS AND KNEES CLEAN IN 30 SECONDS—WITHOUT PAINFUL SCRUBBING! GRIME, GREASE, WORN-IN-DIRT—SOLVOL PENETRATES PORE-DEEP AND SWEEPS THEM ALL AWAY! YET SOLVOL IS AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP. REFUSE INFERIOR SUBSTITUTES!

29-21-19

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



TO GO ON LOOKING
LOVELIER EVERY DAY

use this
different CREAM
this different WAY

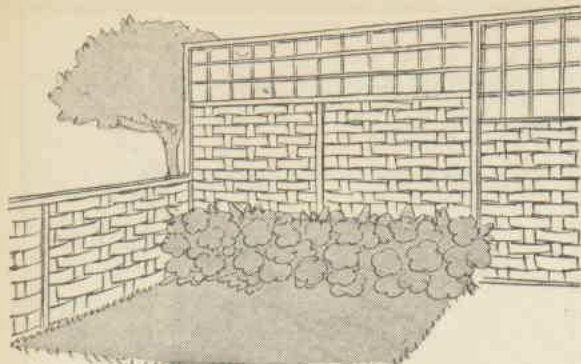
You can't put loveliness on your skin. So, if you want to keep it flawless, unwrinkled, satin-textured, you must use Creme Simon—the different, penetrating cream that builds up beauty from below by feeding, toning, vitalizing the tissues beneath the skin.

Creme Simon is neither drying nor greasy. So you use it a different way—when your face is damp. It is so highly concentrated and there is so much in each pot or tube that it is doubly economical.

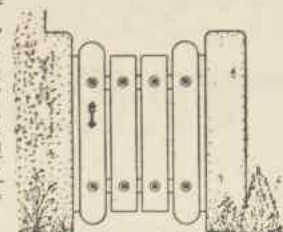
Creme SIMON
PARIS
NATURALLY IT KEEPS YOU LOVELY

Obtainable Chemists and Stores

Sole Agents: Joubert & Joubert, Pty. Ltd., 211-213 Bourke St., Melbourne. 20 York St., Sydney.



THIS TYPE of fence surrounds many of the modernly-constructed English homes. Sketch shows the low fence design, also the screen-fence to shield a garden retreat, or shut off adjoining property.



ANOTHER TYPE of gate the handyman of the house could construct with ease—and at little cost. This design would suit the cottage with a low stone fence, as well as the modern bungalow style of home.

Garden Gates & Fences for Beauty & Privacy

Many of the fences and gates surrounding the average type of home are commonplace. Many of them are downright ugly. They blend neither with the architecture of the home nor with the landscape.

THOSE who can afford to build a home should devote just as much thought to the design of the surrounding fence as is given to the planning of house and garden.

The speculative builder who has filled suburban streets with rows of one-plan houses has much to answer for. Apart from anything else, he is responsible for the greatest collection

of ugly, back-yard fences that ever polluted this earth.

You are familiar with the rough hardwood paling, post-and-rail fences that so suddenly get a "lean on." They may stand for privacy, but certainly



A GATE design more suited to the larger type of house.

not for beauty. In short, they are a blot on the landscape and an insult to the dwellers of this great country.

We have known tenants to approach landlords requesting that dividing fences be remodelled, lowered or removed. Home and garden conscious, they have done this in the interests of beauty and appearance. They generally receive a rebuff. It may be in a sad state of repair, but the average

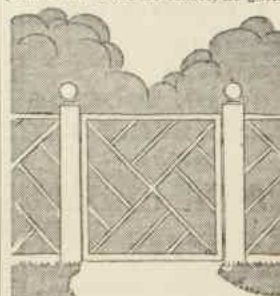


QUAINT and attractive gate showing a boxed tree decorating either post—Suitable for a bungalow home.

landlord likes to hang on to his fence.

There are those who would abolish fences of any type. Americans have tried out this plan to decorative advantage.

Scarsdale, a high-class suburb of New York, is one of the world's finest examples in landscape planning. The beautiful homes are set among stately trees, lawns and flower-bordered paths. There are no fences, no gates.



AN INTERESTING pattern for a garden fence and gate. This is not a difficult design to copy, and should not cost any more than the average type you see fronting a suburban house.

Sometimes shrubs and trees or beautifully-kept hedges give the required privacy. Driving around Scarsdale is like driving in a glorious park, dotted with homes of distinction.

On the other hand, if we must have fences surrounding our properties, why not let them harmonise with the architecture and landscape?

The fences and gates sketched on this page have been presented for your interest. We know you will like them, and feel that any design rightly chosen will give an atmosphere of comfort and hospitality to your home.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CONSTIPATION

If you question the medical authenticity of the following statement we ask you to consult your family doctor. We know he will verify every word of it.

I STRONGLY advise against the practice of taking purgatives or other kinds of harsh medicines daily, or even several times weekly as a means of combating common constipation. Food is moved through the intestines by peristalsis (muscular action). If the delicate intestinal muscles are forced to act by a harsh, artificial stimulant they gradually become weaker. In time stronger and more frequent doses are necessary. Eventually serious intestinal trouble may develop. I would say that at least 75% of intestinal trouble in people over 40 years of age is due to the habitual and unrestricted use of harsh medicines. I advise against using them regularly. To use them daily is dangerous. The only safe way to avoid common constipation is correct diet with sufficient "bulk" and proper exercise."

Too many hospital beds are occupied by people who thought that they could drug their way back to health. Pills and drugs have a very necessary place in medicine — but they should not be used continually except under strict medical supervision.

Your bowels don't slow up for want of medicine. It's "bulk" they need. This element of "bulk" should be in practically every mouthful of food you eat. It should accompany your food right along the alimentary tract. Absorbing waste matter. Gently sponging the bowels. Exercising the intestinal muscles. Nature never thought of medicines when she planned her system of keeping you regular.

Unfortunately, modern, over-refined foods

are badly deficient in "bulk," and those daily "mainstays" of your diet — white bread, milk, meat, fish, eggs, and potatoes — contain little or no "bulk" at all.

Many people very wisely, try to avoid medicines by constant exercise, and eating plenty of fruit and greens which supply a large element of "bulk." However, such "bulk" frequently breaks down within the system. Scientists have proved that the best type of "bulk" is supplied by bran. Of course, bran in its natural state is too unpalatable to be eaten. Fortunately, during recent years, a specially prepared concentrated bran has been introduced and one must acknowledge the practical convenience of Kellogg's preparation.

Whatever you do in your efforts to avoid constipation there is one thing you must remember. Avoid harsh medicines. If you take them with any frequency you're risking serious internal disorders. Follow Nature's advice and get "bulk" back into your diet. Start to-morrow and you should never have another constipated day. Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran each morning will correct common constipation. If you don't get relief in a week or ten days you should see your doctor.



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN provides you with concentrated "bulk" in a tempting nut-sweet breakfast cereal. You'll like it plain with milk or cream, or with stewed or fresh fruit. All grocers sell Kellogg's All-Bran. Order some to-day!

WOODMAN...Spare that TREE!



THE STately GUM, famous the world over, but lightly regarded by so many Australians... Thank well before you bring to the ground such dignity, grace, and beauty.

Stately beauty of our native trees adds dignity and grace to home and garden—to the general landscape. Preserve them!

THE other day, when passing through a certain suburb not far from one of our great cities, I noticed workmen engaged on a block of ground preparing it for the erection of a new home. There were seven beautiful Australian gum trees standing on that plot. They were at least 80 to 90 feet in height. A few days later not one of these beautiful trees were standing.

What destruction!

"O strong, upstanding, stalwart, splendid trees, A century of summers has swung by. Since first your sweeping branches cut the sky, The great sun gave you life, now man decrees Your toll of years is paid, you are to die. The axe is raised to bring you to your knees. Wild winds have wrestled with your limbs in vain, But man strives once, not needs to strive again."

—Howard Rose.

EVERY sane and right-thinking person would shudder and recoil from the thought of destroying these beautiful Australian trees. Unfortunately, during my many travels throughout Australia, I have repeatedly noticed the same kind of ruthlessness, referred to above, displayed by potential homemakers. The first thing they do before building their home-to-be is to cut down every available tree on their plot.

When the house is completed, their thoughts centre on a garden. And, strange to say, they usually bewail the fact that there are no trees surrounding the home! They then have to turn their attention to the purchase of suitable trees to adorn garden and grounds.

What a terrible mistake has been made. These huge, stately, Australian native trees, which have taken from 40 to 50 years to grow, have been destroyed within a few hours, and without any thought of the future. Probably enough, young, foreign trees are planted to take the place of those monarchs of the forest, and many years are wasted in waiting for these "foreigners" to come to maturity.

Do Not Destroy Them

So when buying a block of ground with the intention of building a home, please do pause and think well before you become a party to such atrocity and destruction.

Always remember that trees and plants are as near akin to human beings as anything can be. Trees have to live their lives and reproduce their kind, their offspring, and so ultimately die just the same as we do.

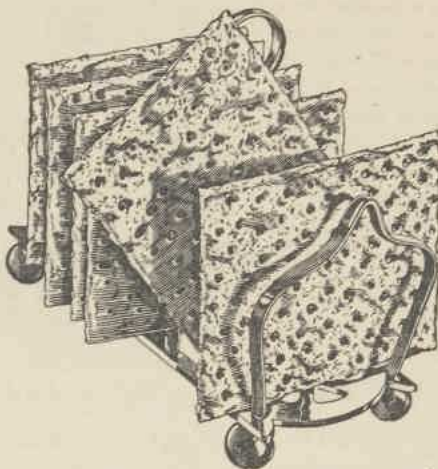
Trees register joy and happiness by their beautiful, glossy greenness, their foliage and their many colorful flowers.

What would be the health of our country to-day if there were no trees? Do you not know that trees are life-giving because of the oxygen thrown out by their leaves? And do you not know that miniature plant life relies upon the life of the trees?

Then again, consider our country areas wherein erosion is causing so much trouble. Had our pioneers studied the future and not killed out so many of our valuable trees—had several belts, even, of green timber been allowed to remain here and there—there would have been no cause for such serious trouble to-day.

During the past years trees have been cut, ring-barked and killed without any thought of the future. So before ever attempting to destroy a tree of any kind—think well.—The Old Gardener.

Now it's
WARMER
give stodgy
foods a miss



Eat Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread—"the bread that lets your stomach travel light." It's made of the same good wheat as ordinary bread, but there's no unconverted starch in Vita-Weat to give you that stuffy, overfed feeling of starch-heaviness. Keep to Vita-Weat and stay in the swim this summer.

PEEK FREAN

Vita-Weat

CRISPBREAD

Asthma Cause Dissolved in 1 Day

Doctor's Prescription
Acts 3 Ways
To End Asthma

Do you wheeze, choke, strangle to sleep at night, and find that your vitality is sapped and your health ruined by Asthma or Bronchitis? If you are a victim of this dread disease, there is now hope of health and happiness for you in the prescription of a physician with 30 years' experience. This new prescription has brought freedom from Asthma to millions the world over who had despaired of ever again living a normal life.

3-Way Action Dissolves Cause

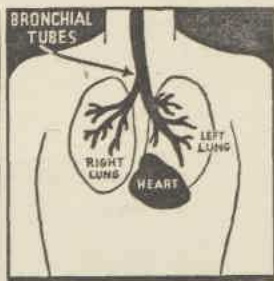
This physician's prescription, called Mendaco, is scientifically prepared and compounded to act directly in removing the true and underlying cause of choking, gasping, wheezing, Asthma. This is accomplished by its 3-way action. First, it liquefies and dissolves the mucus or phlegm that causes the choking and gasping. Second, it relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in the bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply and thus get the benefits of health-restoring air and oxygen in your lungs. Third, it promotes body vigour and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood. Thus Mendaco acts in a natural manner to overcome Asthma, restore sound, refreshing sleep, and actually makes you feel five to ten years younger.

Helps Millions

Millions of former sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis in all parts of the world are now enjoying vigorous health and sound sleep through the use of Mendaco. Sufferers who formerly had to sit up all night and others who had to take hypodermic injections are now able to work and enjoy life. Mendaco does not contain any narcotics or habit-forming drugs, yet it brings sound, restful sleep the very first night. This is because it acts to dissolve the cause of those terrible choking, gasping attacks of Asthma. Sufferers are high in their praises of Mendaco. For instance, Mr. W. G. D. Wilkinson, of Toronto, Canada, recently wrote: "I could hardly breathe and had to take injections of Adrenalin about every three hours to keep going. I was down to about 30 pounds. At last I tried Mendaco and now feel better than I have for four years and have not lost a day's work since starting Mendaco."

3-Minute Action

Dr. James Rastell, widely known scientist, physician, and surgeon of



London, England, recently stated: "I am happy to tell Asthma sufferers that the new prescription called Mendaco dissolves and removes the underlying cause of Asthma. Mendaco, through its 3-way action, offers real hope of health and normal life to those who are afflicted with this dread ailment. One of the ingredients in Mendaco starts circulating in the blood in three minutes and that is why this remarkable preparation so quickly brings freedom from those terrible choking, gasping, stranding spells. The average patient breathes freely and sleeps soundly the very first night, finds his appetite returning, and that he can eat normal food within the first two days, and a complete cessation of asthmatic symptoms by the end of the first week. I can conscientiously say that I consider Mendaco a boon to Asthma sufferers."

£2000 Guarantee

There is no need to suffer another day from terrible choking, gasping Asthma, because Mendaco is offered under a written guarantee that it must free you from your Asthma, make you feel years younger, stronger, and youthful alive, or you merely return the empty package and the small purchase price is refunded immediately without question or argument. Your word is final. This guarantee is backed by a fund of £2000 deposited with the leading banks of the world, such as: Bank of New South Wales; Westminister Bank, London, England; Canadian Bank of Commerce, St. Erie, North, Ont., Canada; and Bank of America, Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A. You can't afford to suffer another hour—you can't afford to waste time—you can't afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or drastic drugs. The longer you wait the more harm Asthma will do to your heart and body, and your life may be endangered. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescription Mendaco from your chemist today. £2000 guarantee protects you. 23733



LET US PLAN YOUR HOLIDAY FOR YOU

THESE are the things you want to know to plan a perfect holiday—and these are the things the Daily Telegraph Holiday Booking Bureau will be pleased to tell you concerning all the most desirable holiday resorts in N.E.W.I.

Locality, Name of Establishment, Proprietor, Tariff—Weekly—Daily—Week-End—Holiday, Number of Boarders Taken, Distance from Station, Menu, Facilities and Prices charged for Children, if catered for, Sewerage, Lighting, Sporting and Social Facilities available, and distance from same.

Write or call to-day—there is no charge or obligation.

DAILY TELEGRAPH HOLIDAY BOOKING BUREAU

99 PITT STREET (3 doors from Hunter St.) Phone: BW 3017



What's your handicap?

Maybe it's a husband or a son with a "difficult" appetite. But watch him with a few sandwiches of Peck's Anchovette or Salmon and Shrimp! And watch him carefully, because they disappear like lightning. No wonder people all say "Peck's when you're peckish."

**Peck's
ANCHOVETTE
FISH PASTE**

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

FURNISHING the NURSERY



ABOVE YOU SEE a very gay and colorful nursery designed for a little girl who some day hopes to be world famous as a pianist. Her adoring parents have copied Princess Elizabeth's piano. See it at left.

HOW lucky are the little people of to-day who possess their very own prettily-furnished rooms! And yet, all children should know the delights of a nursery.

Some would say that lack of forethought on the part of parents has deprived more little ones of this character-building background than actual lack of hard cash.

New Lamp Shades

QUILTED taffeta, old lace, off-white brocade are all being used for bedroom and drawing-room lamps in London homes. Even the modern overhead standard lamps have shades made of pastel, matt-surfaced brocades.

Rheumatism

QUESTIONS EVERY SUFFERER SHOULD ASK HIMSELF

Why do I suffer the agonising pains of Rheumatism? Why are MY joints painful and creaky? Why do MY muscles feel as though they are tied into knots?

There are thousands of other men and women of my age, who live in the same conditions as I do, yet they do not have to put up with this awful agony.

The answer is—

LOOK TO YOUR KIDNEYS

The kidneys are wonderful filters of the waste matter which is being constantly formed in the body. But if the kidneys get run-down through a chill, weakness, or as the result of some illness or over-indulgence, you soon become aware of something wrong. First, occasional pains shoot through the limbs, the back will ache, the urine will look muddy or otherwise discoloured. Later come pains in the joints and muscles.

So it is obvious that no real relief can come, until the cause of the impurities in the blood—improperly working of weak kidneys—is remedied.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially compounded to restore sick kidneys to health. Working gently but efficiently, they bring the kidneys back to health, reduce the inflammation, and so tone them up that they are able once again to do their work—remove the waste matter from the system—and your Rheumatism goes with it.

Not only do you lose those agonising and crippling pains, but you feel stronger, younger and more vigorous, because the poisons in your blood which were hampering your health, have been removed.

You owe it to yourself to take a course of—

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Reduced Prices: 3/- and 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. Quality always the same—the best ingredients that money can buy.



Weak Kidneys are allowing uric acid to accumulate.

If it is at all possible to wrest one room from the others and turn it into a happy nursery, do so.

With such a wealth of charming little pieces, such quaint and delightful fabrics, gaily-colored paints and lacquers, wall-papers and accessories, the job of furnishing a nursery should be a doubly-attractive one.

If you decide to paint the room, use glossy paint in soft yellow, blue, or palest green. Never use deep, sombre colors. They may not show up finger-marks, but they are oppressive. Children respond to light, colorful surroundings.

Most adorable friezes can be purchased very cheaply. These running round the room are a never-failing delight to the little ones.

One enterprising and energetic young mother designed an alphabetic frieze, story-book style, for her little one's nursery. Around the wall, at the four-year-old's eye-level, ran "A" for apple, "B" for bat, "C" for cat, and so on. Side by side with each letter of the alphabet was the picture of an apple, cricket bat, cat, etc. The child enjoyed the frieze untiringly; so did his little friends.

Gay Garden Scheme

ANOTHER idea in decorating was an old-fashioned garden scheme. The walls and ceiling were washed over with pale blue. The woodwork was painted a leaf-green. Small green rush mats covered the floor in front of the fireplace, and under the windows.

The flower garden consisted of all kinds of colored blossoms cut from oddments of floral wallpaper pasted directly on to the walls. They began just above the skirting board, and extended to a height of about three and a half feet.

These were roses, chrysanthemums, hollyhocks, sunflowers, and so on. The effect was very gay.

The simple furniture was painted green, and the curtains were made of holland.

If you do plan a nursery, do give earnest consideration to lighting. It should be bright, but not glaring. Table lamps are not to be considered.

A proper guard should also be provided for the fireplace when a fire glows in the grate on cold, wintry evenings.

Include shelves or cupboards for toys and books, and teach the little one to replace both and so keep both shelves and cupboards tidy. Even the toddler can be taught this.

LENTHERIC
PARIS

FOR

LIPSTICKS

Cocktail-proof — lasting — exquisitely flattering. These new lipsticks created by the master perfumer, Lenthéric. In seven smart shades that you will love, including the new Brick Red No. 6.



3/9 — REFILLS 2/6

LIPSTICKS

BY

LENTHERIC

FACE POWDER — COLOGNES — PERFUMES
ROUGES — NAIL POLISHES — L.I

ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realise my ambitions? What is my Lottery luck? Marriage? Travel? Finance? All Questions answered and full Reading for 2/6. Send P.M. birth-date, stamped addressed envelope. A. Mourr. Box 3477H, G.P.O. Sydney.

Beauty Treatment FOR YOUR SUPPER CLOTH WITH THIS RICH CROCHET



Here is napery that will delight the eye of every woman. Napkins and supper cloth in rich design of filet crochet. Such table linen is the perfect compliment to your guests. You can work these filet crochet designs quickly and easily. Get your copy of the instruction leaflet at your needlework shop... or send the coupon below.



COATS' Mercer CROCHET

COUPON

To Box No. 1694F, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic.
No. 1140F, G.P.O., Brisbane, Qld.
No. N1099, G.P.O., Perth, W.A.
No. 2373H, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.
No. 184C, G.P.O., Adelaide, S.A.
No. 133 To Ann, Wellington, N.Z.

I enclose 2d. in stamps for one copy of "Supper Cloth" leaflet, 6s. Post free.

Name _____

Address _____

20.11.37 MC4R

Look on the Sunny Side of Life from a GAY SUN-ROOM

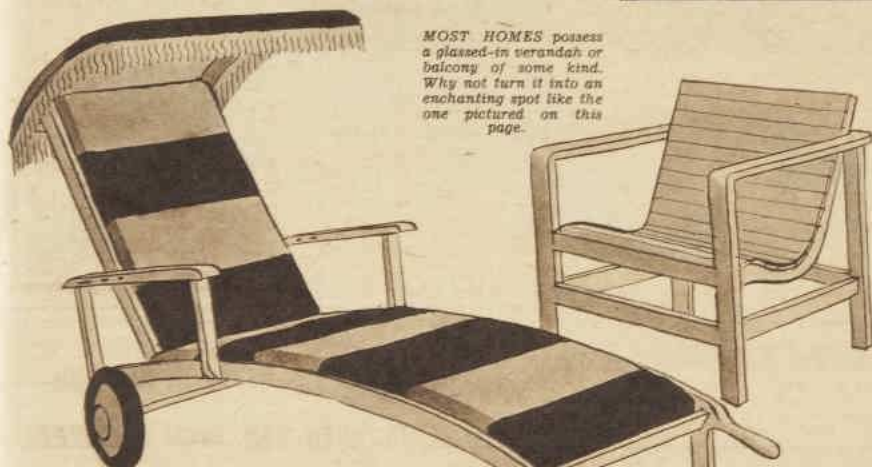
... Or turn that little-used verandah or balcony into a happy spot where summertime meals can be thoroughly enjoyed.

TO-DAY'S sun porch or outdoor living room can be as gay and colorful as you like. It's the one place where you can forget all the rules and let yourself go on the furnishing.

So, if you've been taking your verandah or balcony more or less for granted, just haven't been making the most of it—take stock. Plan to make it a place where even grey days will become gay days. Let it shine in the role of breakfast-room, play-room for the children, or outdoor living and dining room.



MOST HOMES possess a glassed-in verandah or balcony of some kind. Why not turn it into an enchanting spot like the one pictured on this page.



MANY of our homes possess semi-enclosed verandahs or porches similar to the gay porch of "The House of Dreams" shown on this page.

And these, with their vividly striped or patterned awnings, are so picturesquely attractive to the passer-by. You wonder just how these little spots are furnished; whether they are used much, whether the most has been made of them.

If you've been neglecting verandah porch or balcony because it's overlooked by the neighbors, try out a wall of new glass bricks—if you can afford it. This glass gives warmth in winter, coolness in summer, and offers year-round comfort with filtered light and privacy. On the other hand, consider glass, or even gay blinds.

Diversity and Charm

THERE are, of course, countless ways of furnishing this porch or verandah in order to make an admirable setting for summertime dining and living.

You can buy such charmingly varied designs in cane furniture to-day. Some of it is as smart as anything ever made overseas. You can also get lovely upholstered wicker suites.

But if funds do not permit of luxurious-looking suites, buy a few natural-colored cane chairs, a lounge and a table, and paint them as vividly colorful as you like.

When buying, however, disregard the flimsy, tawdry sort of wicker articles. They so quickly become a

TO-DAY, you can buy the most colorful, attractively designed and upholstered furniture for sun-room or verandah. If you cannot afford such, you can get natural cane or wood furniture and paint or lacquer it yourself.

menace to the unwary visitor. Select those suggesting strength and comfort—and freedom from meaningless decoration. Given a fresh coat of paint or lacquer occasionally they will last indefinitely.

Perhaps you have a few faded-looking chairs. These can be transformed with paint into most cheerful and inviting looking pieces.

A lounge or divan of some sort is indispensable. The tired housewife and the business-girl or man would be tempted more often to rest a while if one graced your attractive sun-room.

Grass or fibre rugs may cover the floor—any covering you consider most suitable to your room.

Light white-wood chairs you buy from any furniture store are necessary if you adopt the healthful habit of using verandah or porch for dining purposes. They can be painted or lacquered to match the main color used in your gay color scheme. The table, of course, must also be painted the same color.

And do not, in furnishing your room, overlook the immense help and divine comfort derived from a host of gay cushions. But cover them with sun-fast and wash-fast fabrics.

Make of it, too, a place full of charm with growing things in gay colored window-boxes.

In your planning, keep in mind the grey days of autumn and winter. Make it a year-round room if you can—a room where grey days become gay days.



Wake up and LIVE



Say good-bye to Headaches, Nerve Pains, Fatigue, Stomach Troubles, Dyspepsia, Hangover, "Morning after" Feeling, etc! At the first sign of trouble drink a glass of sparkling SALDA SELTZER. Supplies IN A PLEASANT, NEW FORM the alkalising agents your system needs and MUST HAVE if it is to fight successfully the excess acid conditions which are the real cause of your trouble. Contains also proven pain relieving analgesics that banish headaches, relieve nerve pains, and nip colds in the bud. FASTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE YOU MAY HAVE TRIED. All chemists and stores. Trial size 6d. Regular size 1/3. "Economy" size 2/3.

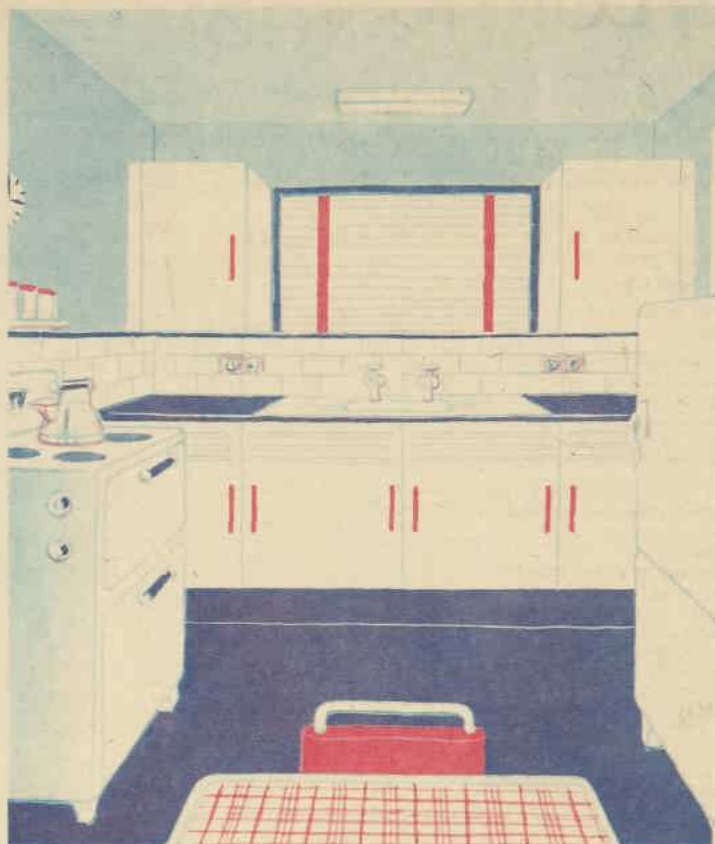
BE WISE. ALKALISE WITH SALDA Seltzer

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:
AMALGAMATED DRUG & COSMETIC CORPORATION PTY. LTD., SYDNEY.



THE COLORFUL BATHROOM shown above is fruitful of inspiration for every homeowner. At right, the most important room in "The House of Dreams"—the spotless, well-designed and efficiently-equipped kitchen.

Modern Planning



TWO ESSENTIALS OF THE MODERN HOME
ELECTRIC COOKING . . . ELECTRIC HOT WATER

Design

FOR BETTER LIVING

TO install any but an electric range and electric hot water system in the home of to-day is to fall short of the ideal. Whether kitchen equipment be regarded from the standpoint of modernity, appearance, convenience or economy, facilities for electric cooking and water heating are the inevitable choice of the thoughtful and thrifty home designer.

In order to assist in the economical modernisation of Sydney homes, the Sydney County Council now makes approved Electric Ranges and Electric Water Storage Heaters available to its customers on a basis of NO DEPOSIT AND FIVE YEARS TERMS. In the case of Electric Ranges the cost of installation (up to an amount of £5) is borne by the Sydney County Council, and all secondary kilowatt hours of electricity used are supplied at a 30 PER CENT. REDUCED RATE.



THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL
ELECTRICITY
UNDERTAKING

QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDINGS, GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

Now We Show You:

THE KITCHEN — a model of up-to-date efficiency, and
THE BATHROOM — smartly modern in design and equipment

IN the ideal home of to-day the kitchen has become the focal point of interest and the scene of new improvements of every kind.

But, sad to say, the pathetic kitchen still exists where the housewife will go from day to day in the same tracks wearing herself out, and not realising that a little money and a little planning would rid her of drudgery.

OF course, there are hundreds who do not own their own homes and as a consequence feel forced to put up with more or less drab-colored and ill-equipped workshops.

Even so, a few pots of paint and a brush (and goodness knows, these cost little enough to-day) can, in energetic hands, work wonders with the most uninspiring kitchen.

Changing your kitchen into the kitchen you would like to have is probably impossible of attainment all at once, but your final result will be much more satisfactory if in the beginning you work to a definite plan, considering seriously your future needs. Then as improvements become possible, make them according to the plan of the kitchen you hope to have.

It stands to reason that every touch which tends to make a kitchen more hygienic and every addition in modern equipment must add to the general contentment and happiness of the family.

The kitchen pictured above follows closely the principles of good kitchen arrangement. It is compact, with plenty of cupboard and drawer space, it is free of non-essentials, and is well equipped. The color scheme is only suggestive.

Brighter Bathrooms

NOT so very many years ago a bathroom contained nothing more than tub, a peg for hanging up towels, and perhaps an old kitchen chair.

What a striking contrast to those badly-planned, poorly-equipped affairs are the colorful and luxurious bathrooms of to-day.

In some of the more pretentious homes bathrooms outdo every other room in exotic design and lavish equipment.

The smart and well-equipped bathroom pictured above is by no means extravagant in design. It is simply planned, but, at the same time, thoughtfully planned.

Notice the position of mirrored shaving cabinet between the two windows with washbasin below. This is the correct position for shaving purposes — adequate light above running water. The shower "curtain" is an idea worth copying for medium-sized bathrooms where expense has to be considered. This is to be preferred to the ordinary type of curtain and is, of course, cheaper than a separate shower-cabinet or room.

ROMANCE of Australian Woman Who is LONDON'S MAYORESS

Destiny Took Her From Goldfields to Highest Honor in World's Greatest Capital

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

As romantic as the story of Dick Whittington is the story of Lady Twyford, the slim and charming Australian who is now Lady Mayoress of the world's greatest capital, London, and virtual ruler of London society.

Her story runs like this: From Adelaide to the Kalgoorlie goldfields, then to London, back to Adelaide to marry in 1900, return to London, Adelaide, London again — and then this wonderful new honor, which has her slightly awed and terribly thrilled. It is the first time an Australian woman has ruled in this sphere, with its important social dignities.

LAST week London's social elect attended the Lord Mayor's banquet, and were impressed by the unaffected, capable way in which the Lady Mayoress carried off one of the year's most distinguished occasions.

For the first time in history, as far as the chroniclers can determine, an Australian is Lady Mayoress of London.

Lady Twyford, wife of the newly-elected Lord Mayor, Sir Harry Twyford, is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Honey, shipping and timber merchant of Adelaide.

Since she left Australia she has only seen her birthplace, Woodville, near Adelaide, twice.

But she is still so typically Australian that she might have arrived only yesterday from "down under."

She returned to Woodville the first time to marry Mr. Harry Twyford, of

the Eastern Cable Service, whom she had met in Hongkong.

Her next visit was two years ago, when she took her daughter Ennis to be introduced to her Australian relatives.

There are a great number of these, as Lady Twyford was the eldest of a family of nine. The youngest, Mr. Charles Honey, lives near Sydney and journeyed to town early every morning to breakfast with Lady Twyford and her daughter while they were in Sydney.

Reminder of Home

SIR HARRY TWYFORD was born in Wimbledon, and he still lives in the district in Possil House, a lovely home full of large rooms and sunshine, old china and family heirlooms, and set in a glorious garden which is the pride of Sir Harry's heart.

Seated in her lovely drawing-room, with its cream walls and cabinet of priceless china and ivories, with a china kangaroo looking down at us from a shelf, Lady Twyford talked



CLOSE UP study of Lady Twyford, who is London's Lady Mayoress.

about her plans and the lovely frocks which she and her maids of honor chose for the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall on November 9.

"The loveliest thing that has happened since I knew my husband was to be this year's Lord Mayor, happened when the Mayor of Woodville cabled to congratulate us," she said. "I was delighted about it. I think it was so very nice of him."

I asked her about hobbies. "I haven't any—or any pet charities," she said. "I'm just a home woman. I love entertaining my friends and I love having young people round me."

"I have concentrated all my life on trying to make my family happy. We keep a pram here for grandchildren, of which there are three, and we like to feel that one of their greatest treats is a day at Possil House."

"My son Richard, to whom the grandchildren belong, lives only a short distance away, and Ennis, my daughter of twenty, lives at home."

"One of my greatest delights is cooking. Come and see my private kitchen which we call 'The Den.'"

I followed her down the hall and saw what looked like a pleasant sitting-room with cream walls and



THE LORD MAYOR and his daughter, Ennis, play snooker. Ennis visited Australia two years ago to be introduced to her relatives here.

cupboards everywhere . . . mostly full of stores. Behind a scrapbook screen was the workmanlike electric stove, and in another cupboard was sink, plate rack and draining-board.

Daughter's Delight

"THIS room belongs to my daughter now," said Lady Twyford. "I never thought that Ennis would inherit my taste for cooking, but before she was eighteen she had insisted on having a proper course of instruction at night school."

"She paid 10/- for her lessons and has always been very delighted because she won 5/- back as a prize for icing a Christmas cake."

"My own gown for the banquet was

pale gold lame with an embossed pattern of daisies picked out in gold and topaz beads. The three-yard train of the same material was lined with deep fuchsia-colored velvet."

The six adult maids-of-honor at the Lord Mayor's banquet included her daughter, Ennis, Joyce Downer who is related to the Downer family, of Adelaide, Mary Miles, of West Australia, and Vera Blackburn, daughter of the famous Sydney surgeon, Sir Bickerton Blackburn.

Lady Twyford is slim, active, and vivacious. She is charming and natural, with a sense of humor and an Australian lack of "side."

She loves the garden, but never does more in it than weeding, because her husband regards it as his exclusive domain.

DECIDE NOW

AND MAKE THAT 'SOMETIME' MACHINE A REALITY TODAY.
For 2/6 Weekly you can have what we believe to be the best family sewing machine in Australia.

10/- DEP., 2'6 W'KLY

The "New Century Ace" is now available in a newly designed cabinet of figured Queensland Walnut and costs no more than before!

£18'18'.

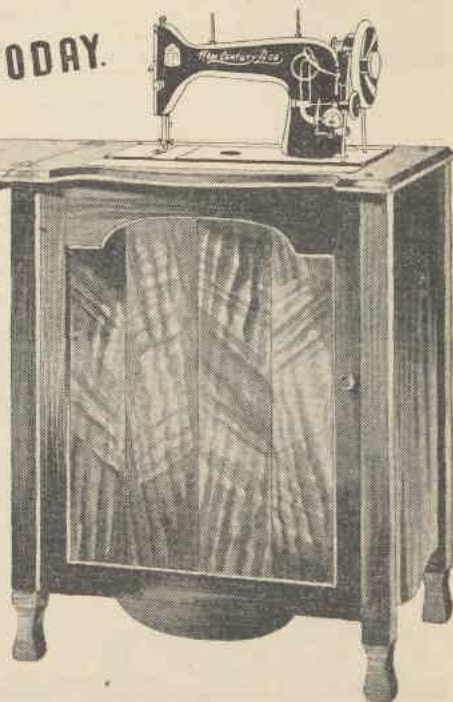
TRADE IN YOUR OLD MACHINE

Here's a sewing machine that will give you a lifetime of trouble-free sewing. The New Improved "New Century Ace" has proved itself to be the ideal machine for the home dressmaker. Both in price and workmanship it represents the best value in Australia today. Now . . . this machine, the most modern and reliable you can buy, is available in a newly designed cabinet of figured Queensland Walnut . . . at no extra cost! Ask for free home demonstration. Phone M 4101 or mail coupon for particulars.

• We pack and deliver free to your nearest wharf or Railway Station in N.S.W.

Study these plain facts about this built to last a lifetime sewing machine

- Sews backwards and forwards without removing material.
- Complete with full set of attachments, including Ruffler and Tuck-maker, and all you require to add that dainty and attractive finish to your frocks.
- Spare parts guaranteed available for your lifetime.
- Automatic shuttle ejector and bobbin winder.
- Counterbalanced shuttle carrier and ball-bearing treadle gives smooth and silent running.
- Automatic tension release and cotton cutter.
- Definitely built to last a lifetime.



MARCUS CLARK'S

→ POST COUPON NOW FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

MARCUS CLARK & CO. LTD., "THE BIG STORE," CENTRAL SQUARE, SYDNEY
Please post me, without obligation, full particulars of the £18'18' New Improved "New Century Ace" machine.

Name _____ Address _____

IT'S WENDY... IN THAT
LOVELY NEW CAR...
AND LOOKING HEAVENLY!



HER HUSBAND SPENDS
POUNDS ON HER... AND
SHE WON'T HAVE ANY FACE
POWDER BUT REVELRY,
THE SHILLING BOX!

Goodness yes! We used to pay such a lot for face powder.... And never looked half as lovely as Wendy.... No wonder he fell in love with her. No wonder she says she'll always use Revelry. Me, too. And me! I think for my wedding I'll wear silvery satin....



Now
IN THE NEW
1/-
BOX

Money cannot buy a softer, smoother, more clinging face powder than Revelry, the "balanced" powder. Most others are either too light to cling or so heavy they cake and turn "doughy", but Revelry goes through 3 extra processes to achieve the perfect balance between smoothness and clinging quality.

Hidden danger in harsh Face Powder
Two face powders may look much alike to the naked eye—but what a difference under the microscope! That's the test that shows up the splintery, jagged particles in other powders compared with the smooth, even rounded grains of Revelry. Beware of these harsh powders that slowly but surely ruin your skin—use Revelry because you know it's smooth and safe.

REVELRY
the Exclusive "BALANCED"
FACE POWDER
J. & E. Atkinson Pty. Ltd.

DIAMOND'S

BLOOD TONIC ★ SKIN and ECZEMA SOAP



Be Lovely to Look At!

Ensure a perfect skin by taking Diamond's Blood Tonic and using Diamond's Skin and Eczema Soap.

Recommended by Leading Doctors and sold by All Chemists

SYDNEY CHEMIST'S AMAZING SUCCESSES

Hundreds of readers throughout Australia write praising in the highest terms the skill of Mr. R. Richard Diamond, the well-known chemist of Bondi, whose successful treatment of long-standing skin diseases is a high tribute to his knowledge of dermatology.



Complaints treated personally and by post include Dandruff and all scalp complaints, ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, GERM UNDER NAIL, ULCERS, TINEA, ACNE, BOILS, PIMPLES, PRURITUS, VARICOSE VEINS, etc. A diagnosis is obtainable without obligation by writing to
Mr. R. RICHARD DIAMOND, M.P.S., Ph.C.

New Address: 22W, Rawson Place, Sydney, and at Bondi. Phone MA8047

BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

*It's the Tote That Needs a
Course of Slimming,
Not the Lady Punters!*

By BETTY GEE

Girls, do you want to know how to make racing pay?

Well, get the stable "oil" by arranging with the trainer to back his horse for him, order the celebrating dinner at the most fashionable city inn, ride out de luxe with a liveried chauffeur, and pay 12/6 admission—and then put 5/- on the Tote.

You will be able to do all that soon, for the Premier of New South Wales has promised us a 5/- Tote.

NO doubt, Mr. Stevens has preferred this sop to the Husbands and Sweethearts' Association to reduce the drain on housekeeping funds. Ten shilling bets on a seven or eight-race programme left nothing for the butcher and the milkman.

Well, I suppose that's all right for people who bet in pin money, but I don't see how it can possibly benefit a leviathan like myself.

When I win I want something like a Paris model to show for it.

A 5/- Tote might satisfy some women, and even some of the cowards among men punters.

But why not make it 2/-? On the flat on Adelaide courses there are 2/- Totes, and don't they rush them! They have night trots in Perth and Adelaide, too, where you can bet 2/- at a time.

If you can only manage to pick a placed horse in every race you spend the evening squeezed up in queues between fat men and skinny women or vice versa. You might as well join the Eight-Hour movement and get in the procession straight away.

Dividing the Spoils

YOU can put half-crowns on the Tote at some of the Victorian courses in the cheaper enclosures, too. But in the legalised betting shops of Adelaide, they even accept shilling bets.

Of course that would be of no avail as far as I am concerned. They're not allowed to bet with anyone under 21.

But actually, my dears, this reduction of the Tote betting unit isn't going to benefit you and me so much. It means that when we go to the races with a team of giggling, haggling dividend hunters, the 5/- will cut up into ninepences a head, and they will be able to stand up to a day's continual loss for 4/6 (plus tax).

Even now, if you get enough to join your party, you can still wheedle sufficient to make up a 10/- ticket for each race.

The trouble starts when you back a winner. Then you have to remember that Mrs. Jones had 1/3 of it, Mrs. Smith 1/5, Mrs. Brown 1/1, etc., and it takes a senior wrangler to work out the cut-up and even then he'd be wrong.

If they'd let me keep the fractions I'd be treasurer.

Costly Fractions

That's what the Government and some of the clubs do—keep the fractions. And that's my grievance against the Tote.

Supposing there is a pool of £1000 on a race, and tickets sold to winning backers number 432. Those Tote officials work it out to the nearest 6d, and keep the difference. It must mean hundreds of pounds a race they take from us backers of winners.

But wait a minute. That's not all.

If you put £1 on a horse, the moment you hand it to the clerk at the window you're no longer having the £1 on the horse.

Devilish Torture with Rheumatism

"I suffered absolute torture from Rheumatism," writes Mr. J. R. Johnson, Post Office, Buchanan, N.H.W., "but since your wonderful remedy was recommended to me by Mrs. M. J. Whitehead, I can truthfully say I am a new man." R.U.R. Rheumatic Remedy is sold with genuine money-back guarantee certificate by All Branches of W. H. Soul, Pattinson & Co., all Chemists and Morans and CRO'S STORES. Ask for FREE Booklet.

No, my dears, it's reduced in that moment of transfer to approximately 17/-, so if the horse starts at 3 to 1 you win 51/- from the Tote instead of the 60/- you would collect from the bookie.

Taxes and fractions take that 3/- in the £, the Government 9 per cent., the club 3 1/2 per cent., and the fractions make up the other 2 1/2 per cent.

What a lot of sticky fingers there!

are in this racing business that so much disappears out of our funds when we go for a day's sport.

If I were standing for Parliament my battle cry would be "Reduce Taxes and racing taxation and let a poor woman punter get a fair living out of racing." I'd get some votes, too.

Victoria is a shining example of the importance of this factor in racing. The "take" from a Tote bet is only 10/- per cent over all. That and the fact that you can bet win place on every course bolsters up the Tote turnover, and a fair divvy is the result.

Tips for Warwick

IF you try to bet with the Tote Sydney's little courses you'll be back every placed horse on the day and you wouldn't win enough to buy a saveloy and roll, let alone go to a head waiter's domain.

Oh, and that reminds me! The head waiter's tip for Warwick Farm next Saturday is Sturdice. A good thing, he whispers.

And since I've got back from Melbourne I've had Sweet Brigade for the Novice from the florist girl. I don't know anything about the form because I've been away so long, but that doesn't matter—they say "Mug for luck," don't they?

Jovial Son for the November Handicap, and that's the ice-man's selection, and if it doesn't win I'll be looking for a flat with a refrigerator.



**NOW...in a single
Utility Tablet**

CONVENIENT SIZE FOR LAUNDRY, KITCHEN AND BATH

LOVELY, USEFUL
FREE GIFTS FOR
SIREN CROSSES



**Hemstitched
PILLOWSLIP**

21 x 31 1/2 inches, nicely
finished and long-wearing. Save
36 Blue Crosses (from 36
utility tablets or 9 large bars of
Siren Soap).



**White or Coloured
BATH TOWEL**

Genuine White Admiralty or
fully coloured. Bath Towel,
46 x 23 inches, save 46 Blue
Crosses (from 46 utility tablets
or 12 large bars of Siren Soap).



**Pure Irish Linen
GLASSCLOTH**

23 x 32 inches, will wear and
wash, save 24 Blue Crosses
(from 24 utility tablets or 6
large bars of Siren Soap).

Now you can buy Siren Soap in two sizes—the usual four-tablet bar or the new single tablet. The new tablet is a convenient size for handling and economical to buy. If you are not already a Siren user, try one of these Utility tablets. See what a difference Siren makes—how much easier the clothes are washed spotlessly, sweetly clean with its "EXTRA-SOAPY SUDS"

And you can be quite certain that your hands will always keep soft and smooth if you use Siren—it's made from only the very finest oils, and so, of course, is an excellent bath soap, too. Try it.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Take your crosses to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send for your gift cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with crosses addressed to Lintas Free Gift Depot, Box 4267 Y.G.P.O., Sydney.

Do not send a letter but use Printed Form

Name _____ (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address _____

Enclosed _____ Crosses

Put a cross against the gift you require.

☐ Pillowslip ☐ White Bath Towel

☐ Glasscloth ☐ Coloured Bath Towel

L. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

22/34

MR. FITCH'S Busy DAY

"O H, Mr. Fitch," he had said casually. "This is a sample of a new lure I've had sent to me. Looks rather good. Would you care to try it and let me know what you think of it? Perhaps red is your lucky color."

And since that day the prawn had lain in the tackle bag, untried. It was a beautifully-made bait with a celluloid body and very realistic and flexible antennae, and the whole thing, with the exception of the beady black eyes, was stained a brightly aggressive red. Mr. Fitch glanced up at the sun sliding slowly down the western sky. In an hour or so dusk would be gathering in the hollows about the river, but there was no reason why he should not have the last half-dozen casts without which no angler's day is complete. He slipped the Webley back into the bag and attached the prawn to the stout salmon-gut trace.

Then he moved downstream to the deep pool beneath the alders and began to fish, spacing his casts carefully so that the sixth and final throw would fall right across the narrow head of the pool where the white water came boiling in through the boulders. If there was one spot in the whole Arrow where a salmon might lie, then this was it. Now for it! He made his last cast, paused just long enough to let the bait sink well down and then commenced to reel in. . . . Now the prawn was approaching the fatal spot. . . . now passing right over it. . . . now. . . . No; nothing doing. Not a—phut! Instinctively, Mr. Fitch raised the tip of his rod and drove the hooks home as the line went suddenly taut. He was into something!

It was nearly forty minutes from the first hooking of the salmon before Mr. Fitch brought the epic struggle to a close. Deftly underling the huge landing-net, he slipped it into the water and hauled the huge fish up the bank. He was bathed in perspiration and trembling like a drug addict, but one thing remained to be done before he could relax. With nervous haste he pulled out his spring balance and weighed the catch, staring with popping eyes at the tell-tale pointer. Thirty and one-quarter pounds! With a huge, shuddering sigh Mr. Fitch sank down on the bank. Then he pulled the flat bottle from his hip pocket and drank—long and deep. . . .

Some time later a heavily-laden figure plodded towards through the twilight.

Mr. Fitch was seeking an audience. He moved with slow and deliberate strides, but for all his care there was something erratic about the way in which his feet thumped the ground. This was due partly to his liden condition and partly, it is heard, to a certain haziness produced by the impact of a noggin of the whisky on a not-too-full stomach.

By and by he became aware of noise and lights in the distance; some sort of fair was being held on the outskirts of the town. The very thing, thought Mr. Fitch. Here, surely, would be noisy, merry people only too pleased to listen to his story and to congratulate him on his great achievement.

HE altered his course and tacked unsteadily towards the lights.

As he drew near to the fair something moving at the foot of a nearby oak tree caught Mr. Fitch's eye, and he paused to peer into the shadows. And there, leaning at him round the tree trunk, was quite the ugliest little urchin he had ever seen! Dear me! thought Mr. Fitch, what a repulsive little chap. There's something almost bestial about those bright eyes and. . . . He recoiled with a cry of horror, for the urchin had stepped suddenly from behind the tree—and it had a tail!

"Whisky!" roared Mr. Fitch. "It's the whisky!" And feared for his sanity, for the thing was unmistakably thumbing its nose in his direction.

But his tottering reason was saved from complete collapse by a further interruption. A man came running from the direction of the fair, pausing every few yards to make encouraging noises through pursed lips and to call:

"Annie! Pretty Annie! Come back to Peter, Annie, love. . . . Blast yer!"

Then Mr. Fitch saw the light. This thing was no creature of his whisky-soaked brain; it was merely a monkey escaped from the circus. Spurred into action by this comforting realization, Mr. Fitch sprang to the rescue, Annie, pausing just long

enough to thumb her nose at the latest arrival, was making for the lower branches of the oak, but she reckoned without the resourceful angler. A huge landing-net swished through the air and an instant later a highly-incensed monkey was being restored to the arms of her keeper.

"Thanks, mister," panted the man. "Gosh! That was right smart. Useful thing, that net. How'd yer like to lend it to me for a minute? They's blasted animals runnin' all over the country!"

"No," said Mr. Fitch firmly. "Never part with this net. . . . never! But I'll catch your animals for you. Catch anything with this net, C'mon!"

Flourishing his net like a banner, he hurried towards the lights and the crowds of shrieking people.

"Monkeys started it," panted his companion. "Got loose just before the show started. . . . all over the place. . . . opened some of the other cages and let half the blasted animals out. Hope the blasted tigers is all right, because. . . ." He stopped with a gasp and faded away to carry on blasting operations elsewhere.

Then Mr. Fitch saw the tigress, and realised that she was not "all right"—she was loose. She was quite the largest and angriest tigress Mr. Fitch had ever seen, and she appeared to be debating just which of the badly-scared spectators to attack. She crouched and snarled and lashed the ground with her tail, while people rushing madly for safety became hopelessly involved with those rushing even more madly to get a better view of the fun.

BUT help was at hand. An exquisite young gentleman attired in a velvet jacket, extravagant riding-breeches and leggings, thrust his way through the crowd. In one hand he carried a huge whip and in the other a tiny nickel-plated revolver, which he now discharged into the air.

"Hup!" barked the hero sternly.

"Hup! Zita! Hup!" The whip cracked more loudly than the revolver as he advanced on the snarling tigress. For an instant fear showed in Zita's rolling eyes, and the crowd pressed forward confidently. Then, without warning, the tigress charged.

The velvet-clad hero flung himself backwards and saved his face, but a beautifully-timed right hook took him full in the chest. Pearl buttons and shreds of velvet filled the air as he did a back somersault and went skittering through the dust on his shoulder-blades.

"By Jove!" breathed Mr. Fitch, and suddenly realised that he was alone in the middle of a vast open space. No; not quite alone. There was Zita, now thoroughly alarmed and therefore dangerous, and there was also a little girl who had apparently been knocked down and left by the stampeding crowd.

The tigress eyed Mr. Fitch malevolently for a moment and then decided to play for safety and pick on someone nearer her own size. With a snarl of fury she advanced upon the little girl.

Whether the child was really in danger, or whether the beast only chose that direction as a possible avenue of escape will never be known, for at that moment Mr. Fitch intervened.

"Hup!" he cried as he sprang forward. "Hup! Zita!"

Then he smote gallily at the tigress' head with his beloved landing-net!

For one awful fraction of a split second the absurd scene impressed itself indelibly on Mr. Fitch's brain. There he was, aided and abetted by one noggin of neat whisky, at one end of the net, and at the other, with her head jammed in the bag and the net ring fitting snugly round her neck. . . . Zita! Mr. Fitch tightened his grip on the handle and closed his eyes. And the tigress went stark, raving mad!

The angler had a fleeting impression of sailing through the air and then a very definite notification that he had landed on his head. Clinging grimly to the net, he was dragged rapidly over the rough ground on his back. Then, for a change, he was dragged over even rougher ground on his face. This treatment continued for some time, being varied occasionally by brief periods during which he was rolled

Continued from Page 5

violently over and over and became helplessly involved with a huge ball of snarling, splitting fur. A sudden jolt forced one of Mr. Fitch's eyes open just long enough for him to see men running with ropes, poles and much netting. But he couldn't hang on much longer. . . . he really couldn't. . . . Once more his head crashed stunningly against the ground, and all the lights of the circus exploded with a blinding flash right between his eyes. . . .

By and by the roaring and thumping in his head subsided and Mr. Fitch opened his

eyes and looked about him. He was reclining in an armchair in a small room so well and tastefully furnished that it was a caravan, and on the table right under his somewhat groggy gaze were the salmon and the remains of his fishing tackle.

"All right," said a voice. "He's coming round. You others can clear out now."

Standing over Mr. Fitch was a burly, red-faced man with twinkling grey eyes.

"Hullo!" he said. "I'm Collett. This is my show—Collett's Colossal Circus, y'know. How do you feel, Mr. . . . ?"

Please turn to Page 58

ADELYN ADELYN ADELYN

FOR STYLE AND DISTINCTION

Coats, Frocks, Suits.

WHITE MANUFACTURING CO.

Flinders Lane Melbourne

The New PEPSODENT

alone contains IRIUM which thrillingly steps-up lustre on teeth



BECAUSE OF IRIUM. . .
Pepsodent contains NO GRIT, NO PUMICE.
— Utterly Safe!
BECAUSE OF IRIUM. . .
Pepsodent contains NO SOAP. . . NO CHALK. Gently floats film away, instead of scrubbing it off.
— Utterly Thorough!
BECAUSE OF IRIUM. . .
Pepsodent tones up gums and promotes free flowing saliva.
— Utterly Refreshing!
Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

DOUBLE THE THRILL or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

If Pepsodent doesn't show up any other tooth paste you ever used . . . bar none!

You can't hope to get the same results with powder or paste that your dentist gets when he cleans your teeth. So we say, see your dentist twice a year, but use Pepsodent twice a day. The new Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM, the spectacular new lustre discovery. It works on a totally new principle. It FLOATS-AWAY film on teeth with a wonderfully swift and gentle action!

The new Pepsodent, because it contains IRIUM, thrillingly steps-up lustre on teeth, yet is doubly safe because it contains no pumice, no grit! Doubly delightful because it contains no chalk, no soap! Knowing the first tooth paste to contain IRIUM would make old fashioned even the best known brands, many tried to get this wonderful discovery, but—

The New PEPSODENT alone contains IRIUM

The New Pepsodent gives far greater value than any ordinary tooth paste—it alone contains IRIUM. IRIUM is the secret of its amazing polishing power, its phenomenal cleansing action, and the reason why it gives teeth double lustre with double safety.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

THE 2/- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

THE PEPSODENT CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD. INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

To introduce the new Pepsodent Tooth Paste, containing IRIUM, we make this offer.

Try it. And if in your opinion the New Pepsodent Tooth Paste does not give you Double the thrill, Double the safety and Double the delight of any tooth paste you ever used—bar none—we will give you Double your money back.

Just post the partially used tube to The Pepsodent Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, and we will send you double what you paid plus postage.

VERIFY EVERYTHING WITH YOUR DENTIST



High-Polish Your Teeth—FREE

This coupon entitles you to a free generous supply of the new Super-Soft High-Polish Pepsodent Tooth Paste. Just mail to the Pepsodent Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Dept. 7, Box 488G, Melbourne, C.I.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

20 727-28

Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH With Real Comfort

PASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little PASTEETH on your plates. Get it today at any good chemist (2 sizes). But be careful to avoid substitutes.

WARNING

The public is to be warned against the use of ordinary bicarb or cooking soda for medicinal purposes. The safe and simple remedy for Indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Heartburn and Stomach Ailments is Pure TWIN SODA. It gives instant relief. Obtainable from all chemists at 1/6 or 2/9 per extra large packet.

"FITCH is the name, William Fitch. And I feel fine." The gentleman of leisure, ignoring the fact that his body was one vast ache and that his old tweed suit was nothing but a tattered and dirty ruin, strove to appear unconcerned. "Thanks for looking after my fish," he added.

Collett let out a roar of laughter that seemed to split Mr. Fitch's head from crown to chin.

"Ha! That's good! Thank you for looking after my tigers, you mean. Gosh! man, there aren't many people who can boast of catching a tigers and a salmon in the same evening. And what a salmon! I'm a bit of an angler myself, but I'd give my left arm to be able to brag about a fish like that. Here, let me fix up a couple of drinks and then you can tell me all about it."

He juggled expertly with decanter

MR. FITCH'S *Busy* DAY

Continued from Page 57

"You're a lucky man, Mr. Fitch," said Collett, becoming suddenly very serious. "A very lucky man. And goodness only knows how I shall ever repay you for what you did to-night. We've been having rather a run of bad luck during the last few days, and if you hadn't been on the scene to-night... why, anything might have happened! One of the side-shows was burned out on Monday, and on Wednesday I caught my cashier-cum-secretary doing funny tricks with the petty cash and had to fire him. And now... this. Why, man, if that tigers had run amok and mauled anyone to-night it might have cost me thousands... thousands! Have a cigar?"

"BUT," he continued sadly, when the blue smoke was curling upwards, "I'll never be able to repay you for it... never! Now, if you were a working man I could just slip you a tenner and call it straight. But I can't very well do that to you, can I? Ha! ha! No!"

Mr. Fitch dismissed the matter with a genial wave of his cigar. "Tut! tut! It was nothing. I got quite a lot of fun out of tackling that tigers, and if I did happen to do you a small service at the same time I'm very pleased. But there's no point in making a song about it."

"But I am making a song about it," replied Collett heartily. "You ruined your clothes and your landing-net and risked your life in my interests to-night, and I'm determined to do something about it. Now look here. I'm a keen angler, as I said before, and wherever this show of mine goes up and down the country, I'm on the lookout for good fishing, likely stretches of water, decent clubs to join and so on. During the last ten years I must have fished half the trout and salmon rivers in the British Isles, and I guess I can always put my hand on some really first-class sport. Now what do you say to joining me for a day or two? You appear to be a gentleman of leisure and, if you have nothing special in view for the next few days, you and I could nip around in my car and sample some of the finest fishing in the land. What do you say?"

For a while Mr. Fitch said nothing, but he considered the proposition with great care. He liked this big, jovial man with the twinkling eyes, and a few days' fishing in his company would be a delightful experience. But Mr. Fitch was thinking of something else, something far more important than a few days' angling.

"It certainly sounds very attractive," he admitted, "and I have no particular engagements for the next few days. In fact," he continued, thinking of the cashier-cum-secretary who had been fired, and scattering ground-bait with a liberal hand, "I have done practically nothing but fish and shoot since I gave up the chief cashier's post at Ballwin-British over two years ago."

"Chief cashier, eh?" Collett's eyes twinkled more keenly than ever as the cunningly-thrown bait lured him on. "I'll bet that was interesting

work. But don't you ever get just a little tired of doing nothing, Mr. Fitch? Do you never feel that you'd like a little congenial employment to keep you out of mischief for a few hours each day? Something, for instance, like that fellow Blackmore was doing before I had to fire him. Now there was a man who didn't know when he was well off. Interesting work that an intelligent man could polish off in a few hours. A beautifully-fitted caravan, a good salary and a fine, healthy, roving life. But instead of spending his spare time on some reasonable hobby like fishing, he had to start playing the horses and getting into debt. So I had to sack him. A great pity, because heaven only knows how I'm going to replace him."

Mr. Fitch's heart was thumping excitedly somewhere in the region of his throat, but he managed to appear calm and unconcerned.

"Yes," he chuckled, "I don't mind admitting that that's the sort of job I sometimes think of when I get tired of kicking my heels in idleness. But once one has retired..."

He broke off with an amused shrug as though the thought of work, though entertaining, could not be taken seriously.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Fitch, you'd take to it like a duck to water. And you and I could have some great times together. There's a beat on the Wye that..." He paused as someone rapped on the door. "Come in."

A circus hand poked his head into the caravan.

"Scuse me, Boss, but there's a couple of chaps here from the 'Bellchester Guardian.' They want to know if they can have a few words with the gentleman who tackled the tigers, and maybe get a photo of him."

"Well, Mr. Fitch, what do you say? If you don't want to be bothered I'll send them away."

But Mr. Fitch was already on his feet.

"How long are you staying in this part of the country?" he asked.

"Three days here and then we move on to Wembury. Why?"

"Well, I was thinking that if I had a few words with these newspaper laddies and perhaps posed for a photograph it might be good publicity for us. What do you say, Boss?"

Collett gulped with surprise and gratitude and smote his new employee heavily on his bruised shoulders.

"Fitch, man, you're a wonder! Go to it!"

Mr. Fitch paused in the doorway and looked back with the rosy smile of one who suddenly realises that all is right with the world.

"By the way," he said, "in the morning you must introduce me to our animal trainer. I have an old revolver that he may find useful."

(Copyright.)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



It's fatal for a wife to look tired

Come on Jane! the races will be over. Miss Drake is waiting in the car.

THINKS: If only I could hide these lines - and this dreadful tiredness



That's Mrs. Bartlett, she's beautifully dressed!

Did you see her face? - tired and drawn. Her husband's not paying any attention to her!

Well, with that attractive Miss Drake about you can't blame him



You look positively radiant Miss Drake!



THAT NIGHT MRS. BARTLETT FELT BROKEN-HEARTED. ALWAYS TIRED... EVEN WAKING TIRED. IT RUINED HER LOOKS. SHE DECIDED TO SEE A DOCTOR.

WHERE TIREDNESS FIRST SHOWS

- 1 DULL EYES
- 2 DRAWN PINCHED LOOK
- 3 PASTY SKIN
- 4 LIFELESS HAIR
- 5 AGEING LITTLE LINES

This waking tired tells on your whole appearance, Mrs. Bartlett. You see all night long you burn up energy in heart beats and other automatic actions. If this energy is not replaced during sleep - of course you wake tired. There's nothing to good as Horlicks...

and so every night:




2 MONTHS LATER

But John! It's much too expensive!

Please Jane! Let me buy it for you. You look wonderful in it!

Horlicks makes such a difference to the way you feel - and LOOK!

If you wake tired, watch out! In almost every case it's Night Starvation. It tells on your looks and personality. Start taking Horlicks - a cupful regularly at night. You wake refreshed - eyes bright, skin petal fresh. You have vivacity and charm all day. Prices from 1/6 - economy size 2/9. Horlicks Mixer 1/-

HORLICKS

GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

WHAT LOVELY SPARKLING DISHES!!



THAT'S BECAUSE RINSO GETS RID OF GREASE

MARVELLOUS FOR DISHES AS WELL AS CLOTHES!

4-225-28

BUT beneath the willow they were completely screened and here Andrew defined his policy.

"You see, Chris"—fidgeting with his thermometer, it had just occurred to him in a passion of precaution to take her temperature—"we've got to keep calm. It's not as if we were—oh! well—ordinary people. After all, you're a doctor's wife and I'm—I'm a doctor. I've seen this happen hundreds, at least scores, of times before. It's a very ordinary affair. A phenomenon of nature, survival of the fittest, all that sort of thing, see! Now don't misunderstand me, darling, it's wonderful for us, of course. The fact is I'd begun to ask myself if you weren't too slight, too much of a kid ever to—oh well, I'm delighted. But we're not going to get sentimental. Slushy, I mean. No, no! Let's leave that sort of thing to Mr. and Mrs. Smith. It would be rather idiotic, wouldn't it, for me, a doctor, to start—oh, say to start mooning over those little things you're knitting or crocheting, or whatever it is. No! I just look at them and grunt: 'Hope they'll be warm enough!' And all this junk about what color of eyes she—er—it, will

The Australian Women's Weekly

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of newspaper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and state.

Unsolvable contributions will only be returned if stamped, addressed envelopes are forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

have and what sort of rosy future we'll give her—that's right off the map!" He paused, frowning, then gradually a reflective smile broke over his face. "I say, though, Chris! I wonder if it will be a girl!"

She laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. She laughed so hard that he sat up, concerned.

"Now stop it, Chris! You'll—you might bring on something."

"Oh, my dear," she wiped her eyes. "As a sentimental idealist I adore you. As a hard-boiled cynic—well—I wouldn't have you in the house!"

He did not quite know what she meant. But he knew he was being scientific and restrained. In the afternoon when he felt she ought to have some exercise he took her for walks in the Public Park, climbing to the uplands being severely forbidden. In the Park they strolled about, listened to the band, watched the miners' children who came to picnic there with bottles of licorice water and sherbet suckers.

Early one May morning as they lay in bed he became aware, through

Continuing

his light sleep, of a faint movement. He awoke, again conscious of that gentle thrusting, the first movement of the child within Christine. He held himself rigid, scarcely daring to believe, suffocated by a rash of feeling, of ecstasy. Oh, hell! he thought a moment later, perhaps I'm just a Smith after all. I suppose that's why they make the rule a medic can't attend his own wife.

The following week he felt it time to speak to Doctor Llewellyn whom from the outset they had both decided must undertake the case. Llewellyn, when Andrew rang him, was pleased and flattered. He came down at once, made a preliminary examination. Then chatted to Andrew in the sitting-room.

"I'm glad to help you, Manson," accepting a cigarette. "I always felt you didn't like me enough to ask me to do this for you. Believe me, I'll do my best. By the way, it's pretty stifling in Aberlath at present. Don't you think your little missus ought to have a change of air while she can?"

"What's happening to me?" Andrew asked himself when Llewellyn had gone. "I like that man! He was decent, darned decent. He's got sympathy and tact. He's a wizard at his work. And twelve months ago I was trying to cut his throat. I'm just a stiff, jealous, clumsy Highland stot!"

Christine did not wish to go away but he was gently insistent.

I KNOW you don't want to leave me, Chris! But it's for the best. We've got to think of—oh! everything. Would you rather have the seaside or maybe you'd like to go up North to your aunt. Dash it all, I can afford to send you, Chris. We're pretty well off now!"

They had paid off the Glen Endowment and the last of the furniture instalments and now they had nearly one hundred pounds saved in the bank. But she was not thinking of this when, pressing his hand, she answered steadily:

"Yes! We're pretty well off, Andrew."

Since she must go, she decided to visit her aunt in Bridlington, and a week later he saw her off at the Upper Station with a long hug and a basket of fruit to sustain her on the journey.

He missed her more than he could have believed, their comradeship had become such a part of his life. Their talks, discussions, squabbles, their silences together, the way in which he would call to her whenever he entered the house and wait, his ear cocked, for her cheery answer—for he came to see how much these meant to him. Without her, their bedroom became a strange room in an hotel. His meals, conscientiously served by Jenny according to the programme written out by Christine, were arid matches behind a propped-up book.

Wandering round the garden she had made, he was struck, suddenly, by the dilapidated condition of the bridge. It offended him, seemed an insult to his absent Christine. He had several times spoken to the committee about this, telling them the bridge was falling to pieces, but

THE CITADEL

from Page 6

they were always hard to move when it came to repairing the assistants' houses.

Now, however, in an access of sentiment, he rang up the office and pressed the point strenuously. Owen had gone away upon a few days' leave but the clerk assured Andrew that the matter had already been passed by the committee and referred to Richards the builder.

It was only because Richards was busy with another contract that the work had not been put in hand.

In the evenings he betook himself to Boland, twice to the Vaughans, who made him remain for bridge and once, greatly to his surprise, he found himself playing golf with

Llewellyn. He wrote letters to Hampton and to Denny, who had at last left Blaenelly and was journeying to Tamlloe, as the surgeon of a tanker. His correspondence with Christine was a model of illuminating restraint. But he sought distraction, chiefly, in his work.

His clinical examinations at the anthracite sinkings were, by this time, well under way. He could not hasten them since, apart from the demands of his own patients, his opportunity for examining the men came as they went to the minehead baths at the end of the shift, and it was impossible to keep them hanging about for any length of time when they wanted to get home for their dinners.

Please turn to Page 60

ACID STOMACH causes pain and discomfort

Acid stomach is the cause of much unnecessary suffering and discomfort, especially among the middle-aged. Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia relieves acidity immediately. It also allays biliousness and encourages a natural action of the bowels. Dinneford's is quite pleasant to take, and though very effective, its action is gentle and natural. But be sure you get Dinneford's, prepared in London for the past 100 years.

Quick! a dose of **DINNEFORD'S** PURE FLUID MAGNESIA or TABLETS

says CLEMENTS is "MIRACLE WORKING TONIC"

Unsolicited testimonials prove claims! Astounding results followed a course of Clements Tonic, declares Sydney man who despaired of ever regaining his lost health—"I recommend it to young and old."

Kingsford, Sydney, N.S.W., 23/1/37.

"Some few years ago I had a nervous breakdown, which landed me in a hospital for approximately eight weeks. On leaving the hospital I was strongly recommended by one doctor in particular, and who now has a leading practice in Sydney, to take a change of place and further rest, and in particular to take a course of three or four bottles of Clements Tonic. This I did and have never looked back since. I emerged from what appeared to be a long and serious illness, but thanks to that doctor for the recommendation, and especially to the miracle-working tonic called Clements, I was soon able to take up my duties again, and have continued to do so ever since. I am seldom without a bottle of Clements Tonic in the house, and with a few doses my sleep is sounder, my food is enjoyed, and I feel that life's worth living. I recommend it to young and old."—(S.J.G.)



Feeling young and vigorous after taking Clements.

MOTHERS! THERE IS NOTHING LIKE CLEMENTS TONIC FOR SPEEDILY BUILDING UP THE SYSTEM TO RESIST THE STRAIN AND WORRY OF EXAMS.

What a Recommendation—Found Nothing Better in 35 Years

Lismore, N.S.W., 22/2/37.

"Just a line to tell you I have for 35 years been using your valuable Tonic. It has always done me good for nervous breakdowns, colds, and so on. I am never without it. I always keep a bottle by me. I have advised others to try it. Clements has never let me down. What a recommendation, 35 years, and still use Clements Tonic." (Mr.) F.A.

PLAIN OR FLAVOURED

Flavoured Clements Tonic (with the ORANGE, green and blue carton and label) is for sensitive palates. For the tens of thousands of regular users who like a tonic with a tang, original plain Clements Tonic (with the RED, green and blue carton and label) is, of course, still available.

Your blood feeds your body!

The vital function of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body. Clements Tonic increases the activity of the body by enriching the blood. It increases the activity of the digestive organs, helps to put more food into the blood stream. In this way nourishment is fed to every muscle and nerve. Your whole system responds with new energy, you soon feel a different person.

HOW CLEMENTS TONIC HELPS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

Nerves, of which the body is one vast network, are really composed of myriads of tiny cells, which are constantly in the process of being destroyed by daily mental or physical effort. Sound sleep helps to rebuild these nerve cells, but when you are run-down and out-of-sorts, and particularly with insomnia, the body finds it impossible to rebuild nerve cells in sufficient quantity. Thus it must have help. That is why Clements Tonic contains life-giving phosphates, which fortify the system and help the body to build new nerve cells at a rapid rate, and thus make you well again.

Prices in capital cities: 3/- and 5/- a bottle (plain or flavoured), at all Chemists and Stores.

MONEY BACK! If you don't like or benefit from taking Clements Tonic, return it within 14 days of purchase, return the empty bottle to Clements Tonic Pty. Ltd., 25 Bligh Street, Sydney, and your postage money will be refunded.



Death! to FLIES, mosquitoes, etc.



with this PROVED SURE DEATH METHOD

FLIES and other insects are quickly and surely attracted to the WILLIAMS FLY TARGET... death follows instantly! Use this proved, sure, clean and simple way to rid your home of germ-carrying flies. If unable to procure at your local chemist or stockholder send 1/- for 5 Targets Post Free to P.O. Box 12, Surrey Hills, Victoria.

3 EACH 5 FOR 1/-

CLEAN... INCONSPICUOUS ECONOMICAL

WILLIAMS FLY TARGETS

CLEMENTS TONIC PLAIN or FLAVOURED

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made
Mixture That Quickly Darkens it.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlon Cuno-poud from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Day Cream, 2 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Holy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

**Drink habit
soon banished**

A woman who tried EUCRASY writes: "I shall always be grateful for the wonderful happiness EUCRASY has brought to my home after the misery of drink."
It can be given SECRETLY or taken VOLUNTARILY. No costly call or write for a FREE SAMPLE Booklet and Testimonials. Established 41 Years.
Dept. B., EUCRASY CO.
27 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

HE got through on an average two examinations a day, yet already the results were adding further to his excitement. He saw, without jumping to any immediate conclusion, that the incidence of pulmonary trouble amongst the anthracite workers was positively in excess of that existing in the other underground workers in the coal mines.

Though he distrusted text books in self-defence, since he had no wish to find afterwards that he had merely put his feet in footprints made by others, he went through the literature on the subject. Its paucity astounded him. Few investigations seemed to have concerned themselves greatly with the pulmonary occupational diseases.

Zenker had introduced a high-sounding term, pneumoconiosis, embracing three forms of fibrosis of the lung due to dust inhalation. Anthracosis, of course, the black infiltration of the lungs met with in coal miners, had long been known and was held by Goldman, in Germany, and Trotter, in England, to be harmless.

There were a few treatises on the prevalence of lung trouble in makers of millstones, particularly the French millstones, and in knife and axe-grinders—"grinder's rot"—and stone-cutters. There was evidence, mostly conflicting, from South Africa upon that red rag of hand labor troubles, gold miner's phthisis, which was undoubtedly due to dust inhalation.

It was recorded also that workers

Continuing

in flax and in cotton and grain shovellers were subject to chronic changes in the lungs. But beyond that nothing!

Andrew drew back from his reading with excitement in his eyes. He felt himself upon the track of something definitely unexplored. He thought of the vast numbers of underground workers in the great anthracite mines, the looseness of the legislation upon the disabilities from which they suffered, the enormous social importance of this line of investigation.

What a chance, what a wonderful chance! A cold sweat broke over him at the sudden thought that someone might forestall him. But he thrust this from him. Striding up and down the sitting-room before the dead fire long after midnight, he suddenly seized Christine's photograph from the mantelpiece.

"Christ! I really believe I'm going to do something!"

In the card-index he bought for the purpose he carefully began to classify the results of his examinations. Though he never considered this, his clinical skill was now quite brilliant. There, in the changing room the men stood before him, stripped to the waist, and with his fingers, his stethoscope, he plumed uncannily the hidden pathology of those living lungs: a fibroid spot here, the next an emphysema, then a chronic bronchitis—deprecatingly

THE CITADEL

from Page 59

admitted as "a bit of a cough." Carefully he localised the lesions upon the diagrams printed on the back of every card.

At the same time he took sputum samples from each man and, working till two and three in the morning at Denny's microscope, tabulated his findings on the cards. He found that most of these samples of mucopus—locally described by the men as "white-spit"—contained bright angular particles of silica. He was amazed at the number of alveolar cells present, at the frequency with which he came upon the tubercle bacillus.

BUT it was the presence, almost constant, of crystalline silicosis, in the alveolar cells, the phagocytes, everywhere, which riveted his attention. He could not escape the thrilling idea that the changes in the lungs, perhaps even the coincident infections, were fundamentally dependent on this factor.

This was the extent of his advance when Christine returned at the end of June and flung her arms round his neck.

"It's so good to be back. Yes, I enjoyed myself, but, oh! I don't know—and you look pale, darling! I don't believe Jenny's been feeding you!"

Her holiday had done her good; she was well, and her cheeks had a fine bloom upon them. But she was concerned about him, his lack of appetite, his perpetual fumbling for a cigarette.

She asked him seriously, "How long is this special work going to take?"

"I don't know." It was the day after her return, a wet day, and he was unexpectedly moody. "It might take a year, it might take five."

"Well, listen to me. I'm not reforming you; one in the family is enough, but don't you think if since it's going on so long as that you'll have to work systematically, keep regular hours, not stay up late and kill yourself!"

"There's nothing the matter with me."

But in some things she had a peculiar insistence. She got Jenny to scrub out the floor of the Lab, brought in an armchair and a rug. It was a room cool on these hot nights and the pine boards had a sweet, resinous smell which mingled with the pungent ethereal scent of the reagents he used.

Here she would sit, sewing and knitting while he worked at the table. Bent over the microscope he quite forgot about her, but she was there, and at eleven o'clock every night she got up.

"Time for bed!"

"Oh, I say—" Blinking at her

near-sightedly over the eyepiece. "You go up, Christ! I'll follow you in a minute."

"Andrew Manson, if you think I'm going up to bed alone, in my condition—"

This last phrase had become a comic byword in the household. They both used it, indiscriminately, facetiously, as a clincher to all their arguments. He could not resist it.

With a laugh he would rise, stretch himself, swing round his lenses, put the slides away.

Towards the end of July a sharp outbreak of chicken pox made him busy in the practice, and on August 3 he had an especially heavy list which kept him out from morning surgery until well after three o'clock. As he came up the road, tired, ready for that combination of lunch and tea which would be his meal, he saw Doctor Llewellyn's car at the gate of Vale View.

The implication of that static object caused him to start suddenly, and to hasten, his heart beating rapidly with anticipation, towards his house. He ran up the porch steps, threw open the front door and there, in the hall, he found Llewellyn. Gazing at the other man with nervous eagerness he stammered:

"Hello, Llewellyn. I—I didn't expect to see you here so soon."

"No," Llewellyn answered.

Andrew smiled. "Well?" In his excitement he could find no better words but the question in his bright face was plain enough.

LLEWELLYN did not smile. After the faintest pause he said:

"Come in here a minute, my dear chap." And he drew Andrew into the sitting-room. "We've been trying to find you, on your round, all morning."

Llewellyn's manner, his hesitation, the strange sympathy in his voice, shot a wave of coldness over Andrew. He faltered:

"Is anything wrong?"

Llewellyn looked through the window, his glance travelling towards the bridge, as if searching for the best, the kindest explanation. Andrew could hear it no longer. He could scarcely breathe, his breast was filled with a trifling agony of suspense.

"Manson," Llewellyn said gently, "this morning—as your wife was going over the bridge—one of the rotten planks gave way. She's all right now, quite all right; but I'm afraid—"

He understood even before Llewellyn finished. A great pulse of anguish beat within him.

Please turn to Page Eight,
Homemaker Section

"FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY
ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK
A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX"

THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

Wherever you go... whatever you do... Kotex sanitary pads stay Wondersoft. CAN'T CHAFE—because downy cotton keeps the edges dry, soft and comfortable for hours. CAN'T FAIL—because of the special centre layer with channels which guide the moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. CAN'T SHOW—under the sheerest frocks, the most clinging gowns, because the ends are flattened and tapered.

Discard old-fashioned, makeshift methods—to which some medical authorities attribute 60% of the common ailments of women. Follow the example of 8 out of 10 American women. Choose Wondersoft Kotex, for health, peace of mind, poise and security.

* Wondersoft Kotex is the only sanitary pad made with Cellucotton, which absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex is disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Buy Wondersoft Kotex from chemists and stores—at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex.



The new type Wonderform Kotex Belt—adjustable to any size—has delectable, secure clasp instead of pint. Self-balancing, it ends uncomfortable restraint. The price is only 2/-.

Kidney Acid Germs Killed in 3 Hours

The underlying cause of much ill health and most bladder disorders is irritating acids which develop in the body during Colds and from Bad Teeth and Tonsils or other bacterial diseases, so it's no wonder that most every one may suffer from the danger of germs in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System. These irritating germs cause a general run-down condition and many dangerous symptoms, such as: Getting up at Night, Urine Acid, Leg Pains, Pizzines, frequent Headaches and Colds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Dry Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching passages.

Helps Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers, most chemists now have a new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in 3 positive ways to overcome the cause of your trouble. 1. It kills the germs responsible for most Kidney and Bladder disorders. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. Gently stimulates the Kidneys and helps them to remove Urine Acid, and other Poisons from the blood.

No matter how long you have suffered or how many medicines you have tried, you must remember that you cannot expect to get the satisfactory result you desire until you attack your troubles and the underlying cause in three ways with the doctor's prescription Cystex.



Feel 10 Years Younger
More than 6 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex.

Many of them can no longer be easily convinced. For instance, Mr. B. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backache, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly run-down condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, I decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 24-day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I lost all anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Germs Irritate Your Kidneys

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

November 20, 1937

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

THIS Is the WAY to DO IT!

Shampoo, Massage, and Brush Your Hair for Immaculate Beauty and Lasting Loveliness

THE hair must be healthy, lustrous, as well as perfectly groomed, if it is to be your crowning glory. And it can be! Give it ten minutes of your time daily and half an hour once a week—and shining loveliness will be your reward.

NO HAIR can be dull and listless if it is regularly brushed. Use two brushes, and with long, sweeping strokes brush up and away from the head. Now study the second step, shown in the lower sketch.



THE very first step in hair care and beauty is cleanliness. This calls for a weekly or fortnightly shampoo, daily brushing with spotlessly clean brushes, and the use of nothing but clean combs.

Exercise, or massage, comes next in importance, then sunshine and fresh air.

The Shampoo: For this very important ritual in hair beauty buy only the best shampoo powder or liquid. If you make your own, I would advise you to try this: shred a cake of pure castile soap into a pint of water. Pour this into a saucepan, place over heat and allow to simmer until soap has dissolved. Remove, pour into a jar, and set aside to cool.

Half this jelly-like substance is sufficient for one shampoo.

When you shampoo your hair, moisten first with warm water and then work the mixture into a lather in your hands and apply vigorously to the scalp. Go over the whole head thoroughly. Rinse off in warm water and repeat the procedure.

Use several waters for the last rinsing.

Begin with warm and finish up with cooler water.

Final Touches

HAVE the strained juice of a lemon added to a cup of water and follow up the last rinse with this. This cuts the soap from the hair, acts as a mild tonic to the scalp.

Dry the hair thoroughly. Use warm towels, and then, if possible, get out into the sunshine, where you can give it a good brushing—with a perfectly clean brush.

Brushing the Hair: It seems such a boring business to many, this brushing of the hair. But once you get into the habit, you feel you just can't slip into bed without the hair receiving its stimulating "night-cap."

For a really thorough brushing, two brushes should be used.

Take your two brushes, and, as shown in the sketch on this page, with long sweeping strokes brush up and away from the head.

Next, sit forward on a low chair (resting your forehead on your knees if you can) and brush your hair from the nape of your neck to the crown of your head.

THE JUICE of a lemon added to the final rinse after shampooing is an excellent aid to hair beauty

HERE on your right is shown the second step in brushing the hair. Sit forward on a low chair and brush your hair from the nape of the neck to the crown of your head.



The Way to Massage: Use your finger tips and go vigorously over the whole scalp, using a rotary kind of movement. This stimulates the scalp—stimulates and regulates the oil glands.

Some hair specialists would have you go over your head tugging and pulling at the hair—certainly a form of torture in the interests of hair culture.

Five minutes of daily thorough massage is enough for the scalp and ten minutes good brushing. If you cannot run to two brushes, use one. But let it be a good one, and keep it scrupulously clean.

By the way, an oil massage is excellent for the hair. Try it out before you shampoo it—if only once a month.

Part the hair carefully at regular intervals, and apply a little warmed olive oil to the roots. Massage well in. Wrap the head in a reasonably hot, dry towel, and leave for 15 or 20 minutes before shampooing.

If you are a brunette, use castor oil instead of olive oil. This will help to give it a deeper, richer gloss.

'Ware Too Much Sun!

MODERATE exposure to the beauty and health-giving rays of the sun will, nine times out of ten, prove efficacious in alleviating slight disorders of the skin, scalp and hair. But unless you know when you've had enough, these small rays may become your most fiendish beauty enemies. Over-exposure coarsens the unprotected skin, dries out the natural oils

of the scalp and discolors and splits hair ends.

Hot oil shampoos taken at regular intervals during the months the sun's rays are brightest will, of course, aid in replenishing the supply of oil to the scalp and so help in preventing extreme dryness of the hair.

Brushing the hair, as suggested earlier in this article, is the first important step in the correction of damaged hair from over-exposure.

The Next Step

AFTER you have given your hair a thorough brushing, and your scalp feels tingly due to increased circulation, make a light application of olive oil to the dry discolored ends. Pour a few drops of olive oil into the palm of one hand, then rub your hands together before rubbing the oil over the ends of the hair.

This method of application will prevent a too-heavy deposit of oil, but will be sufficient to counteract the temporary dryness of the hair ends caused by over-exposure. If, however, you have over-exposed the full length of hair and it feels dry and harsh to the touch, you had better brush a little olive oil from the scalp down, to the very ends of the hair.

You must decide for yourself whether the oil must be brushed over your entire hair length or whether the application to the ends will be sufficient to counteract the effects of the exposure that it has been given.



WOMEN!



Relieve Pain
Regularly
with

Genuine
VINCENT'S
APC
POWDERS
TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY 'VINCENT'S'



THE LIGHTNESS of your step is shown in your face. . . No foot trouble is shared by these young M.-G.-M. beauties. Sensibly shod they radiate happiness and the joy of life as they race for figure grace. If your feet are not what they should be, follow the advice given in the article on this page. It is packed with sensible advice for the girl or woman who wishes to have strong, beautiful feet.

KEEP YOUR FEET HAPPY

...and you'll never know the miseries that beset those who neglect them.

HERE is given sane, sensible advice to every girl and woman who suffers agonies caused by neglected or ill-treated feet.

Few go through life without experiencing at some time or another tired, aching feet. Many suffer intolerable pain because of corns, callouses, fallen arches.

What a tale their faces tell for all the world to see!

By EVELYN

IT has been said that the best facial for a woman is a comfortable pair of shoes. Yet it is not only your face is improved. The tilt of your spine, the angle of your neck, and the way your clothes hang

from your shoulders depend upon the way you are shod.

Your foot is built to carry your weight gracefully. The arch is given you to distribute your weight evenly. See—and I say this advisedly—that the heels of your shoes do not throw your body off balance.

Badly-fitting shoes worn either through ignorance or vanity cause more havoc to good looks than is given credit for.

Callouses on the heels are generally due to wearing shoes that are too short or that fit badly at the heels and rub constantly. Have your shoes fitted with this point in mind.

Apply cream on the heels before putting on shoes and stockings. Once a week, until callouses disappear, smooth over them cuticle cream. Leave on for a minute or two, then wash off and rub the spot hard with a rough towel.

Callouses on the sole of the foot are usually caused by short, incorrectly-fitted shoes and stockings and to poor posture in standing and walking. Have your shoes carefully fitted, and sacrifice vanity to comfort if need be.

Practise exercises to strengthen the arches for a few minutes every day. Corns are usually caused by friction or the pressure of shoes and stockings. Plasters will ease and remove them. But after removal it is well to wear a pad or plaster to protect the tender spot from further irritation.

If you find that a corn is returning, rub it gently from time to time with a fine emery or a pumice-stone.

Whenever possible, wear wide-toed shoes or airy sandals that do not restrict the toes.

For Tired Feet

IN hot weather when your feet ache, or swell and burn, try this:

- (1) Soak the feet in warm soda.
- (2) Scrub thoroughly with a brush. Scrub the soles, using a rotary motion, with the brush, and especially over any callouses. Scrub each toenail; also heel. Push back the cuticle on toenails.
- (3) Dip feet alternately in cold and hot water. Repeat several times. Dry thoroughly.
- (4) Massage in cold cream. Work deeply into the ball of the feet. Knead between the bones of the instep. Rub cream into heels, and finish by stretching each toe.
- (5) Dust talc over your feet, and rub in gently.

For general foot comfort try this: As soon as you slip out of bed in the morning lift one foot from the floor and slowly rotate the foot. Keep the toes pointed downward, and use your ankle as the pivot. Repeat this exercise with the other foot. Three minutes of your time devoted to this exercise—daily—will repay you handsomely.



THE YOUNG and lovely M.-G.-M. player bathes her feet in warm, salt water when they ache.



THE BELLES of our beaches must care for their feet if they wish to wear sandals to advantage.



DEFINITELY not the right type of shoes for housework. This housewife is simply asking for trouble.



HERE YOU SEE the housewife wearing the toeless sandals so favored by Fashion to-day for street or beach wear. Such sandals are very restful and are ideal for house or garden wear for feet afflicted by corns.

See the fascinating
CASHMERE BOUQUET
XMAS GIFT BOXES
at all Chemists and Stores

Madeleine Carroll
and Tyrone Power
in "LLOYDS OF
LONDON" — 20th
Century Fox Film.



Romantic Loveliness
Alluringly fragrant

TODAY, the rare and costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet distinguishes a complete range of beauty preparations. Each item should have a place on your dressing table. Then once the simple, inexpensive routine of Cashmere Bouquet home beauty treatment has become a habit, you need never regret that beauty salons are only for the rich and leisured. The daily use of Cashmere Bouquet beauty products will make your skin as youthfully, lastingly attractive as you could desire.

A flawless skin is a priceless possession. Write to-day to Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd., Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney, for the new FREE Cashmere Bouquet Booklet on Home Beauty Treatment. Post Free.

Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet
The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Crème or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid).



GAILY-COLORED FISH in their glass houses make a most effective addition to the decoration of hall, living-room, sun-room or bath-room.

BEAUTY...

Under the Water

FOR a long time, quaint, colorful goldfish have been darting or swimming dizzily around glass bowls or tanks in order to interest and cheer the rooms of both humble and great. And now, those startlingly lovely fish of the tropical seas have entered the arena.

● Aquariums are the vogue; in fact, they have become the craze in Europe and America as an interior decoration.

● Among the enthusiastic owners of miniature aquariums in England is Queen Mary, who had a special aquatic room built last year.

● To-day, most modern aquariums decorate not only bath-rooms, but give a vivid note of moving color to entrance halls, sun-rooms, and living-rooms.

● These charming aquariums take many forms. The more ambitious run to smart glass tables and reading lamps. Others are set into the walls while chromium-banded glass tanks and bowls strike a new note as containers for these living jewels of the water.

● Orientals have for centuries used varieties of goldfish as a decoration, but the tropical fish as an interior decoration is a purely modern idea. These repay with their brilliance of color the care that is necessary to keep them well.

By Our
Home
Decorator

The Craze Overseas, Aquariums Are Becoming the Vogue Here

SPECIAL varieties of tropical fish for miniature aquariums are imported from all over the world. In America as much as twenty-five dollars each is paid for the Neon Tetras, which come from the Amazon and are rare.

These fish are barely an inch long, brilliantly colored, and almost transparent.

An Australian woman who breeds and imports tropical fish, and specialises in building aquariums for interior decoration, recently imported thirty Neon Tetras, which she values at ten pounds a pair.

Almost every big New York department store devotes a great deal of time to its fish department. The aquatic room of one large store in Chicago specialises in little "budget" aquariums from around five dollars each, to chromium-bound affairs which cost forty dollars for the tank alone.

Americans claim to have discovered the secret of growing plants under electric light.

Balanced aquariums in home or zoo are based on the scientific principles that the oxygen given off by the plants is absorbed by the fish, which in their turn emit carbon dioxide which is absorbed by the plants.

Perfect Balance

SCAVENGERS take care of the refuse, and if the proportions of fish and plants are correct the water remains fresh and clean indefinitely.

Lighting plays a great part in making an aquarium "tank" look alive and full of color. A judiciously placed lamp, shining just where it throws up the quaint shapes of the forest of fairy-like trees, the delicate grace of grasses, and turns the darting fish into little pieces of rainbow silk, will make your glass tank a shining mass of color.

The brilliant illumination which gives these little aquariums their

decorative quality—like tiny jewelled theatres—has the practical function of keeping the water warm enough for delicate tropical fish.

For those who are interested enough to take the extra care that the rarer species of tropical fish demand, there is scope for creating gardens under the water where tiny fish of a hundred-and-one different colors can play hide and seek in the branches of miniature and picturesque trees and water-grasses.

Carefully Designed

THE "cool, curving world" of a really good aquarium is landscaped as carefully as a garden, with groves of submarine grasses and clumps of broad-leaved crypt-ocoryline and spatterdock. Only fine shells and feathery branches of real coral are considered by enthusiasts to be correct.

To own one of these miniature aquariums is not merely to have pets who flatter us by recognising the fingers which feed them, nor is it only to enhance the decorative value of a window treatment. It is infinitely more. It is to capture within the confines of four glass walls a tiny section of life under water; to put before our eyes a picture of fish life with its adherence to the laws of heredity, all as strong as they were in the ancestral ocean.

One of the most famous and palatial hotels in the East, the Hotel Des Indes, in Batavia, has in the vestibule a tremendous tank sixty feet long and forty-eight feet wide.

The tank, which is lit from both ends, contains nearly fifty fully-grown Angel fish. The Angel, which is known to experts as the "Rolls Royce" of the finny family, is particularly beautiful. It is a pale grey fish, with blue bands and a bright red eye. Its amazing finnage is tipped with orange.

The Angel is valued from ten pounds to fifteen pounds a pair, and its life span is approximately fifteen years.

Hoist your slacks and then relax

in
KAYSER
Pyjamas

Sleep in KAYSER Pyjamas and you sleep in luxury. You'd never believe there could be Pyjamas so devastatingly smart! Their lines are jaunty, their tailoring exquisite, their fabric fine. Prices from 8/11

Illustrated—Style No. P.J. 96

19/11



LINGERIE GLOVES HOSIERY

Needlework Notions

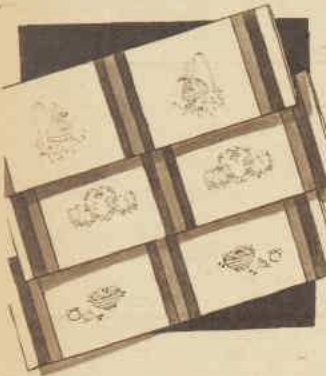
Linen Tea Towels ...

So Pretty and Colorful

Note the pretty designs sketched below. Make your choice and send for one, two or more.

THESE generously-sized towels are made of super quality pure linen and carry a border and centre design in colors of blue, green or gold. Each towel measures 27 inches by 37 inches, and may be obtained traced ready for swift embroidery, from our Needlework Department, for 2/3 each.

When ordering, be sure to state whether you want the tea towels with blue, green or gold borders, and specify design. Postage is free.



THREE lovely designs in superior quality linen tea towels. You can obtain them from our Needlework Department with blue, green, or gold borders carrying the "Berry," "Tea in the Garden," or "Bowl of Fruit" design. They cost 2/3 each.



WW 1923



WW 1924

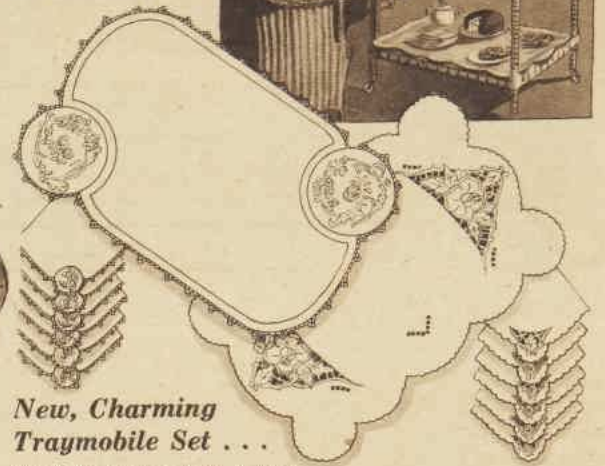
FOR YOU and YOUR HOME

(1) Morning Frock and Smock.

(2) New and Novel Traymobile Set.

(3) Heavy linen Tea Towels

—embroider these to match kitchen color schemes ...



New, Charming Traymobile Set ...

THE rose cutwork design is really delightful, and is very simple to work.

The chrysanthemum design may be carried out in autumn leaf tones. Both cloths measure 14 inches by 25 inches, and the serviettes 11 inches by 11 inches. They are obtainable in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, or green linen.

Traymobile cloths in either of the above designs cost 2/9 each. Serviettes cost 1/- each. The complete

ONE OF the happiest ways of showing a true welcome to your guests is to serve tea with lovely pieces of linen. What could be nicer for your traymobile (or trays) than the ready-to-be-worked designs pictured above?

set, comprising two cloths and four serviettes of any one design may be had from our needlework department for 8/6, postage free.

She knows her MEN!



THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odour of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid—with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!



At all chemists and better class stores
Price 1/6; Double Size 2/6

MUM TAKES THE ODOUR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odour. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

Expertly-cut patterns of smock and morning frock cost 10d. each.

Do Wear These in Your Home!

Neat and pretty morning frock and smartest of smocks.

Patterns available, also dainty transfer designs for charming touches of hand-embroidery.

TO-DAY, smocks are the rage for housewear. No wonder! They are so practical and so attractive.

Why not make one or two for yourself? Secure the pattern of the really delightful design showing above and set to work at once.

The expertly-cut patterns are obtainable in sizes to fit 32 inches to 38 inches bust. You require only three yards of 36-inch material, and the paper pattern, which may be obtained from our pattern department. This costs 10d. The dainty transfer design to give the charming handwork finish costs 1/-.

When ordering pattern of smock, ask for number WW.1924.

Now study the pretty little morning frock shown in the picture above. Wouldn't you like to own this, too?

This frock can be quickly made provided you have the pattern, and 3½ yards of 36-inch wide material. The pattern is obtainable in sizes to fit the 32-inch to 38-inch bust, and costs 10d.

When ordering from our pattern department, ask for number WW.1923. Send also for the transfer design and embroider the frock as shown in the sketch. Transfer costs 9d.

"Isn't it LOVELY?"



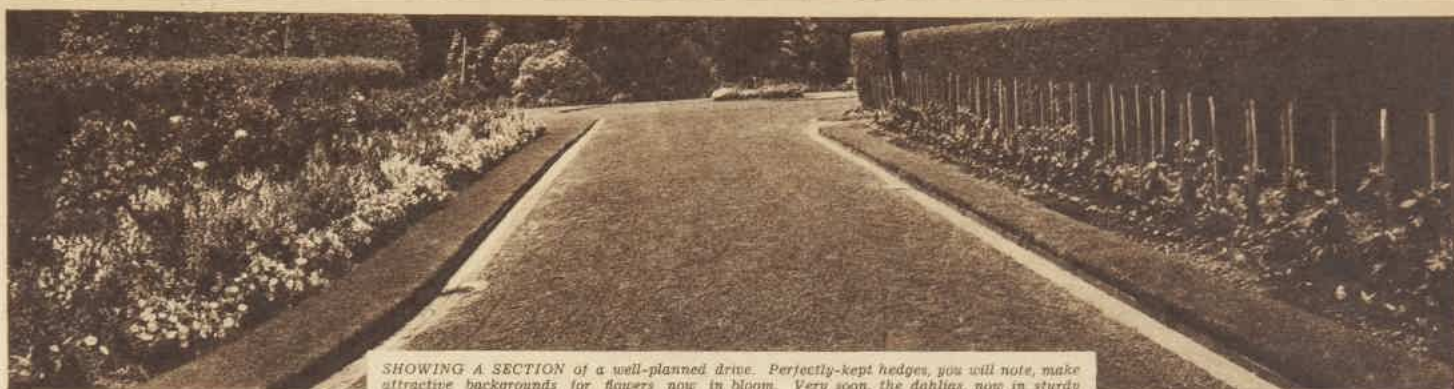
As if in echo of the kiddies' expression of enjoyment, mother, too, says "Isn't it lovely!"—lovely to see them relishing the appetising dishes she has been making since she started using KREAM CORNFLOUR. It's surprising what a difference this pure product of sun-ripened Australian maize makes to anybody's cooking. Try it and you'll agree.



KREAM
BRAND
CORN FLOUR

In the Pink Packet

Look for this
PINK PACKET
at your grocers.
MAIZE PRODUCTS
PTY., LTD.
178 SUSSEX STREET,
SYDNEY.



SHOWING A SECTION of a well-planned drive. Perfectly-kept hedges, you will note, make attractive backgrounds for flowers now in bloom. Very soon, the dahlias, now in sturdy growth, will add joyous color to the scene.

PLANNING the SUMMER GARDEN...

Here Is the Simplest and Shortest Way to Success...

Says THE OLD GARDENER

The experienced gardener as well as the enthusiastic amateur will be interested in this article. It is practical as well as inspirational. Read it—keep it by you for handy reference—and follow the Old Gardener's short cuts to success.

IN planning the arrangement of the flower garden, aspect and shelter must be regarded as matters of vital importance—indeed, the ultimate success of your venture is practically based upon these two important factors.

Perhaps you are fortunate enough to be ideally situated, but if such is not the case the adoption of suitable shelter must be resorted to. Such a purpose is best served by the planting of trees and shrubs, among which are many beautiful plants particularly suited to such a scheme, at the same time considerably enhancing the appearance of your garden with their color and growth.

For low-growing plants the orthodox paling fence offers very serviceable protection. However, I am inclined to regard this unsightly division of property as an unwelcome invader on our private domains, and am very glad to see that the modern home-builder is of the same opinion, and has substituted the lower fence, which I believe will shortly revolutionise the appearance and beauty of the suburban home. Along such an alignment may be grown many beautiful flowering species of hedges, climbing and trailing plants, which in themselves comprise an excellent shelter for the flower beds.

Value of Trees

IN larger areas, where aspect is not influenced by adjoining properties, the desired end may be achieved by the planting of suitable trees as breakwinds. A varied selection including both evergreen and deciduous varieties will considerably enhance both the value and beauty of the home.

Each one of us possesses individuality of purpose and design—a craving for exclusive distinctiveness. Such a trait is particularly emphasised in relation to the laying out of the home grounds. There are gardens, however, where persons have been over-governed by this desire, forgetting, perhaps, that even in this particular accomplishment there is a limit, notwithstanding the magnitude of scope presented by such a wide and varied range, beyond which any encroachment must be considered entirely out of bounds.

Perhaps a few timely suggestions will prove helpful. Accepted in the right spirit and acted upon accordingly, they will save both time and expense.

I would advise the beginner to commence with the common, hardy, robust-constituted plants. Then, if successful with these, the more valuable and tender varieties can be tried as opportunity presents itself. I make this stipulation

as failure experienced in the early stages of gardening is apt to be discouraging to the beginner.

The experience gained from cultivating the hardier sorts often proves of more practical assistance than knowledge acquired from written directions, though I intend avoiding the technical flow and adopting the simplest and shortest methods to success.

Select plants best suited to their particular position. Watch where the sun lingers longest and plant accordingly. Adopt the same plan of action for damp and shady spots.

Note carefully the points of vantage in your planning. At every fresh turn in the line of vision, see that something pleasing and gay unfolds its beauty.

Remember that the winding path is much more artistic than the straight, and presents greater scope for your endeavors. The same rule applies to beds and borders with good effect.

Plan for Beauty

BEAR in mind that color-mixing is bad—the picture effect gained by keeping the colors separate gives both tone and beauty to your home.

An occasional pergola, or rose arch, lends a wonderful charm to the garden, and presents a glorious spectacle when covered in bloom.

Endeavor to provide for a continuity of flowers the whole year through.

There is always unlimited scope for improvements, and when the chance occurs for substituting a better plant—adopt it.

Don't plant a hedge just for the sake of having a hedge. Pretty gardens should not be denied the public gaze.

Don't overcrowd, and, above all, avoid color clashing.

Arrange the flower borders in artistic gradual steps, taking care that the colors blend harmoniously.

Note the flowering season of each plant and make preparation for immediate succession.

Keep the beds in uniformity with the garden. Every plant should be within easy access to the gardener.

Lawns can be made from either sowing the seed, turning, or planting runners. For buffalo lawns, runners or sods are used; also in many couch lawns sods cut into one-foot squares are used. This is a very quick and efficient method, for when done with care, a complete lawn can be had within a couple of weeks.

After the whole of the turf has been laid, packing the sods as close together as possible, bump down with a rammer or an ordinary hand-roller. A good watering about half-an-hour before rolling is advisable, then a very light top-dressing with rich, loamy soil after rolling. Then rub well in with the back of the rake or a board made in the form of a scraper until the blades of grass show through the top-dressing. Watering and rolling should be continued for several weeks, by which time you will have a perfect lawn.



THE VALUE OF MASSING is exemplified in this photograph where antirrhinum (commonly known as snapdragons) are shown, flaunting their colorful and picturesque beauty against a background of green. Easily grown, they should feature in every garden.

You call it NERVES - but the Doctor calls it Faulty Elimination

Beware of faulty elimination! It is insidious and a menace! Mere constipation is easy enough to recognize and correct, but faulty elimination causes unsuspected poisons to be absorbed, which liver and kidneys—those vital cleansing organs—are unable to remove from the blood stream. Thus the child becomes slightly poisoned, and the nervous system is upset—nerves, temper and sleep are dangerously affected. These hidden poisons are a constant danger to a child—causing nervousness, bad temper, crankiness, etc. Immediately you observe any such warnings, give genuine Laxettes—the cleansers which promote complete bowel action and relieve the overworked liver and kidneys. A course of genuine Laxettes is the only treatment that will thoroughly rectify faulty elimination. Children love the delicious taste. Laxettes are equally effective for adults. All chemists and storekeepers stock genuine Laxettes—6d. the sample tin and 1/6 the large tin. WARNING: unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

LAXETTES

Rectify Faulty Elimination



Continuing Our Medical Series

WHOOPING-COUGH Should Never Be NEGLECTED

Aeroplane Rides are the Fashionable New Treatment

By A SPECIALIST

One of the most distressing complaints of childhood is whooping-cough, and too often it is not regarded seriously.

Actually, whooping-cough claims a steady toll of children year by year, and persistent cases should never be neglected because of the liability of pneumonia supervening.

WHOOPING-COUGH in autumn produces a certain number of cases. The exact incidence in Australia is not

known, as whooping-cough is not a "notifiable" disease except in South Australia and the Federal Capital Territory. In South Australia there are 3000 cases a year. Hospital records and the experience of doctors in private cases record a peak in spring; these, of course, are the more serious cases. It may be said to simmer round during all the colder Australian months.

The complaint is so widespread that few escape it in childhood; those who do are liable to be attacked later, as age is no protection. Like measles, it can assume a severe form in adults, but is rarely fatal. The usual age for whooping-cough, however, is early childhood up to eight years of age. A

big proportion of cases occur in the first year.

One attack usually confers immunity for life. This is, no doubt, why parents usually do not worry over isolating a child who is attacked, but allow the others in a family to contract the complaint, looking on it as an infection which is certain to be "picked up" sooner or later, and is better gone through once for all.

This attitude is natural enough, but is a grave mistake in the case of infants, or young or weakly children, as lung complications in such cases may lead to a fatal result.

This can be realised by studying the figures for deaths from whooping-cough in colder climates, where lung complications are very common. In Britain there are between 2000 and 3000 deaths yearly; in the United States, 6000. Over 50 per cent. of these are children under one year of age. In Australia death over four years of age is rare.

Whooping-cough—"pertussis" is the medical name for it—is very infectious. Infection is conveyed by coughing; even breathing at close quarters may infect. It is most infectious during the first week of the attack. Patients are usually considered infectious for five weeks after the first "whoop."

Watch for Symptoms

THE "whoop" is the characteristic symptom of the complaint. It does not appear till the end of the second week of the attack. Possibly this is why whooping-cough spreads so extensively among children; the early stage of a mild attack is mistaken for a feverish cold, and the child is allowed to attend school.

The whoop is unmistakable. It is a spasmodic cough, consisting of a number of quick expirations followed by a long, shrill, indrawn breath, and followed by expulsion of mucus from the throat, or sometimes vomiting.

Usually three or four spasms follow each other, leaving the child gasping and exhausted. It is quite common for children to cling to some support or to another child to gain breath. Yet, except in the cases of infants (where convulsions may be set up) the bout of coughing does no damage. Occasionally nose-bleeding may occur, causing parents great alarm; but it ceases almost immediately, and is not of any consequence.

A typical attack of whooping-cough is as follows: The period of "staggering for" the complaint is about a week. Often there are no symptoms till the cough appears; but there is usually restlessness, especially at night, listlessness, slight headache and loss of appetite.

The onset of the complaint is marked by fever, with coughing and sneezing; the cough and fever are worst at night; during the day the cough is less frequent and the feverishness is reduced.

Then for the following ten days there is an acute period, when the cough becomes harassing, the appetite is lost, the child is obviously ill, and the night cough is so incessant that the patient cannot sleep. This gradually passes into the second stage—that of the "whoops," the first whoop usually appearing towards the end of the second week.

The cough gradually gets "looser" as the spasms recur, the health and strength gradually return, and the whole attack is usually over in from four to six weeks.

This represents an average uncomplicated case. In whooping-cough there is always a liability to complication with lung trouble. Bronchitis and broncho-pneumonia are the most dangerous of these, especially in infants and younger children. Bronchitis may last for a long time after



FRESH AIR and sunshine solve the problems of good health for children.

the whooping-cough has passed away and is difficult to cure. Broncho-pneumonia sets in with a return of high fever, extreme restlessness and general illness, rapid breathing, galloping pulse and increasing cough. Such symptoms setting in towards the end of an attack, or during the second stage, are danger signals, and a physician should be called to see the patient immediately.

A symptom of whooping-cough often seen in Australia is haemorrhage into the tissues under the eye. The child looks exactly as if it had been given a "black eye." Parents are often alarmed at this appearance during the whooping stage, but it is not serious, and does not indicate any serious complication.

Treatment

THE patient should be put to bed as long as the temperature remains high; this is usually two days to a week. Diet should be light and nutritious; it is better to give small but frequent meals to limit vomiting.

In the later stages the child should be allowed to get out in the fresh air during the day. It is doubtful whether household remedies have any influence in checking the cough or cutting short the disease. Mild opening medicines, such as magnesium, may be given in the feverish period, and a cough mixture, to help loosen the cough, in the final stage.

Severe cases need a doctor's attention; doctors prescribe a number of powerful drugs in such cases to diminish the spasm and give sleep. Among these are belladonna, bromides, phenacetin, luminal.

Ephedrine has come into use of late, combined with luminal. These powerful drugs really only treat symptoms and give the patient ease; they do not cure, the infection runs its course.

Inhalations are popular specifics, but they are of doubtful value. In pre-war days "a visit to the gas-works" was a popular treatment; children were supposed to benefit by breathing fumes of coal-tar and its waste-products. Most inhalations merely provoke coughing and add to the patient's distress.

Various Vaccines

THERE is a pertussis (whooping-cough) vaccine at present available, and there is much controversy as to its efficiency. A tiny germ named the Bordet-Gengou bacillus is found in patients' throats and in the matter coughed up. It is generally assumed to be the cause of the disease. The Commonwealth Serum Laboratory makes a "plain" vaccine from this germ, and also a "mixed" vaccine, which includes other germs found accompanying Bordet's bacillus during the attack.

These vaccines have had a thorough testing during recent outbreaks. The average opinion of physicians is that the vaccine modifies the severity of the attack, but it must be given quite early in the complaint. In the later stages it is of little use. It does not prevent or cut short the attack. It must be injected, of course, by a physician; there are no unpleasant after-effects.

Please turn to next page



What a FLAVOUR!

YOU can do so many things with the unique flavour of Heinz Baked Beans. They're so delicious that everybody welcomes them—served in all sorts of ways... with the breakfast bacon... for school or home lunches... as a second vegetable at dinner... or as the basis of savouries and snacks. No-one but Heinz can equal Heinz in baking beans. Slow-baked in ovens. Sweet as a nut. Soaked through with the most appetizing tomato sauce. Two styles—with and without pork. Make the most of Heinz Baked Beans.

RECIPE FOLDER—FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, E.T.



You would appreciate Heinz Spaghetti Macaroni Ready-to-Serve Soups Tomato Ketchup Mayonnaise

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

for BREAKFAST/-for LUNCH/-for DINNER!



"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

NURSE PUTS IT PLAINLY

I'M AFRAID SHE'S
A VERY CROSS
BABY, NURSE.



LOOK AT THAT RED,
CHAFED SKIN!
REXONA SOAP WILL
SOOTHE THAT AND
SHE'LL BE MUCH
HAPPIER AND
PRETTIER, TOO

Silky hair, rose petal skin, comfy and happy as the day is long... that's a typical Rexona baby. No more rashes, chafing or prickly heat! The special medications in soothing Rexona Soap lather and in Rexona Ointment are a wonderful protection against all the common ailments of a baby's sensitive skin. Used together, these two soothe and heal with amazing rapidity, leaving the skin clear and unscarred. Even stubborn cases of Cradle Cap quickly yield to the Rexona treatment.

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.
8,184,32 (City and Suburbs)

Don't be DEAF

The World's Smallest Effective
Hearing Aid—No Cords, No Batteries.
30 Days' Home Trial. **Vibraphone**
Write for Booklet.
B. NATHAN 28 Austral Bldg.
1st Collins Street, Melbourne

SOUTH SEAS CRUISE

For Xmas

Leaving December 16
Returning January 5

Calling At

NOUMEA, MARE, PT. VILA,
TONGOA, RINGDOVE, LE
DART, LUGANVILLE, NOR-
SUP, SURENDA, SAKAU des
MASKELYNES, and others.

First Class Throughout
and
Including Excursions At
ALL PORTS

£35 INCLUDING
EXCHANGE

TASMANIA

Wonderful Holidays

13 Days £15/17/6

Sailings Every Week

Price Includes wonderful trips,
accommodation and first-class on
boats.

CRUISES

Jan. 7—Lord Howe & Mella. 10 days. £10/10/-
Jan. 21—Brisbane & N.Z. 13 days. £14/2/6
Jan. 28—Brisbane & N.Z. 13 days. £13/2/6
Feb. 5—Lord Howe & Mella. 10 days. £10/10/-
March 4—Hila. & N.Z. 13 days. £14/2/6
April 1—Brisbane & FJL. 13 days. £13/12/-
April 14—Tasmania. 5 days. £6/6/-
April 20—Bris. Pt. Moresby. 12 days. £13/12/-

LAND CRUISES

Dec. 22—Melbourne via Canberra. £15/10/-
Ten days, including accommodation.
Dec. 25—Canberra. 4 days. £4/17/6
Dec. 25—South Coast. 3 days. £5
Dec. 25—North Coast Lakes. 4 days. £6/17/6

WOMEN'S WEEKLY
TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St.
Tel.: MA4496

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

To Be Handled With Care... Scorpio People

Take a Scorpio person (one born between October 24 and November 23), add a dash of irritation, a sprinkle of tiredness and a little discouragement, mix well together, and you have gunpowder.

Also the makings of an excellent argument and the chances of the Scorpio's temporary desertion from the home circle. A hard time will be had by all.

SCORPIO partners, friends, relatives or co-workers must all be handled with extreme care.

Keep them happy and undisturbed and life can prove more than ordinarily interesting and enjoyable. But rub them up the wrong way and you'll probably live to wish you hadn't.

A Scorpio in a rage is a person to hide from. He can say and do more nasty things in three minutes than the average person can say and do in a week.

The worst of it is that no matter how sorry he may be afterwards, he finds it almost impossible to come down to earth and say he's sorry. He generally is, but days may pass before he can show it in tangible form. So if your Scorpio-born partner, relative or associate "blows up," leave him alone for a while and give him a chance to get over his outburst.

Real "Live-Wires"

THE trouble is that these folk work at high tension all the time. There is no middle course for them. They often procrastinate till the last moment, and then turn round and do six people's work in a fraction of the ordinary time—and do it well, too.

When their nerves slump, they think they are merely hungry and, instead of resting, are likely to start a row about "people who don't appreciate them, etc."

For all these reasons Scorpio partnerships should be chosen with extreme care.

It will be found (unless the individual horoscope happens to show a contradiction), that the most suc-

Whooping-Cough Should Never Be Neglected

Continued from Previous Page

It has been known for a long time that a change of air often gives great relief in the distressing whooping stage, especially a change from a low level to the mountains. During the last few years an ascent to a high altitude in an aeroplane has come into fashion as a popular treatment. It is not exactly a "cure," but it gives wonderful relief for the distressing spasms. 7000 feet is the altitude usually taken. At this height the air is much thinner, and, following this clue, whooping-cough has been treated in America by placing the patients in an air-chamber where the pressure is artificially lessened, that is, where the air is thinner than normal.

The results, however, have not been so marked as with ascents by plane.

It will be seen that whooping-cough is one of those diseases, like measles, for which actually little can be done except to relieve symptoms. The death-rate from the disease in Australia is 41 per million, which is, after all, not high, considering that practically everyone contracts it. (It happens to be the same death-rate as diphtheria, but the latter is not nearly so widespread.)

All that parents can do is to let the complaint run its course, watching carefully for any signs of lung complications; or if the case is severe from the first (especially if an infant is attacked) calling in a doctor. Care should be taken to avoid extremes of temperature in the early stages; children should not be allowed out in cold or wet weather, or at night. As the attack subsides plenty of good food and tonics or vitamin preparations should be given. Should bronchitis persist after two months, medical advice should always be obtained.

SCORPIONS are terrible enemies... but wonderful friends. They must be understood and appreciated, that is all.

Their friendship is worth having, too, for they can help to make life very attractive for those who have their regard.

Never should a Scorpio-born person be humiliated or criticised unjustly. It means trouble.

can be excessively hard, aggressive and unsympathetic.

They are hardest of all on slackers, whiners, and those who are unjust or hypocritical... On the other hand, they will quickly take up the cudgels on behalf of someone whose case needs support.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Wait until November 22 to begin any new or important ventures. Then work hard and long and success is likely.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Caution must be your motto all this week.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Get all important matters completed this week. Make the most of the planetary rays which favor you on November 19 and 20.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Have a good time on November 21 and 22. Be emotional, enterprising, and optimistic and you'll probably get whatever you set after.

Ask favors; make changes then.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Live quietly on November 17 and 18 if you wish to avoid worries and difficulties. Take no risks. Things brighten considerably, however, on November 21 and thereafter. Plan to live.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Seek out important matters and try to finalize them on November 17 and 18. Thereafter live cautiously.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): November 19 and 20 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Speed up important transactions, changes and requests on November 21 and 22. But live quietly on November 17, 18 and 21.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Make plans for future operations, but don't do anything about them until November 23. Work hard and be cheerful and confident on that day.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Fast so November 17 and 18.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Take no risks and make no important changes on November 17, 18 and 22. The stars may place pitfalls in your path, so be cautious.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Complete important matters on November 21 and 22. But live quietly on November 17 and 18.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.]

They Used to Stare at My Superfluous Hair



I suffered torments for years, after trying scores of things in vain. Eastern secret societies every trace forever. I will send full particulars FREE.

For years I suffered untold misery because of a heavy moustache and beard, and a hairy growth on my arms. I shuddered to go into public, because I knew that people were making unkind remarks. I tried every paste, powder etc. I ever heard of, without success, and only made the growth worse. I also endured the painful electric needle without being cured.

At last I secured, through my husband, a simple formula which had made superfluous hair disappear among the women of the East. I used it. In a few days all hairy growth had gone. 10-day run a trace can be found. Thousands of others have succeeded as well.

I therefore feel it my duty to help every lady who is afflicted, so that they may not waste their time and money as I did. If you wish to get rid of every trace of superfluous hair, send me the coupon below, or a copy of it, together with 2d. stamp for postage. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss, and address your letter as below.

Mrs. A. Graham, 11 Castlereagh Street,
SYDNEY.

Mrs. Annie Graham (Wife C.F.),
11 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.
Please send, without obligation on my part, free particulars of your method for removing Superfluous Hair.

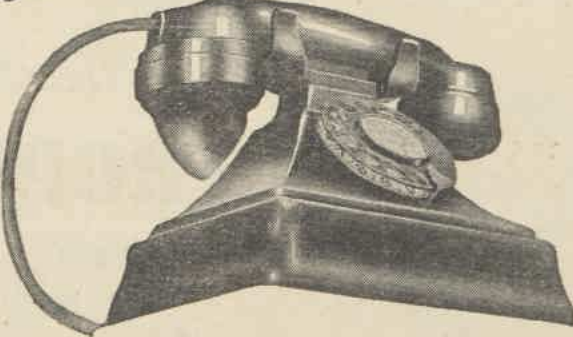
Name

Address

TREATS CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

A new discovery by a Sydney chemist speedily clears up all stomach complaints. It is called TWIN SODA and its double action first neutralizes excess stomach acid and then eliminates poison from the digestive tract by a gentle cathartic action. Permanent relief is assured. Pure TWIN SODA is sold by all chemists at 1/6 a packet.

Change to the Modern Handset Telephone



COMFORT—For ease whilst telephoning the handset is all that could be desired. It is ideal as a bedside telephone.

CONVENIENCE—The freedom of movement which the handset allows is particularly convenient when consulting papers or making notes during a conversation.

SMALL COST—And it costs only 2d. per week more than an instrument of the ordinary pedestal type.

The Department will gladly replace your existing telephones with handsets. There is no replacement fee.

Telephone or write to the Superintendent, Telephone Branch, General Post Office, and your wishes will be attended to promptly.





Science Learned From the Sun How to Make Hair 2 to 4 SHADES LIGHTER without Streaky Bleaching!

Fair Women! The texture of your hair is much finer—more delicate than Brunettes'. The ordinary shampoos they use are not enough for your light hair—they just don't prevent it from getting ratty, dull and dark. The beauty of Blond Hair lies in keeping it light, glowing, golden and soft—and that is exactly what the "sun-action" of Sta-blond, the special shampoo for light hair, does. Sta-blond acts just like the midsummer sun. It washes fair or blond, even mossy, brownish hair 2 to 4 shades lighter naturally—smoothly—in 15 minutes. Prevents light blond hair from darkening and makes it gleam with the golden beauty of childhood. Because Sta-blond's secret formula contains no harsh dyes or injurious bleaches, your "perm" takes better—the waves last longer. It is absolutely safe. Use it 2 to 4 times a week. Your hairdresser uses it. If not thoroughly satisfied, your money will be refunded. Known in America as BLONDINE, sold everywhere! Farnett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 301, N. S. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

"YOU might like to know," Llewellyn went on, in a tone of quiet compassion, "that we did everything. I came at once, brought matron from the hospital, we've been here all day—"

There was a bar of silence. A sob broke in Andrew's throat, another, then another. He covered his eyes with his hand.

"Please, my dear fellow," Llewellyn entreated, "who could help an accident like that? I beg of you—go up and console your wife."

His head lowered, holding to the banister, Andrew went upstairs. Outside the door of the bedroom he paused, scarcely breathing, then, stumbly, he went in.

By the year 1927 Doctor Manson of Aberlath had a somewhat unusual reputation. His practice was not prodigious—numerically his list had not greatly increased since those first nervous days of his arrival in the town. But everyone upon that list had a convincing belief in him. He used few drugs—indeed, he had the incredible habit of advising his patients against medicine—but when he did use them he prescribed in shattering style. It was no uncommon sight to see Gadge drooping across the waiting-room with a prescription in his hand.

"What's all this, Doctor Manson! Sixty-grain doses of KBr for Evan Jones! And the 'Pharmacopoeia' says five."

"So does Aunt Kate's dream-book! Go ahead with sixty, Gadge. You

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 60

"know you'd really enjoy knocking off Evan Jones."

But Evan Jones, epileptic, was not knocked off. Instead he was seen, a week later, his fits lessened, taking walks in the Public Park.

The Committee ought to have cherished Dr. Manson tenderly because his drug bill—despite explosive incidents—was less than half that of any other assistant. But alas! Manson cost the Committee three times as much in other directions, and often there was war because of it. He used vaccines and sera for instance, ruinous things which, as Ed Chenkin heatedly declared, none of them had ever heard of. When Owen, defending, insisted that winter month when Manson, using Bordet and Gengou vaccine, had arrested a raging epidemic of whooping-cough in his district when all over the rest of the town children were going down of it, Ed Chenkin countered: "How do we know this newfangled thing did it! Why! When I tackled 'im myself, he said nobody could be sure!"

While Manson had many loyal friends, he also had enemies. There were those on the Committee who had never completely forgiven him for his outburst, those agonised words hurled at them, over that matter of the bridge, as they sat in full

session three years before. They sympathised, of course, with Mrs. Manson and himself in their bereavement, but they could not hold themselves responsible. The Committee never did things in a hurry. Owen was then on holiday, and Len Richards, who had been given the job, was busy at the time with the new houses in Powis Street. It was preposterous to blame them.

As time went on Andrew had many heartburnings with the Committee, for he had a stubborn desire for his own way which the Committee did not like. In addition there was a certain clerical bias against him. Though his wife often went to church he was never seen there—Dr. Oxborough had been the first to point this out—and he was reported to have laughed at the doctrine of total immersion. He had, moreover, a deadly enemy amongst "the chapel" folk—no less a person than the Reverend Edwal Parry, pastor of Sinal.

In the spring of 1926 the good Edwal, newly married, had sidled, late, into Manson's surgery with an air thoroughly Christian, yet ingratiatingly man of the world.

"How are you, Dr. Manson! I just happened to be passing. As a rule I attend with Dr. Oxborough, he's one of my flock, you know, and he's handy at the East Surgery also. But you're a very up-to-date doctor by all accounts and purposes. You're in the way of knowin' everything that's new. And I'd be glad—mind you I'll pay you a nice little fee too—if you could advise me—" Edwal masked a faint priestly blush by show of worldly candor. "You see, the wife and I don't want any children for a while yet anyhow, my stipend bein' what it is, like—"

Manson considered the minister of Sinal in a cold distaste. He said carefully:

"Don't you realise there are people with a quarter of your stipend who would give their right hand to have children? What did you get married for?" His anger rose to a sudden white heat. "Get out—quick—you—dirty little man of God!"

WITH a queer twist to his face Parry had slunk out. Perhaps Andrew had spoken too violently. But then, Christine, since that fatal stumble, would never have children, and they both desired them with all their hearts.

Walking home from a call on this, the 15th of May, 1927, Andrew was inclined to ask himself why he and Christine had remained in Aberlath since the death of their child. The answer was plain enough: his work on dust inhalation. It had absorbed him, fascinated him, bound him to the mines.

As he reviewed what he had done, considering the difficulties he had been obliged to face, he wondered that he had not taken longer to complete his findings. Those first examinations he had made—how far removed they seemed in time, yes, and in technique.

After he had made a complete clinical survey of the pulmonary conditions of all the workmen in the district and tabulated his findings, he had plain evidence of the marked preponderance of lung diseases among the anthracite workers. For example, he found that ninety per cent. of his cases of fibrosed lung came from the anthracite mines. He found also that the death-rate from lung troubles among the older anthracite miners was nearly three times that of miners employed in all coal mines.

He drew up a series of tables indicating the ratio-incidence of pulmonary disease, among the various grades of anthracite workmen.

Next, he set out to show that the silica dust he had found in his examinations of sputum was actually present in the anthracite headings. Not only did he demonstrate this conclusively, but, by exposing glass slides smeared with Canada balsam for varying periods in different parts of the mine, he obtained figures of the varying dust concentrations, figures which rose sharply during blasting and drilling.

He now had a series of exciting equations co-relating excessive atmosphere concentrations of silica dust with excessive incidence of pulmonary disease. But this was not enough. He had actually to prove that the dust was harmful, that it was destruction to lung tissue and not merely an innocuous accessory after the fact.

To Be Continued

COOL
and the choice
of the
WELL DRESSED



THE *Hawley*
TROPPER

FASHIONABLE •• SUNPROOF
RAINPROOF
12° COOLER THAN ANY OTHER HAT!



The perfect hat for your boy or girl. Strong — yet light. Smart — yet comfortable. Healthy. Ideal for school or holiday wear as long as it is a GENUINE Hawley Tropper — refuse all substitutes.

★ This summer . . . for street wear, work or sport . . . all Australia will wear Hawley Troppers . . . the coolest and most comfortable hat under the sun . . . the one hat which really suits every man, woman and child. It is fashionable to wear a Tropper . . . and sensible.

SUNPROOF as well as RAINPROOF. Featherweight yet made to withstand hardest wear. Shades eyes, protects neck. Cool and becoming on the street. The right summer hat for every purpose.

All leading stores sell the Hawley Tropper. One size for men, one for women, and one for children. The head band is adjustable to conform to any head size or shape. Prices from 2/6 to 15/-.

There is only ONE genuine HAWLEY TROPPER — refuse all substitutes.

INSIST ON A GENUINE HAWLEY TROPPER

MODESS
is Better...
Softer... Safer...
here's why...



FILMATED
GAUZE



ORDINARY
GAUZE

Ordinary Sanitary Napkins can be harsh — uncomfortable. But not so Modess! Modess gauze is specially treated; it is filmed with silky soft cotton, which, combined with its special shape, assures utmost comfort always, with Modess.

And that is just one feature! Modess has many others. It is safer by reason of greater absorbency. It is surgically sheerest of gowns. Yet Modess is lower in price. Use Modess for its quality and fineness at lowest price.

MODESS IS
SOFTER Because:
It is filmed with downy cotton ALL ROUND.

SAFER Because:
Modess has a moisture proof backing . . . No other Sanitary Napkin has this feature—THE ONLY CERTAIN PROTECTION.



Price throughout
West Aust. 1/2.

BOX OF 12

Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

● Note Sports Culottes, Trim Day Frocks, and Our Splendid Three-in-One Concession Pattern

Gay, Up-to-the-Minute Modes for Day and Evening. Patterns Yours at Little Cost

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



DRESSING GOWN

WW1925.—A very chic lightweight dressing gown. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide floral. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

EVENING MODEL

WW1926.—Chiffon and lace would be our choice for this charming evening gown. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHIC FOR AFTERNOONS

WW1927.—You will be delighted with the excellent cut of this smart afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHILD'S FROCK

WW1928.—A remnant would suffice to make this charming little frock for the tiny tot. Cut in sizes 2-6 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard 36-inch lace. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SMARTLY TAILORED!

WW1931.—Cut on tailored lines, this frock will be useful for business or dressy occasions. Has zipper bodice. The peaked neckline is very smart. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SNAPPY CULOTTES

WW1929.—Here are snappy culottes for your holiday wardrobe. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SPORTS FROCK

WW1930.—Buttoned side and short puff sleeves add to the smartness of this frock for sports wear. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SWEET IN FLORAL

WW1932.—Floral material with contrast collar and pockets gives a gay note to this afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, 3-8th yard light contrast, and 1/4 yard dark contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

HOLIDAY ENSEMBLES!
Patterns
Cost 3d.



Over three-in-one concession pattern provides for the three snappy summer ensembles shown at left. Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and pattern in each size costs 3d.

To obtain pattern, fill in coupon below, and enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office.

Material required: 36 inches wide:
For No. 1, ensemble, 4 1/2 yards for coat and skirt, and 1 1/4 yards for jacket.
No. 2 frock, 3 3/4 yards, 1/2 yard contrast.
No. 3, 1 7-8th yards for jacket, 2 yards for skirt, and 3-8th yard contrast.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern, Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 4087, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 4916, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 32027, G.P.O.
If sailing, 108 Castlereagh Street, TASHMANTIA.—Write to Melbourne office, address above.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office which will be found on page 1.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Size, Pattern Coupon, 30/11/37



WINNERS in THIS WEEK'S Recipe CONTEST!

Is Your Name Featured on This Page?

Remember that Cash Prizes are given away every week by The Australian Women's Weekly for Best Recipes received

To everybody who has not yet entered our weekly recipe competition we issue a cordial invitation. It costs nothing to enter. And yet it may yield you extra pocket money, and the satisfied feeling that you have helped others.

This competition serves a dual purpose—readers learn new and good recipes, and winners receive monetary reward for the time it takes to write out their tried and favorite recipes.

£1 in cash is paid for the best recipe received each week, and consolation prizes of 2/6 each are also awarded to the next best recipes.

SEND us yours to-day! It may win you £1 for extra spending at Christmastide.

AUSTRALIAN SALAD

Some small pieces of cooked cauliflower, one lettuce, mint and parsley, beetroot, and tomatoes.

Break some of the small white leaves from the lettuce, wash and bend them over so they will hold the mixture. Arrange some of the cauliflower in each lettuce leaf, decorate with some thin beetroot and tomato slices, heap a spoonful of dressing on the top of each. Sprinkle the whole with finely-chopped mint and parsley. Leave in ice-chest a while before serving. This is a most delicious salad.

DANISH SALAD

Scoop the pulp out of four tomatoes, and mix with some chopped pieces of pineapple as much as will fill the cases. Add a little finely-chopped parsley and mint, some crushed nuts and the juice of an orange, with a little chopped gherkin.

Set the tomato cases, filled with this mixture, on some small lettuce leaves, and heap the top with dressing.

Serve with cold meats of any kind. The flavor of this salad is exclusive.

SWISS SALAD

Boil a few potatoes and mash them with a little chopped onion, crushed walnuts, shredded celery, a sprinkle of watercress, and a little finely-minced

bacon. Mix all ingredients together, and roll into fancy shapes. Put a spoonful of dressing into lettuce leaves and set the salad shapes on the dressing. Decorate the tops with half a stuffed olive.

SALAD-DRESSING

Half-cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup milk, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 heaped dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 fresh eggs.

Mix all the dry ingredients together, then break the eggs in whole. Add the milk, vinegar, and water, and mix well together. Pour into milk jug, and stand in a saucepan of water, and let simmer till it thickens, stirring now and again to prevent it becoming lumpy. Cool and bottle.

First Prize of £1 to E. L. Hedland, 450 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

BANANA OMELETTE

Three eggs, 2 bananas, 1 teaspoonful castor sugar, 1oz. butter, 1oz. currants and a little syrup. Break eggs into a basin. Add sugar, and mix well together. Melt butter in an omelette pan. When hot, pour in the mixture, and stir continually with a fork. When setting, place the bananas (cut into very small dice), mixed with currants, and a little sugar in the centre. Next fold the omelette into a cushion shape to the edge of the pan. When set, brown slightly, turn on to a hot dish, sprinkle over with sugar and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Hardy, 9 Maitland Street, Launceston, Tas.

MACARONI CAKE

Parboil six ounces of macaroni, drain it on a sieve, and then put it into a saucepan, with half a pint of milk and half a pint of cream, 1 oz. butter, 3 oz. sugar, the essence of the rind of one orange (extracted by rubbing on a piece of sugar), and a little salt. Cover with the lid and allow to simmer very gently on a slow fire until the macaroni has entirely absorbed the milk, etc. Then add the yolks of two eggs and the whipped whites of two, mix the whole lightly together, and pour into a buttered mould lined with breadcrumbs. Bake the cake in the oven for about an hour. Turn it out on a dish, pour some dandelion sauce round the base, and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. James, 19 Gilbert Street, Adelaide.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Strawberries, 2 cups flour (self-raising flour may be used), 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons butter, two-thirds cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt. All measurements are level.



HAVE YOU A RECIPE for a delicious and unusual cake suitable for Yuletide festivities? Send it to us. It may win you a handsome cash prize and, at the same time, delight other housewives and their friends.

Rub butter into flour until it is like breadcrumbs. Whip egg and mix in with the milk. Stir this into dry mixture. Put the rather moist dough into a well-buttered tin and bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Let it cool slightly, then split it in two and fill with strawberries that have been slightly crushed and sweetened with castor sugar.

Cover top of cake with whipped cream and some of the largest strawberries. The warm cake should draw the juice of the berries, and the cream should slowly wet and mingle with the delicious whole fruit—any may be used. Peaches are particularly good.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Lewis, Alberta Street, Jannah, N.S.W.

FROZEN LUXURY

Heat 12 marshmallows in 2 table-spoons pineapple juice until dissolved. Remove from heat, and beat until cool. Add 1 cup whipped cream and beat again. Line refrigerator tray with "lady's fingers," add 3 table-spoons crushed pineapple, then the beaten mixture. Freeze 24 hours, or until set. Remove to a plate, cover with whipped cream, and garnish with slices of ripe bananas.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. L. Wood, 11 Avenue, Sandgate NE7, Qld.

POMPEIIAN CAKE

One and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 cup milk, 4oz. butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and cream of tartar, soda and salt together. Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Beat till light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour alternately with the milk. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in a greased oval cake tin for about 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Cool. Arrange apple sections and syrup on top of cake and coat the sides with foam frosting tinted a pale pink.

Spiced Apple: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 large apples, peeled and cut into eighths, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, eighth teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cochineal. Boil sugar and water until it forms a soft ball when tested in water. Add lemon juice, cochineal, spices and apples. Cook slowly till apples are soft and syrup thick.

Foam Frosting: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1 egg white, eighth teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, cochineal. Boil sugar and boiling water until a little tested will form a soft

ball. Pour immediately on to stiffly-beaten egg white and salt. Add cochineal and vanilla and beat till fairly stiff. Spread immediately on to cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. C. Sander, Coalbank, via Haden, Qld.

CHOCOLATE MACAROON PUD-DING

Quarter-pound small macaroon biscuits, 4 dessertspoons cocoa, 7 dessertspoons sugar, 3 eggs, 1 pint milk, 4 dessertspoons coconut, vanilla essence.

Mix the cocoa to a smooth paste with a small quantity of the milk. Boil the remainder and pour on to it. Return to the pan and boil for one minute, then cool slightly. Whisk up the eggs, put them in a pie dish and stir in hot milk and cocoa. Add sugar, coconut, a few drops of vanilla, and stir well together. Place the small macaroon biscuits all over the top, cover the pudding with a plate, and bake in a moderately warm oven for 30 or 40 minutes, or until set. Be careful not to let it boil. Serve cold. Sufficient for five persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. P. Horton, Acacia, Barambah Ex., Vic.

QUIETS UNSTRUNG, EXCITED NERVES.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin far more Harmless than Bromides.

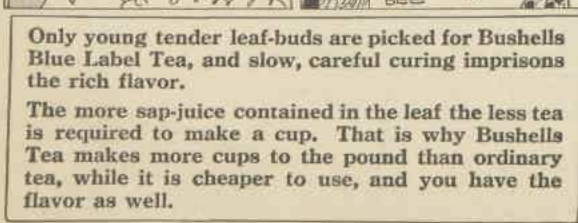
When Bayer discovered Aspirin and introduced it to the medical profession in 1900, they did not then realise what a blessing Bayer Aspirin would prove to millions of nervous, excitable folks throughout the world.

The next time you feel unstrung; excitable, depressed, or have a nervous headache, nervous stomach, or cannot sleep, take two tablets of genuine Bayer Aspirin any time, preferably about an hour after meals or at bedtime. You feel no ill effects; there is no bad reaction; your nerves simply quiet down to normal again.

Be sure you take only Bayer Aspirin because the genuine does not affect the heart, derange the digestion or form a habit. All chemists sell genuine Bayer Aspirin in boxes of 12 tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin. Soinistons Bayer when you buy. Bayer means Better.

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 169-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE BRIDGE-FIEND



Only young tender leaf-buds are picked for Bushells Blue Label Tea, and slow, careful curing imprisons the rich flavor.

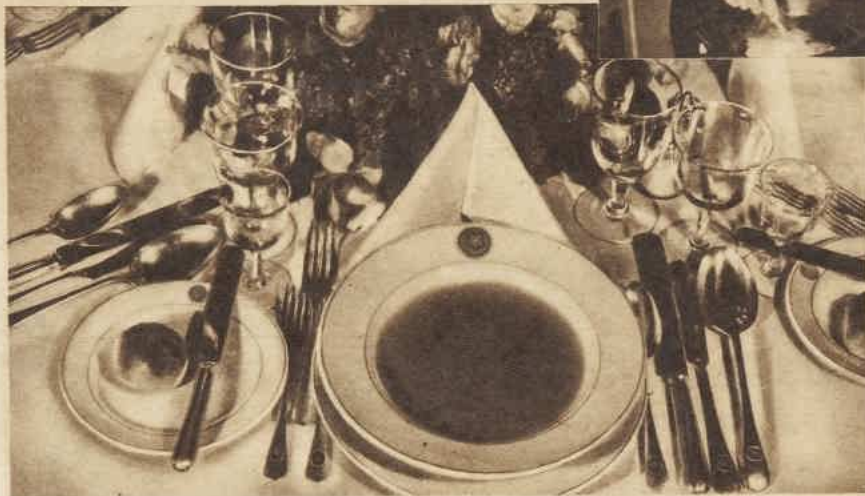
The more sap-juice contained in the leaf the less tea is required to make a cup. That is why Bushells Tea makes more cups to the pound than ordinary tea, while it is cheaper to use, and you have the flavor as well.

THRIFTY and Thrilling MEALS...When Company Comes to Dinner

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

ON this page are given three menus:—(1) "Easy-day" dinner planned to use up left-overs. (2) The same menu built up in an attractive yet economical way, when company comes to dinner. (3) More elaborate menus planned for very special occasions.



AN ATTRACTIVELY ARRANGED table adds much to the enjoyment of the meal—no matter how simple.



ABOVE: Melting the fat for the lamb fritters. The fat must be smoking hot before you fry them.

ASPARAGUS Maitre d'Hotel looks most appetising served in a glass dish and garnished with parsley.

cream and decorate with chopped nuts

OYSTER COCKTAIL WITH GRAPEFRUIT

Oysters, 1 tablespoon oyster liquor, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 1 tablespoon grapefruit juice, cayenne, squeeze lemon juice.

Mix sauce, oyster liquor, grapefruit juice, cayenne and lemon well together. Then add the bearded and plumped oysters. Allow to stand 1 hour. Serve in small glasses.

CHICKEN MARYLAND

One chicken, flour, pepper and salt, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, slices of bacon, little butter, 1 cup thin cream, 2 teaspoons plain flour.

Joint the chicken. Roll in flavored

flour, then in beaten egg, and then toss in crumbs. Lay in baking dish add a little butter and cover with slices of bacon. Bake for 20 minutes. Then remove bacon and keep hot. Continue cooking chicken till tender. Place the chicken on hot dish. Add flour to the fat and the cream. Reheat, then strain over chicken. Serve the corn fritters and bacon round the edge of the dish.

CORN FRITTERS

Small tin corn, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, salt, cayenne, 2 eggs.

Drain the corn, add flour, salt, cayenne and baking powder to it. Then stir in yolks and beat well: fold in well-whisked whites. Cook in frying pan in hot lard. Drain on paper and serve.

FINDING one morning that I had a rather busier day than usual ahead of me, I looked over my larder to see what could be done with yesterday's left-overs for an "easy" kind of dinner. There was some stock, cooked carrots, turnips and cabbage; remains of a leg of lamb, stewed fruit and custard, and stale bread.

Then and there I decided to serve:

Vegetable Soup,
Cold Lamb and Mint Sauce, with
Vegetable Salad,
Fruit and Custard.

Biscuits and Cheese, Coffee.
It was my intention to heat the diced carrots and turnip in the stock for soup.

Round about 3 o'clock the telephone rang and a couple of friends announced their intention of joining us at dinner.

Once more I looked over the larder and found I had some olives, plenty of salad-dressing and cheese. Then I evolved the following menu:

Olive Croûtes,
Vegetable Purée,
Lamb Fritters with Dutch Slaw,
Apple Batter Pudding,
Welsh Rarebit, Coffee.

And here is the way I built up this enjoyable menu from the very ordinary menu originally decided upon.

I chopped up the olives, mixed them with mayonnaise and served this mixture on small rounds of fried bread.

For the purée, the vegetables and stock were rubbed through a sieve, heated and thickened with flour and served with croutons.

In order to make the lamb fritters, the meat was cut into squares, dipped in a rich batter and wet fried. For the Dutch slaw, which was served with the fritters, the cabbage was finely-chopped, a little dressing added, then thoroughly reheated.

The apple batter pudding was made this way: The fruit was put into a glass oven dish and heated. A feather-light sponge batter was poured over, then baked and served hot with the custard.

For the Welsh Rarebit, bread was cut into slices, crust removed, and toasted golden brown on both sides. After this, each slice was cut into squares and spread with butter and mustard. A slice of cheese was then

placed on each square. They were then put under the grill until the cheese was well melted.

SUGGESTED MENUS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

HOT

Oyster Cocktail with Grapefruit.
Salmon Cutlets with Tartare Sauce.
Chicken Maryland and Corn Fritters and Bacon.

Asparagus Maitre d'Hotel.
Chocolate Mousse.
Apple and Celery Salad.
Black Coffee.

COLD

Olive Savory.
Jellied Consomme.
Chaudfroid Duchess with Lettuce and Tomato Salad.
Bavarian Cream.
Cheese Straws.
Black Coffee.

JELLIED CONSOMME

Two pints white stock, 1 cup cold water, 2 tablespoons gelatine, chopped parsley.

Make stock the day before so all fat can be removed. See that stock is well-flavored with vegetables. Soak gelatine in water, pour on hot stock. Mix well and pour into shallow dish. When set, break with fork or cut into cubes. Drop into soup cups, and sprinkle with very finely chopped parsley.

BAVARIAN CREAM

One and a half tablespoons powdered gelatine, 2 eggs, 1 cup cold water, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups milk, vanilla, stewed fruit, 1 cup cream.

Scald milk, pour onto beaten yolks and sugar. Return to double saucepan and cook over hot water till it coats the spoon. Add gelatine to the water, then stir into custard when mixture begins to set. Fold in well-whisked whites with vanilla, then the whipped cream, mixing in well. Pour into wetted fancy border mould. When set, turn onto flat dish. Fill centre with chilled stewed fruit.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Four tablespoons grated chocolate, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cup hot water, 1 oz. gelatine, essence.

Put chocolate into basin and just melt over hot water. Add sugar, beaten yolks, and essence, and cook for one minute. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and when well mixed add the chocolate mixture. Stir in well. When beginning to set, fold in the well-whisked whites. Pour into small serving dishes. Chill. Top with whipped

BLINDFOLD TEST NO. 54

Corn Flakes are far the best

-Vote
6 out of 6

in the Pryor Family of 12 Modern Avenue



All of these Australian families that make Kellogg's amazing blindfold test are asked to vote on the taste of four different breakfast foods whilst blindfolded. For month after month Kellogg's Corn Flakes have swept the polls! Everyone votes for Corn Flakes. And no wonder! Corn Flakes are EXTRA RICH because they are the only breakfast cereal made with Corn—and Corn has much more natural flavour than any other grain.



"MORE PLEASE, MUMMY," says little Bobby Pryor. Children love the crunchiness and extra flavour in Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian whole corn, are the only corn flakes you can get in Australia.

Dramatise your Menus with KRAFT CHEESE DISHES!

All the smart hostesses are doing it!

ONE flaky morsel of these crispy-light cheese puffs and you'll realise the secret of their success... it's the full flavour of Kraft Old English! And what makes that unusual Pineapple Salad different and distinguished? The delicious mellow smoothness of Kraft Cheddar!

Kraft Cheeses all add valuable nutriment to warm weather meals, as well as infinite zest

and eye-appeal. They're rich in muscle-building protein and energy units; in calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals essential for the development of strong teeth and bones, yet all too frequently lacking in the diet. It takes a gallon of pure rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese—and it's as digestible as milk itself. Have some on the menu every day.



I always clip out Kraft recipes—they're delicious—and economical too!

CLIP THESE OUT AND ADD THEM TO YOUR KRAFT COLLECTION

CHEESE PUFFS FOR LUNCHEON

An economical main dish served with a spicy Spanish sauce.

For the Puffs: Whip 4 egg whites up high and fluffy; work in 2 half pound packets of shredded Kraft Old English. Form into croquettes or patties and chill for half an hour. Beat 1 egg, add 1 tablespoon water. Roll croquettes in fine crumbs, dip in egg, roll again in crumbs and fry in deep fat. Spread the hot Spanish sauce on rounds of toast; top off each with a Puff and serve.

Then for the Sauce: Cook 1 small chopped onion in 2 tablespoons of butter; add two cups sliced ripe tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, seasonings to taste. Simmer slowly until sauce becomes thick.



PINEAPPLE SALAD SUPREME

To give you a reputation for sophisticated menus! Choose a large ripe pineapple and cut in spears or fingers, two for each serving. Top off each finger with a thin, smooth slice of Kraft Cheddar and stuffed olives. Garnish with delicate lettuce leaves.



The Four Famous Kraft Cheeses

CHEDDAR, mellow, smooth—everybody's favourite.
OLD ENGLISH, the tasty cheese that's creamy too!
PIMENTO, Cheddar flavoured with Pimento.
WELSH RAREBIT, seasoned and all ready to serve.

FREE. Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Just write in to Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A-8), Riverside Avenue, Melbourne; 58 Clarence Street, Sydney; or 74 Eagle Street, Brisbane, for your free copy.

Look for New Cheese Recipes in Box Kraft Packets

LISTEN-IN TO KRAFT MUSIC PARADE — a full hour of music and entertainment! 2UW every Tuesday, 8.45 p.m. • 3DB-LK every Tuesday, 8.00 p.m. • 5AD-MU-PI every Monday, 8.00 p.m. • 6IX-WB every Tuesday, 8.00 p.m. • 48K-AK every Tuesday, 8.00 p.m.

The world's finest cheeses are made by **KRAFT**

Public Library
Sydney
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

When Love Is Blind

By

Madeleine
Batten

Complete
Book-Length
Novel



FREE SUPPLEMENT
TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY. MUST
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

WHEN LOVE IS BLIND

By MADELEINE BATTEN



LAURENCE HILARY drove slowly through the park, dreading the moment of his return to the flat. It was a long detour between Wimpole Street and Curzon Street, but it gave him time to think, time to try and absorb the shock he had just received. Time, too, to notice the golden glory of the setting sun, the first faint breath of greenery facing the trees, the crowds lazing homewards, and a few tardy children. The first warm day of the spring was closing slowly, gracefully; one could almost hear the ecstatic sigh of winter-weary London. Beauty had been born again . . . and hope. It hurt Laurence. Laurence, who had always worshipped at the shrine of beauty. Now, suddenly, he could perceive so much of it too vividly. To-morrow, for a long time—perhaps forever—it would be blotted from his vision. The pain of that thought was increased by an extraordinary sensitiveness to the world about him . . . a last sudden shaft of sunlight, a glimpse of richly purple lilac, a child's face staring absorbed at a chestnut-tree bursting with buds . . . they were suddenly, unbearably poignant.

He turned his mind deliberately from that living canvas, remembering every incident of the long afternoon. The drive up from Surrey when the warm sunshine had got into his eyes, compelling him to realise just how badly strained they were. He had dropped Ina at the flat, making the excuse that he must see Curwen, his agent. They were going to a party to-night. Ina would find plenty to do during the afternoon. He had rung up old Smithers, told him about his eyes, been recommended to Dr. Franz Wolheim, had gone there at once. Better to get it over and done with. It couldn't be much . . . just a bit of strain, perhaps. He had been lucky to see Wolheim right away.

He could see now the long, plain consulting-room; the sort of black tent in one corner, a revolving reader in the other. And Wolheim . . . white-haired, deft, kindly. No one would guess from the simplicity of his manner that he was one of the world's greatest eye-specialists and surgeons. He had seen Laurence because Dr. Smithers had telephoned to him meanwhile, and he listened sympathetically to the brief, halting recital of the symptoms.

"I can't afford to lose the use of my eyes, even temporarily. That's what is worrying me. You see, I write . . ." Laurence had ploughed the little furrows in his forehead which always annoyed Ina. They always came when he was wrestling with some unpleasant thought. "Perhaps you'll find there's nothing wrong after all—they may need bathing, or something . . . ?"

Wolheim had smiled briefly, his low voice still betraying an accent after twenty years in England. "Perhaps. Maybe it is just a little strain, we will see. You writers

are very hard on your eyes. Always they are buried in a book, or staring at your own writings. I know, I know! But we cannot tell until we make the most careful tests . . . will you please sit in here."

Feeling nervous as a schoolboy, Laurence had sat in the small darkened corner, shrouded in the black compartment. For nearly an hour Wolheim had been absorbed in making his tests, talking very little, sometimes giving vent to preoccupied grunts. Strong lamps had been reflected from every angle into his eyes until he could hardly bear the light; lens after lens was slipped into the dummy-spectacles he wore for the tests. He had to read from the reader in the opposite corner; sometimes the letters were just a blur, sometimes large as poster-lettering; he had to be careful all the time, trying conscientiously to help Wolheim make his decision. It meant a lot to him.

At last the specialist had released him, indicated a deep comfortable chair, had seated himself opposite with an expression in his face that Laurence was afraid to interpret. Like most Englishmen, he hated beating about the bush. He managed to say very brusquely: "I'm not—going blind, Or—am I . . . ?"

Wolheim shook his head, treading with maddening delicacy. "Not as bad as that. Not yet. I'm afraid glasses will not help you. You will have to have, first, a small but important operation on the left eye . . ."

"Yes. I see. And—after—?" Laurence had tried to make his voice steady, business-like, even. Wolheim was being kind, too kind. If only he would come out with it, the whole dreary bag of tricks that Laurence could read in his eyes!

WOLHEIM leant forward, suddenly intense. "You want the truth. Very well. You are losing the use of one eye; I shall perform an operation which may save it, or it may spread the trouble to the other eye. It is impossible to tell."

But if you need your sight—and of course you do—that operation is imperative. Without it . . . it would be only a matter of time until both eyes became infected and—the sight is gone! he shrugged his shoulders with a gesture not unsympathetic.

It was the worst moment Laurence had ever experienced. But all his life he had had to fight. Now, with success so recently won, he would meet this new difficulty—somehow.

He looked straight at the specialist. Not very cheery, the outlook, either way. Is it? You mentioned a "first" operation—are there—will there be a series of them?

"No. One only. But if it is successful, you will have to wear a dark bandage over the eyes for a long time. Six months at least. The eyes must be given a complete rest. I shall examine their progress from time to time. But if that bandage is ever taken off for any other purpose—"

he leant forward once more, his whole posture tense with emphasis—"I will not be responsible. There is a chance, one chance, of restoring your sight completely. You wanted the truth. But you must place yourself in my hands—you must co-operate."

"Yes. I understand."

THAT had been an hour ago. Since, Laurence had driven round and round the park, like an aimless squirrel in its cage. He loved driving; that, too, would be taken from him after to-morrow. He saw two mobile police and wondered a little grimly if he were officially fit to drive even now. One eye going blind, the other bound to go in time. That was about the sum total of it. What a terrible thing to have to hear on such a day, at such a time. He had been writing for twelve years—since he was twenty, and had got that first job as reporter on the potty little Sussex paper, "Homestead" . . . much water had passed under the bridge since then. Years of struggling from one paper to another, always a step higher . . . novels in his spare time. Novels that always managed to find a publisher, yet never—sickening disappointment each time—set the Thames on fire. Until two years ago—when the publication of his new book had almost ceased to thrill him with that nervous, sickening swinging between hope and despair—"Young Gods" had been a best-seller.

Swiftly, wonderfully, in a manner that was incredible after his steady, unromantic progress, the sales had leapt up. In 1934 the public was tired of psychological, dirt-digging novels, longing for something fresh. In "Young Gods" Laurence had given it to them. It was a vivid, fiery, lovely story of the world after the next war, swept clean of all the old errors, the lusts, hates, and mistaken ideals. Only a few children remained alive; the story of their growth, of their piecing together the history of the past, of their new ideals and the courage with which they start to recreate the world . . . that was "Young Gods." It had made people laugh, made them weep; above all, it had brought them the essence of youth in all its beauty, strength, and purity of purpose.

Two thousand copies had sold the first week; Hollywood had bought the film rights; within a year 48,900 copies had been sold, and the market for his next book assured. Nothing succeeds like success; papers which had given him a half-column gave him leading articles on every subject under the sun. He sold enough magazine stories to keep him in comfort for a year.

Success—all the more for being unexpected—was very sweet. And at the apex of it he had won Ina. Blond, Madonna-like Ina who had the power still to send the blood coursing wildly in his veins in spite of their quarrels, in spite of the threatening gulf that seemed to yawn between them. He, usually courageous, would not face that gulf; especially not to-day,

when his news might widen it. He turned his thoughts deliberately back to his work. Blount and Hayward were waiting for the MS. of his third book for them; the book that would complete and forever solidify his triumph. For months he had been working out the plot of "Sweet Amber," brooding over it like a parent. Now the synopsis was written, and the first two chapters. And to-morrow . . . to-morrow he would be blind. He had not much faith, that evening, in Wolheim's "little operation."

Slowly, reluctantly, he drove the long grey car towards the gates. The bulk of St. George's Hospital loomed to his right; for the first time he noticed it. "Oh understanding. To-night, more than ever before, the weakness of the human body conveyed a dreadful meaning to him.

INA was already dressed for Carrie Soames-Whitby's party. She stood by the mantelpiece, leaning on it wearily in her favorite attitude, the long lines of her black velvet frock draping her slenderness to perfection, showing off the natural ash-blond of her fine silky hair draped plainly over her small neat head and gathered into a coil in the neck. Many people likened Ina Hilary to a Madonna—a pale, blue-eyed, fair Madonna. Her pose was studied; everything she did was done for effect. But not for Laurence's benefit; the sound of his key in the flat-door made her tense abruptly, and one foot beat an impatient tattoo on the polished floor. She hardly waited for him to come in to speak. "For Heaven's sake, hurry and change. We'll be late as it is—and you know how Carrie hates a mess-up in her arrangements."

Laurence looked dazed, tired. His mood was so profound that it took him a few minutes to adjust himself to Ina's impatience.

The room itself always had an extraordinary effect on him—an effect of unreality, heavily depressing. Obviously he was not advanced enough to understand it—all Ina's friends thought it adorable. It had sheer silver walls, a black ceiling studded with silver stars, black paintwork and a highly-polished ebony floor with two white fur rugs. The furniture was chromium tubing upholstered with black velvet, the only ornament a huge lalique jar filled with white lilies. To Laurence it was theatrical—fantastic—and when he was honest with himself—all rather cheap. But the room, the whole flat, was Ina's. A concession to her when the prospect of living all the year round in his tiny cottage had threatened to wreck their marriage from the start. It was an expensive whim, but he grudged not a penny of it. It only made him a little wistful, impressing on him as it did that he would never understand her mind.

"I'm sorry, darling." He went over to look at her, to drink in the beauty of her, while he could still see it. In his pre-occupation he had forgotten the Soames-Whitby party; it was difficult even now to bring himself back to that world of gay trivialities. "You are looking divine to-night," he added, and his eyes repeated the tribute.

Ina did not see it; she was staring at the tiny clock set in the silver wall above the electric fire. His adoration was beginning to bore her. In the beginning it had been rather wonderful to be loved as Laurence loved her, so differently from the other men in her life. Men who had assessed her beauty with cold, professional eyes,

wanted her in the same cold spirit as she wanted things—money, advancement, pleasure—from them. Being the star-mannequin at Laboulliers had not been all roses by any means.

"Dearest, couldn't you hurry and dress . . . ?" she drawled, too much an artist in her own way to allow her real impatience to spoil her make-up and careful poise. "Carrie's rather important, you know, to people like us. I don't want to fall out with her. Besides, after a week at the cottage I'm ready for a dash of life."

"Naturally, Ina. You must go in a few minutes. I'm not going . . . you'll have to make some excuse—"

"Not going?" Ina so far forgot herself as to become shrill. "Are you crazy . . . ? Carrie's got a special crowd there to-night to meet you!"

Laurence smiled, and carefully lighted a cigarette. Ina did not smoke. "Then I'm sure they'll be ravished to meet you, darling. Instead, it will be a pleasant surprise!" His face darkened as he remembered the real issue, unconsciously his tone grew a little curt. This was his big fence . . . if he could take it the fates could not hurt him . . . "Ina—I'm afraid I've got some rather bad news—"

Ina swung round, instantly attentive. Fundamentally, she was an extremely shrewd business woman. "Nothing wrong with Blount and Hayward, is there?"

"No. But there may be . . . if I cannot pull out of the wood . . ." Laurence was finding it more difficult than he had expected. He was fumbling for words (the Laurence Hilary!) . . . then they came with a rush. He went over and touched her bare arm gently. "Ina—I did not go to Curwen to-day. I went to a specialist about my eyes."

She made no answering movement. Her own eyes, blue, cold, slightly startled, were fixed on his. "There's nothing—seriously wrong, is there?"

"I'm afraid there is. He wants to operate at once; and for at least six months afterwards I shall have to have a bandage over them. To all intents and purposes I shall be helpless." He laughed bitterly. "A nuisance to myself and everyone else, I expect! But the alternative is worse."

"And that is . . . ?"

Already Laurence was ashamed of that laugh. Ina, his lovely Ina, wasn't really taking it like this. Later on she would realise, would melt into the warmth she had had during those honeymoon weeks . . . now she was stunned, of course, inarticulate. It had taken him like that a few hours before. It wasn't the sort of thing one could realise . . . all at once. "It sounds grim, my sweet, but it's not as bad as that really. Wolheim is confident that the operation will be quite successful. It's just a matter of giving the eyes a complete rest. Beadily nuisance, but better than going blind, darling!"

"Blind . . ." she whispered, and now there was real horror in her voice. She hated and feared sickness of any sort, the idea of death was one that she kept at bay at all costs. Blindness, being crippled—even temporarily—brought the dread spectre somehow nearer. Her face was white under its careful make-up. She stared at her husband incredulously.

He thought that pity had entered her heart. Careless now of her clothes, he caught her to him and buried his tired face in her cool, white neck. "Don't worry, Ina darling—these specialists always take the worst view. It doesn't mean—that—at all. We've got to look upon it as a few months' compulsory retirement . . . nothing more."

"Yes, I suppose . . . they do try to frighten you, don't they . . . ? Poor old Laurence. It'll be pretty ghastly for us at the cottage. . . . When does he want to operate?" Ina was still dazed, wildly trying to see how this new development would affect her. "Did you say—at once?"

"To-morrow. Better to get it over. There's the new book, you see. The sooner I can get on with that—"

"The book—of course." Ina broke away from him, wandered up and down the room, her long classic gown sweeping the floor. Suddenly she stopped, looking at Laurence. "Laurence—will you be able to write it? Oh, it's dreadful! Horrible! How can you, with—that thing over your eyes . . . ?"

A great coldness was spreading over him; it was like being submerged under an iceberg. For the first time he was seeing a vivid glimpse of the real Ina. He had known her in childish rages, petulant, selfish. Now, at this great crisis of their lives, she was something worse than that. Almost he could see her calculating their income if he never wrote another book. It hurt. Wildly he clung to his conception of her, to his love. Even now—now less than ever—would he face the destruction of the edifice he had so carefully built around her. She was attacking more than his love for her, something deeper.

He closed his eyes for a minute in sheer weariness. "I shall have to get a secretary. I've never been much good at dictating—I shall have to learn," he said.

THOSE closed eyes actually penetrated Ina's armor. She came across, secretly vastly relieved (a secretary—she had not thought of that!) and put her arms round his neck. "Poor old Laurence! Never mind, it's only a few months. We'll have people—people you like—to come and cheer you up . . . I suppose you won't be able to go about in town much . . . ?"

"No. And—I'm sorry to disappoint you—we shall not be able to have people down, either. If this business leaks out it may really damage my career. At first everyone will be full of sobstuff—and then, if—if anything does go wrong, I'll be a back number. No one—not a single soul except yourself and Wolheim, Fergy and Pike, and—of course the secretary—must know about it." He opened his eyes and looked down at her. He had grey-steel-grey eyes, and for the first time she realised what nice eyes they were. "It's important, Ina. Very. I know I can write, with or without eyes—they don't. If it ever comes to the worst, I shall simply dictate everything. But by then the public must have seen my next book written under those conditions—then they'll know, too . . ."

"Yes. Yes, I suppose you are right. But how will you prevent people from knowing?"

Laurence shrugged impatiently. "Easily. I'm simply buried in the cottage, on fire with my new plot. Luckily I'm not a very sociable bird at the best of times . . . I don't think anyone will smell a rat. There's no need for me to see Curwen or the publishers for some months—I'm up-to-date with everything but the book."

"What about the secretary? I suppose you'll get some pretty little thing who'll talk all over the place."

"Ina, don't be petty." Laurence looked at her. "You should know by now that other women simply don't ~~size~~ . . ."

for you—I want to carry on with the new book—with everything."

She smiled, briefly pleased with his obvious sincerity. He added, staring at the jar of lilies, "You'll have to interview the applicants anyway, while I'm recovering from the op." He grinned, suddenly boyish—"you can choose the ugliest frump in London providing she's efficient, darling!"

Ina pouted. "It'll be fun for me, stuck down there listening to you and your lady-bird reeling off words by the thousand."

The iceberg in Laurence's heart had been thawing at her human jealousy; now it froze again. He thought desperately—I mustn't allow this to come between us, it's not going to force me to play the martyr . . . He managed to make his voice briskly cheerful. "But that's just what you will not be doing, my dear. I need you to hold the fort up here; it's imperative that you should go about as usual, telling the yarn. My disappearance for the next few months must look like an author's whim, nothing more. Understand . . ."

"I think you're very wise, Laurence. You can trust me not to let the cat out of the bag."

"That's splendid, darling. And I think you'd better run along to your party now. I'm driving down to the cottage to-night . . . a last luxury! Wilhelm is bringing a trustworthy nurse with him about ten or eleven, and I must prepare Percy or she will think the end of the world is coming! You can drive down in the morning, can't you. There's nothing to get worked up about—it's a very slight operation in any case."

She nodded, went into the bedroom to repair her make-up. Left alone, Laurence slumped into a chair.

He loved Ina with all his heart and soul, but there were times when he felt a loneliness that was terrible, when he longed without admitting it even to himself for something warmer, more human, than the brittle affection she gave him so casually, when he wanted a home with someone he could depend on whether his career continued or not. He told himself he was unreasonable; Ina was too beautiful, it was natural she should care for her setting. It was her right . . .

Their parting was brief, casual. He stood by the window and watched her step into the two-seater far below, shepherded by the respectful commissionaire. He let the black velvet curtain fall into place with a tiny frustrated sigh.

IF the flat in Curzon Street was a concession to Ina, Hermit's Rest was Laurence's own very private indulgence. Born in a Sussex village, the love of the country was innate in him; the years as a pushing journalist in London had only increased the nostalgia for fields and woods and wide, sweet-smelling spaces.

His first novel . . . long before the time of "Young Gods," had brought him thirty pounds, less his agent's commission. Laurence, feeling a millionaire, had gone house-hunting, had plunked the lot down on the tiny, disused shepherd's hut (it could hardly be called more) on the verge of some woods beyond Guildford. With those few pounds he had bought himself one of the world's beauty-spots, and every penny he had made for years afterwards was spent on the house and garden. It had been enlarged, improved, but always with

an eye to its original form and shape, so that no one could see where the new rooms had been grafted on. It was still tiny, but it rambled. To Ina it was just a messy, poky, desolate cottage still, and exceedingly difficult of access for their friends. To Laurence it came something near Heaven.

Only two servants were ever imported to it; Mrs. Fergusson, Laurence's old nurse and present housekeeper, a formidable (to everyone except her beloved Laurence) and upright Scottish woman, and Pike. In London Pike was chauffeur-cum-valet; the flat was in a service-block, without accommodation for any servants beyond Ina's personal maid, Lola. Lola was never brought to Hermit's Rest.

Her one and only visit had drawn Percy's wrath on her so soundly that she threatened to give notice if she ever had to come again. To the relief of the others, Ina kept her in town after that. Percy had her own word to describe Lola, and secretly Laurence had to agree with her; but she was an excellent lady's maid, and Ina would have parted with any of them before Lola.

At the cottage Pike's duties were less formal. He became the handy man-cum-chauffeur-cum-gardener. When Laurence was absorbed in a book he would stay at the cottage for weeks on end, and the household of three worked smoothly, happily. It was no secret in the kitchen that his marriage was none too happy. Percy's opinion of Ina, though never expressed even to Pike, was hardly more complimentary than her verdict on Lola; and Pike himself, far too experienced a servant to show his feelings to his employers, made no bones about detesting Ina when he was ensconced in Percy's comfortable kitchen chair. He liked pottering about the garden at Hermit's Rest, to come in at the end of the day and light up his pipe, uttering the slow wisdom of his kind: "She'll be the death of 'im one of these days, you mark my words, Mrs. P."

"It's not our business to mind his affairs, anyway, Pike. He's not a child any longer."

Pike looked at her with a twinkle in his eye. "I bet there's times when you wish 'e was, too! Times when you'd 'ave liked to spank 'im for taking up with a bit of fluff like 'er . . . anyone with 'arf an eye can see she's not 'is class, for one thing. And a proper bit of trouble, for another!"

"Everything will be all right when they have a hair or two." Mrs. Fergusson allowed herself to predict. She liked Pike too much to keep him in his place as thoroughly as she knew she should.

Pike grinned at her broad, capable back, shook out his pipe on her immaculate hearth, stood up, and stretched.

"That sort are pretty fly, Mrs. P. You mark my words!" he threw at her over his shoulder as he went out to his own quarters over the old stable.

Fergusson frowned at the closing door, at the mess from the pipe on her otherwise spotless hearth. Briskly she fetched the brush and dustpan, sweeping the little mound with short, angry movements. But all the while her own thoughts were running only too much in agreement with Pike's. She could not—would not—ever express them so freely.

Laurence knew every inch of the road, and could let his thoughts wander. A sure, ex-

pert driver, he was automatically ready for any emergency of the road. Every mile he traversed was full of memories for him, was permeated with his own hopes and dreams since that first drive from the office of the "Courier" to his newly-acquired cottage. When he had disappeared into Surrey every week-end, the others on the staff had nicknamed him "The Hermit" . . . and before long he had named the cottage, grinning to himself at the aptness of it. It had been a lovely day when he had put down that thirty-pound deposit; a day of wild hopes and a sudden fear that he was making a frightful fool of himself. Common sense whispered that he could not afford luxuries like country cottages for many years yet; that it would be a rope round his neck . . . that he might grow to hate it. It was rather absurd to have a house he could only occupy for one day and a half every week! Then he had remembered Percy . . . dear old Percy, living in rooms on a sort of multiple-pension from the families whose babies she had nursed (his own mother had contributed towards that) . . . Percy, fretting and miserable because for the first time in her life she had no home to work in, no "corner of her own" as she expressed it. She had jumped at Laurence's offer to make Hermit's Rest her permanent home.

BETWEEN them they had done wonders to the little cottage even before money began to come in at all easily; for three years they expended love and energy on it. Laurence all his earnings. It became his hobby, his fetish, almost a secret vice. Before, he had gone around with the others, done the usual things; taken pretty girls to dances, flirted, spent too many hours drinking in the Fleet Street bars. Hermit's Rest changed it all; every moment he could spare was spent there.

He had never told anyone, not even Percy, of the nights when he lay awake in the little dormer-windowed bedroom staring at the star-spattered sky visible beneath the fringe of thatch, dreaming of the woman who would one day lie here beside him . . . the woman who would belong to Hermit's Rest as surely, as inevitably, as he did. He wanted to marry, to have children. He knew he was not much good as a journalist, but he had faith in his novels. Fleet Street knew him as a quiet, rather shy man with not enough punch to make his mark in journalism. It suspected him of the deadly crime of being highbrow; that crime which is miraculously transformed into a virtue, overnight as it were, on achieving success! He would have been disliked if the Street had not had many evidences of his quiet good-nature, his readiness to come down from his dream-clouds to lend an unobtrusive helping-hand when necessary.

Instead of his dream-woman, he had found—Ina.

WHEN he was seventeen, Laurence, on vacation from college, fell in love with the local innkeeper's daughter. He still smiled to himself when he remembered the over-buxom charms of Edna. Luckily, she had been twenty-five, engaged to a policeman, and not at all anxious to take advantage of the infatuation of the young Hillary. His father had been killed in the war; and with the exception of the few weeks in which his calf-love for Edna was born and killed, his mother filled all his ideals of womanhood for many years.

Her death left him almost penniless at twenty, and the editor of the local paper had offered him a job more out of kindness than any belief in his brilliance.

He had never been seriously in love until he met Ina. It still made him shiver to remember how nearly he had not gone to that Press luncheon after all. "Young Gods" was in the first flush of success, his friends were full of congratulations. He was still unused to this sudden popularity, more than a little afraid of it. He had been spending the week-end as usual at Hermit's Rest, the laundry had not brought back the clean shirt he wanted to wear. He hated the one with the thin blue stripe that Ferry had offered him in its stead. With his dark hair and brown eyes and tanned skin (no amount of Fleet Street had succeeded in paling that tan), browns and fawns suited him; in blues and greys he looked—so he said—like a foreigner. But Ferry had had one of her amazingly acute moments.

"They're helping to make your success, lad—you owe it to them to go. If you don't they'll think you are—are—"

"High-hat!" Laurence supplied the words whimsically, starting at the offending shirt. "All right. I'll go. Curse that laundry!"

Laurence, the famous designer, had been there, hungry as usual for any publicity that might be going. He brought as his guest, Ina Seville, his star mannequin.

From that moment when Laurence saw Ina, he had eyes only for her, ears only for what she was saying; and Ina, always intensely, acutely aware of a receptive audience, was at her best. She had wangled the invitation out of Lauboulier with the sole intention of meeting Laurence, intrigued by the rumors of his severe bachelorhood. She had been surprised and delighted with him, had played her cards with consummate skill. A certain amount of natural grace had been supplemented by her professional training; she had played the part easily, securely, of a queen in her own right. Ignoring Laurence sitting at the other end of the table, hiding her acute realization of his preoccupation in her, she had left early—before being introduced to him—knowing very well that having seen her he would never rest until he got to know her.

It had been risky, but it had worked. Laurence attended Lauboulier's next dress show; within six months Ina had graciously accepted the role he thrust upon her of a Madonna, and before he had cooled down sufficiently to analyse his emotions, to wonder if she were really the partner for Hermit's Rest about whom he had built his dreams, she was his wife.

As his wife she had been a social success. In that respect at least she had never failed him. But it had been a terrible disappointment to him when she made him realise, fully and finally, that she did not want children.

HIS long, grey Lancelet nosed her way smoothly out of the town, into the quiet country beyond. In the village of Medhill he slid the car into the garage he hired permanently. There was no roadway to Hermit's Rest. Ina thought that a beastly nuisance, but Laurence was glad of it: it kept his corner of the world a little more his own, aloof, secluded. He had recently bought another five acres of surrounding woodland, frightened of the housing developments springing up over the countryside. He, at least, would never see his home surrounded by a mushroom growth of

tiny villas glued together in their unsightly rows, gleaming extortionate rents out of all proportion to their real value.

He let himself into the house very quietly. Ferry would have been asleep for hours.

His room was always ready for him. Without putting on the light, he found his pyjamas, undressed, and splashed his face in the ice-cold water from the jug. He got into bed and lay for a long time staring at the thatch-framed bit of sky, falling at last into troubled, restless sleep.

WOLHEIM kept glancing impatiently at his watch. The usually mild little man was on the verge of an outburst. He was, after all, giving up a great deal of his time to this affair; he disliked having it wasted. Comparing his watch with a green travelling-clock on the bedroom mantelpiece he found that it was accurate. It was an old-fashioned gold hunter, and he shut it with a little snap.

"If she does not come in ten minutes, I must go on. I cannot wait all day!" he said irascibly. His nurse, standing by cool, serene, impassive, nodded slowly. Everything was ready. There was nothing more she could do until Mrs. Hilary came and the operation started.

Laurence was sitting on the bed in his pyjamas, looking like a disconsolate school-boy, staring at the table that had been brought up from the kitchen. "Just a few minutes," he pleaded. "—I know... something is holding her up..."

The sound of high-heeled shoes running up the flagged path brought them all to attention. There was general relief in the air. The atmosphere before any operation, however small, is strained; and any work done on the eyes is exceedingly delicate and tricky. Wolheim hated operating anywhere but in his own nursing-home, though in this case he realised the necessity for discretion. Now, perhaps, they could get on... he signalled the nurse, and they left the room together as Ina came up the stairs and passed them with a slight smile.

"She doesn't seem very anxious," the nurse said as the bedroom door closed behind her.

Wolheim, happier now, shook his head gently. "One cannot tell. Some people—women especially—hide their feelings very well."

"That's true. I'll just run down and tell the housekeeper we're about ready for the water."

Ina was in Laurence's arms, giving him one of those rare ecstatic moments which revived all his hopes, kept his love alive. "I'm sorry, darling, really sorry. I had a bit of a breakdown that kept me for an hour... and then that walk up from the village... I've never cursed not having a road so much!"

"Darling, darling! It doesn't matter. You're here now," he buried his face in her fair hair.

"I'm frightfully scared. I—I suppose it really is necessary..." Ina's blue eyes stared at him.

"Afraid it is, but in a few minutes it'll be over. Did you have a nice time last night?"

"Oh, the usual... all the same people. Well, good luck, old thing," she lowered her eyelids, kissed him briefly. Never would she tell him the truth about that party of Carrie's... It had been the most wonderful evening of her life. It was true that all the usual people had been there... but Garth, too. And he was filling her thoughts so

vividly she could hardly act this pathetic farce with Laurence... was glad when Wolheim came back and shook hands with her before gently turning her out. One tiny flash of compunction she did have when she saw the tray of bright shining instruments in the nurse's hands... but it was quickly done.

Garth filled her whole mind. She had slept heavily after the excitement last night, had forgotten to tell Lola to call her early, had been late in starting for Surrey. That, too, Laurence should never know.

Alone in the long pleasant sitting-room, unable from her experience to even imagine what they were doing to Laurence in that upstairs room, she gave herself up to remembering every incident of the evening before...

She had arrived late, and without Laurence. Carrie had been annoyed, but soon mollified. Ina could be relied on to make a definite, quiet, and compelling impression at any party. She had little intelligent conversation, but the strength of her physical personality made up for that. She had the sense not to try and capture the conversation, so that her long silences were taken for thoughtfulness, her brief remarks as pearls of wisdom.

The dinner was perfect. At the hotel Carillon it could be nothing else; the party, once the conversational waters had closed over the head of the absent Laurence, went with a swing. Carrie was something of a wit, if extreme cattiness can be really witty; usually Ina enjoyed listening to her subtle glances at mutual acquaintances. To-night, unaccountably, she was bored.

It was fantastic, incredible, that anything should have happened to undermine the future like this. Sickness and sudden death and disablement didn't happen to people like Laurence... or—did they? The mere thought sent a shiver of apprehension down her spine, made her whiten for an instant under the careful make-up. Could this blindness, temporary though it was, do him serious harm? Could they keep it a secret? Fiercely, almost vindictively, Ina resolved that it should be kept a secret, whatever the cost. She dared not face the thought of what might happen to them if he should go permanently blind. If the treatment should fail... as Laurence had said... a sea of pity, patronage... and then oblivion. Instinctively she glanced round the table, seeking a possible protector if the worst should happen. Never for an instant did Ina contemplate living a life of retirement at Hermit's Rest with Laurence... a Laurence embittered, irascible, a failure...

There was no one important enough, Hanna, the Swedish artist, was known to be devoted to his wife... she was due to join him in two days. Michael and Tony were here with their fiancées, Tobit with his girl-friend. Not a single man there who would be worth conquering. Ina was disappointed, tired after her scene with Laurence, rather frightened at the bogypictures she was making for herself of the future.

She was glad when Carrie suggested they should all go to the Poinsettia Club to dance; it was more intimate and exciting than the formally gracious Carillon ballroom.

The negro band was playing "The Music Goes Round and Around" when the party piled out of their taxis and into the narrow

entrance-hall of the club. An insane tune, but with something absurdly joyous in it that infected even the bored and blasé crowd bear-hugging on the tiny square floor. Carrie had a corner-table reserved for her, and from it they gradually discerned several more friends through the smoke-screen. Lucas Merrol, a friendly rival of Laurence's, came over and bought Ina a drink. Carrie shrieked at him over the din: "Laurence's gone into a huddle over his new book—won't leave Hermit's Rest—isn't it sweet!"

Lucas sat down at their table laughing. "Is that true?" he demanded of Ina.

She nodded. "I can't tear him away from it. He says it'll be weeks yet before he can lessen the grind."

Lucas grimaced. "Looks as though number three will be the biggest and best seller yet. How depressing for me. I've just finished a masterpiece in two weeks, Lunns have already got the MS. worse luck. Or Laurence's example might even have induced me to take it home and revise the thing!" He went away grinning to claim his girl-friend from the mob on the floor.

Ina hardly noticed a group of men pushing their way to Carrie's corner; when they were exchanging greetings she recognised two of them. Noel Iverson, the composer, and Lee Manton, the producer. Lee spotted her at once. "Ina! alone and unprotected—you can't count Carrie! I want someone to meet you—Garth, come here!"

He had pushed forward a man as fair as herself, a tall, slim young man with hazel eyes and deeply sunburned skin. "This is Garth Brewster, just over from Ill' old Hollywood . . . my latest discovery! Meet Laurence Hilary's fair Madonnita . . . the loveliest woman in London!"

It was obvious that Lee had been drinking too much. Garth and Ina looked at each other, annoyed. The others roared with laughter. It was only the bawd striking up "You're My Bit of True Blue Heaven" that saved an awkward situation. In answer to the sudden fire in Garth's lazy eyes Ina found herself in his arms dancing.

They had found an astonishing intimacy at once.

WOLHEIM'S entry broke the train of her reminiscences; at once she assumed the pose of a distracted wife. Instinctively she clasped her hands loosely, allowed a piteous appeal to shine from her eyes. "Doctor! Is—is everything all right . . .?"

The specialist smiled gently, nodded two or three times as if well pleased. "So far, yes. We cannot tell for about three weeks whether the other eye will be affected or not. When he comes to, he will feel pain. He may have one, two bad days. The nurse will stay until I am quite sure the operation has been successful."

Ina nodded seriously. "Of course. It is very good of you to understand the situation, to help us so much . . ."

"Ah! It is so little I can do!" He put a fatherly hand on her shoulder. "I need your help. He must stay in bed for two days, must rest, must not worry . . . and afterwards—all those months—it is essential that the bandage over the eyes must never come off. Never, never, never—do you understand?"

"Yes." She breathed the word, awed in spite of herself. There was something impressive in the little old man's intensity. For the first time she realised a little just

how serious the matter of the bandage would be.

Wolheim frowned, though there was a twinkle in his eyes. "I do not trust him!" He beat a doubled hand on the other palm. "I know what it is like, in the patient's own home! At first he is scared; he promises to be a good boy . . . then, soon, he finds the bandage so tedious; he long for the use of his eyes—they feel quite well. And so one day he acts on impulse—and tear off the bandage. Months of work undone . . . work that can perhaps never be done again. . . . That is why I like to have them under my own eye, in my nursing-home."

"I don't think you need worry about Laurence," Ina answered slowly. "He values his sight so much. His whole career may depend on this."

"You must watch him. Try to amuse him, to make him feel the darkness is less tedious. It grows very wearisome, you understand." He glanced again at his watch. "Now I must go. You can rely absolutely on Nurse Crookford—she is both kind and discreet. Good-bye—"

The little man shook hands, hurried out and down the flagged path. Ina sank back in her chair with a sigh of relief. Thank goodness the worst was over; Laurence would probably feel pretty low for a time, but now it was just a matter of waiting, of doing what he was told. She knew Laurence, knew that Wolheim need have no anxiety. Laurence would never be such a fool as to jeopardise his chance of recovery . . . and as for the time of waiting, he would have his book to play with. That would keep him occupied far better than her reluctant company. She supposed she ought to go up and wait for him to come to . . .

Slowly, afraid of looking at him, she went upstairs.

A WEEK after the operation Nurse Crookford left; Ina drove her to London. Laurence had begged her to go to the flat and carry on as usual, and she had jumped at the idea. He had not the slightest suspicion that her mind was full of Garth Brewster, that she was on fire to see him again, that she was wondering all the time whether Garth had accepted her casual invitation to "come round and meet my husband some time . . ."

whether he was even now telephoning the number she had given him . . . but surely Lola would relay the message . . .? She did not trust Lola, suspected the girl of being out all day whenever she was left at the flat. It was a relief to be driving towards London once more. She was so gay she could afford to be pleasant to the nurse, whose cool, efficient solicitude for Laurence during the past week had annoyed her considerably. It was as if Margaret Crookford had usurped her own role of sympathetic helper . . . Ina was conscious of no irony in the thought. But now the girl was leaving, and she herself on the way to an adventure that might well be the greatest of her life, she found nicer things to say than she had ever thought of before. She took pains to point out beauty-spots as they passed through the smiling countryside, told little anecdotes . . . and when they parted at Selfridges she thanked her prettily for her care of Laurence.

The nurse went on her way wondering if she had done Mrs. Hilary an injustice. Perhaps she really was quite decent when one got to know her . . . some people needed knowing.

All the same, she thought it a bit odd that Ina should be so pleasant to-day . . . when they were leaving that lonely pathetic figure down there to his own limited devices. She herself had liked Laurence immensely, found in herself a strange overwhelming pity for him. Whatever the cause, it was easy enough for any member of that tiny household to see they were as different as two people could possibly be . . .

Wistfully, smiling secretly at her unprofessional attitude to this case, Nurse Crookford wished she could have stayed on and looked after Laurence herself. But the very fact of her presence had been a trial to him, made him feel more helpless, she realised that. And really, there was nothing more she could do for him—nothing that Mrs. Fergusson could not do as well. The housekeeper had been jealously waiting for this day, when she would have her "liddle" safely to herself.

Oh, well . . . she smiled again. He was in safe hands, even if they were not strictly speaking, the right hands. She must put this attractive patient out of her mind, turn her thoughts to the new case for to-morrow. And in the meanwhile there were some stockings and caps she needed. She threaded her way through the maze of Selfridges and began humming a little tune.

Both women would have been surprised—but not so surprised as Laurence was himself—if they could have sensed his relief at their departure. For the first time he was really glad to hear Ina's good-bye. He put it down to the strangeness of this new dark world in which he needed to adjust himself, to be alone . . .

INA had not been back at the flat an hour before Lola brought her Garth's card. It was a wonderful surprise, like an answer to prayer . . . though she did not think of it in those terms. She would have called it fate playing into her hand. She wondered how he knew the address—it was not in the telephone directory because Laurence was always being pestered by entire strangers for interviews, parties, free copies of his novel . . . anything down to autographs. She had only given him the phone number . . . it was a sort of miracle. Anyway, it showed how keen he was . . .

When she came from the bedroom a few minutes later she found Garth staring at the room. He had no time to conceal the faint expression of distaste on his face; Ina perceived it at once, swiftly adapted herself to it. Her glance followed his; she gave the lightest of disdainful shrugs. "Rather ghastly, isn't it! But . . . this sort of thing is expected . . ." her smile disarmed him. He flushed, caught in an act of unforgivable gaucherie.

"Please forgive me. I feel so lucky to find you in . . . really I should have telephoned first. I got your address from Lee . . . if I'm in the way you must boot me out!" he laughed boyishly.

Ina gave him her hand graciously, like a queen. A hint of responsive laughter in her face softened the formality of the gesture. "I asked you to come just when you felt like it—I'm glad I got back in time. Will you have cocktails—or tea . . .?"

"Oh . . . tea, if I may. It's marvellous to be back where tea is tea. . . I feel now as if I never want to see another cocktail. I suppose in a few weeks their inaudacious charm will be working again . . ."

Ina sat on the divan, her white frock startling against its sombreness, the pale

spring sunlight catching gleams of pure gold from her hair, making it like a halo. Garth sat gingerly in one of the chromium chairs, which rocked. She smiled, and patted the divan. "This is the only solid thing. So trying to rock when you don't want to rock, isn't it?"

"It is, rather." He came and sat beside her, flicking over the pages of the "New Yorker" while she rang for tea. The order given, he flung it down with a little sigh. "Too reminiscent. I want to get away from all that."

"You are not an American, then?"

"Good Lord, no!" Garth grinned. "Do I look like one . . . ? I'm all British. I've had to leave Hollywood because I missed my quota—Heaven knows when I'll get it again."

"Do you want to . . . go back?" Ina spoke gently, as if only half her mind was on the conversation.

"Got to, worse luck," he was saying— "tied up for another two years at least. It's rather fun at first, but one gets a bit sick of the gilt. By the way, I was hoping to meet your famous husband—" that was sincere. He had been burning with curiosity to see Laurence, to know once and for all if the marriage was a happy one. But he felt a hypocrite saying it; it was such an unexpected joy to have her alone.

Ina sighed again, lightly. "He's buried in the country with his new book. It's . . . like a child to him, you know. I envy him . . ." she allowed the little pause full of meaning to sink in. Garth fidgeted restlessly with a tassel on the corner of a white cushion. "It must be wonderful," he answered at last. "Marvellous to have something—something that absorbs one like that. It's funny, but though I've done fairly well in it, acting has never meant—that—to me."

Ina allowed the faintest of smiles to lurk round her mouth as she stared out of the window. "Perhaps . . . perhaps it is just as well," she said softly.

LAURENCE was a going through the usual mental stress that attacked him at the beginning of a book. One minute ecstasy, the next a sort of barren despair. And this time was added the aggravation of the bandage over his eyes, the suspense. He felt physically helpless, stupid, impotent; he fretted for the days to pass, so that he could know Wolheim's decision about the operation.

Amazingly, perversely, he wanted to write as he had never wanted to before. Words, hundreds, thousands of words, came tumbling into his brain, reel themselves off into smooth, flowing sentences so that he ached to put them down. It was then that the violent temptation to tear off the bandage attacked him most savagely. A few minutes, half an hour of sight, and these thoughts could be committed to paper. Common sense restrained the impulse, but the frustration drove him to extremes of temper that he had never known before. He had imagined only too vividly what blindness would be like; but nothing he had imagined equalled the reality. It was tantalising to know every stick and stone of Hermit's Rest, yet be able to see nothing. It gave him an eerie sensation to sit by the open window, to feel the fresh air fan his face, to see nothing of the glorious and familiar view. He found his movements unexpectedly clumsy, well as he knew the place. He was always knocking

things down and trying to replace them quietly before Fergy could come rushing to his assistance. Sometimes when he was eating he missed his own mouth, and in childish incredulous anger flung the knife and fork down on the plate. He did not feel much like his food in any case. "It's like being half-dead already . . . sort of senile decay!" he raved at Fergy.

Fergy naturally got the worst of it, but her temper was never ruffled. She had known Laurence too long. She understood him too well . . . she realised, too, how strange the enforced darkness must be to him, hoped as he did for the day of Wolheim's visit to examine the eyes again. Every morning and evening Fergy dropped unselfishly on her knees beside her bed to pray for her blind sight; prayers as heartfelt, as intense, as the plea of a mother or a lover.

Once Laurence, driven to some form of expression by the phrases leaping all-too-readily into his mind, tried to write blind-fold. It was a slow and foolish business, but it afforded him some satisfaction. Later he gave the scrawled sheets to Fergy, asked her to read it to him. Breathlessly he waited for her to begin. He could not see her old eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry, Master Laurence . . . I can't—"

"All right. Don't bother," Laurence, staring grimly into his dark space, trying not to let the tide of temper and despair overwhelm him. Fergy gently placed the sheets of gibberish on his writing table, left him. He waited impatiently for the night, when he could walk with Fergy through the fields smelling of earth and the rebirth of living things. He dared not be seen in the daytime lest one of the villagers report on his bandage . . . it was amazing how gossip could travel . . .

Another day he tried to dictate, very slowly, to Fergy. But slowly as he went, poor Fergy, struggling with her loughand, could not keep pace with him. That, too, he gave up.

His existence for those first weeks was a torment, fretful, fugitive, dark. He hoped for Wolheim's verdict to make the rest of his darkened period more bearable; he wondered incessantly if Ina would find him the right secretary, if when she was found he would be able to dictate "Sweet Amber" (it was so terribly important, so intimate, so sensitive . . . a clumsy hand would ruin it all. And him: And Ina . . . the thought was unbearable).

LEE MANTON was cynically amused at Garth's preoccupation with Ina Hilary. "Mind you don't stage, old man. She's not as demure as she looks! I'll be glad when that boat of yours sails for New York."

"I've got months yet. I've worked for three years without a vacation. Three years of Hollywood—Heaven!"

Lee watched him restlessly prowling up and down the sitting-room of his private suite at the Park Lane. It amused him to wonder what the fans would think if they could see their hero at this moment; in his pyjamas and plain bath-robe, his fair hair still ruffled from his bath, he looked more like a sulky school prefect than a product of the exotic film world.

"Do you know Laurence Hilary?" Garth interrupted his thoughts. His forehead was creased in a deep frown. "He must be—odd."

"Odd? Because he can bear to leave his fair madonna for a few weeks?" Lee chuckled. "Even the adorable Ina might

pall after a while, old man. Most women do."

"You can cut that out," Garth's face was grimmer than Lee had ever seen it. "It's not your business—or mine. I was a fool to mention it to you."

"All right, all right!" Lee got up, whistling an elaborate tricky song of the moment, went out. Mischievously he put his head round the door again.

"Don't forget I was the kindly soul who gave you the angel's address!" he whispered to the scowling young man.

THE evening before Wolheim's examination Ina drove down to Medhill. She rather dreaded seeing Laurence again, dreaded hearing the specialist's verdict to-morrow. The golden sunset painting the young green leaves made no impression on her; she walked, careful of her shoes, slowly and reluctantly up the hill to the cottage.

Laurence was sitting from force of habit at the open window of his study. It was a low window, near the earth, and he delighted in the faint fragrance from the primulas in the flower-bed beneath. He heard Ina's footsteps and lifted his mute face with a sudden hope. "Darling . . ." he called softly. No one else could be walking up the path in those high heels . . .

"Hullo, Laurence." Impelled to some gesture in spite of her mood, Ina leant over and kissed him. It was a quick, careless caress that somehow seemed like a blow on his helpless face.

All the fire and radiance fled from him; instinctively he shrank away, and to cover that shamed movement he spoke curtly. "You're standing on the flower-bed, darling."

Ina stepped back smartly, laughed a little shrilly. "Why, so I was, darling. How clever you're getting—I believe you can see underneath that thing!"

Laurence turned a rebellious face to the sky. "No, I wish I could. The thing's firm enough—Fergy sees to that every morning. I think she'd put a padlock on it if she could!"

"Quite right, too. Well—I'll pop up and unpack my case. I'm tired of lugging it around."

"You could have left it for Pike to collect," Laurence reminded her reasonably. Sooner or later Ina always restored him to sanity. She was so absurdly childish herself. Childish—but only childish. Just a harmless mannerism . . . Laurence still believed that.

It wasn't much use, though, talking sense to her. She had gone. He could hear her going upstairs, flinging open her bedroom door. Instinctively, he pitied Hermit's Rest when Ina blew into it; she left her languor in town, treated the cottage like a rather inferior hotel. Poor Hermit's Rest . . . Laurence smiled ruefully. He was happier now to-morrow he would know the worst. The first stage, at least, was nearly over. And Ina was back. It was sweet of her to come to him, to want to be with him to-morrow. After all, she did not like the country much . . .

Wolheim came out of the bedroom with his face creased in smiles, rubbing his hands with that instinctive gesture of the successful surgeon. The atmosphere was very different from the previous occasion. No longer was he doubtful, inclined to be disapproving. Ina sensed the change as he joined her in the garden. He looked round before speaking, sniffed appre-

ciatively. "It is well. Very well. The operation is successful—no danger now of the trouble spreading... what a delightful place this is!" The little man stooped to stare at some green seedlings just pushing their heads above ground, and sighed, "Always in the spring... I wish I could live in the country!" he confessed with a smile.

"Yes—only it isn't like this all the year round. In winter this place is the dreariest hole." Ina spoke impatiently. "Will—will he really have to wear that bandage still?"

Wolhelm swung round to her attentively, stopped his leisurely strolling. "Yes, oh, yes! You must not let him take that off on any account! Now more than ever the eyes need rest. Real rest."

Ina nodded despondently, and he looked at her with some curiosity. "Surely... gently he shrugged his shoulders... "It is such a little thing! The big part is over—unless something very unexpected occurs, some complication. But he must rest in every way. He must not worry over anything, not even this book of his... it must be written, I suppose. Has he got a secretary yet?"

"No. I was waiting... I shall have to see to all that."

"Yes, yes, of course. Find him someone nice and kind... what is the word—sympathetic! However, I must be off. Your young man is quite bright now... and I know you will keep him happy, he'll?"

Ina shook hands, with cold dignity, the barest smile in acknowledgment of his advice on her face. When he had gone down to the gate she stamped slightly and turned back to the house. The silly old fossil! She closed the front door with a little slam indicative of her attitude to anyone who might advise her about her marriage. A "sympathetic" secretary... Ina was not quite sure what the word meant; she put her own interpretation on it. Grimly she resolved to set about the secretary business without delay—but she would take Laurence at his word, send him girls unlikely to make any trouble.

She stayed at Hermit's Rest a week, and sent off the advertisement dictated by Laurence to the "Daily Telegraph," giving a box number. It was arranged that she would interview the most possible applicants at the flat. "And don't, for Heaven's sake, give away who I am until they seem good enough for an interview!" he reminded her. The advertisement said nothing of his occupation.

LETTERS answering the advertisement rained in on Ina, forwarded from the "Telegraph," for three days after it appeared, and a few tardy ones even later. She and Laurence had arranged that they would put a single insertion in every Thursday until they found a secretary.

Ina was surprised and secretly infuriated to find that a tremendous number of those she interviewed at the flat were either attractive or pretty.

Ina had expected that those who had called themselves twenty-seven would be several years older. To her chagrin a good many of them were obviously younger, trying to seem more respectable. It amused her to wonder in which of them little Dr. Wolhelm would have found his "sympathetic" secretary... not in any of those she sent to Hermit's Rest, anyway... of that she was convinced.

GARTH'S second visit to the flat was another surprise. He came when Ina was really tired and depressed, after interviewing secretaries all the morning, and Lola let him in without consulting her. Ina was furious, and turned on the maid when she heard who it was. "You know I'm too tired to see anyone—I feel like death!" she stormed petulantly.

A few moments later she wandered in to Garth looking very pale, fragile, and slightly distraught. "I was so sorry to have kept you waiting. I was lying down with a headache," she confessed.

Garth stood over her, instantly protective. He thought that in this mood she looked more human, less poised... and more—much more—approachable.

To-day, against all his cautious instincts, he had come again... without warning, without invitation. He could not keep away; he must, he would find out what the true relationship was between Hilary and his wife. And if there was no hope—he would go back to America at once. He could not bear to stay any longer in London, to see her about—to meet her so casually—and not to sweep her into his arms...

These thoughts surged up in him as she came over so naturally to him, as he heard her complaint of a headache.

"My dear... I'm so sorry. You look tired... shall I go away—or will you come and rest here? I'll sit and rock you," he spoke tenderly, without a hint of the tumult within, and when she saw the sweetness of his smile she realised why Hollywood—the whole world—had gone crazy about him.

"I'll come and rest—while you rock!" she laughed quietly. "I've told Lola to bring tea—real tea." She slipped easily on to the black divan. Garth drew one of the chromium chairs nearer, grimacing boyishly—"beastly things!"

Ina was annoyed, but she hid that well. She had chosen everything in that room with great care.

Lola brought in the tea and Ina sat up slowly and began to pour out. She knew she did it exceedingly gracefully. She knew, too, that Garth was watching her every movement, though when she looked up he was staring at the clock. That secret knowledge sent a thrill of pleasure through her. It was long, too long, since she had known the delight of conquest.

The sun was setting when Garth rose to go. They had talked of many things, but Ina had left most of the conversation to him. Her long, sympathetic silences were more potent than small talk.

They drifted over to the window, looking idly down on the stream of cars below. Life seemed to be hurrying by, isolating them deliberately—maliciously, perhaps—in this quiet oasis. Ina stood, leaning a little on the table that held the Lalique jar—filled now with white and mauve lilac sending its heady perfume up to them. Garth found the conventional leave-taking words sticking in his throat. Instead he said: "Doesn't your husband—Isn't he here sometimes...? I haven't met him yet..."

It was unforgivably clumsy, he felt. But he must know... he could not go away again to that sea of wild uncertainty... almost he expected her to turn and snub him coldly, regally. He knew he deserved it. Instead, she toyed with a small sprig of mauve lilac as if uncertain. Suddenly, with an impulsive gesture, she turned to

him. "Garth... I am going to treat you as a friend now. I—I feel I can... as if we had known each other... for years."

"That is what—I want you to feel—" he was trembling, absurdly; his heart thumping so loudly he wondered if she could hear it.

Ina turned from him, her voice a little shaky. "I try to hide it from people. I can't bear sympathy. But—he never comes here now. He has—his secretary... down there."

If Garth had been less in love he might have doubted her, might have compared the Laurence she presented to him with the Laurence so well known and trusted by his friends.

"Ina!" the cry broke from him, agonised. He seized her hands imploringly. "You—can't mean..."

She withdrew her hands very gently. "A secretary," she said, and shrugged slightly. There was a world of outraged bitterness in the gesture. Garth felt the blood surging in his body, up, up until it throbbed in his temples. "Darling—darling—and I love you so much!" he breathed as he took her in his arms.

LAURENCE had been happier, more resigned, after Wolhelm's visit. Sometimes at night Pike would drive him for miles, and in the night air rushing by he would find peace. He sustained himself with the daily hope that any minute now Ina would find the secretary—the right secretary for him. The woman who could help him put the fire and wonder, the humor and pathos, of "Sweet Amber" into permanent form.

The first four candidates she sent depressed him. He rang her up, trying to keep the edge out of his voice, to report. "Hopeless, darling. Do try and find me a human being... one who doesn't bark or bite or smell of cheap scent. Remember, I've got to sit with her for hours every day, for weeks—months on end. Haven't you anything better in the bag than those samples?"

"Yes. There's one more who might do. Came late, saying she was ill the day the advertisement came out. I sent her away, but if none of that four is any good, I might write to her and tell her to come down."

"Do, there's a dear. I must get on with the book, you know. I'm simply wasting time... it isn't as if the plot were not all worked out and ready."

"I'll send her," Ina sounded bored, indifferent. Now that Garth was almost a certainty her interest in Laurence's future was diminished. Not entirely lost—as experience had taught her that she might yet have to depend on him... but all this pathetic business was a bit trying.

"I'll write to-night—she'll probably come to-morrow. Sounded as if she wanted a job badly," she said more affably, and rang off. Laurence felt happier. A girl who had been ill who needed a job badly, might be the right kind. She would not mind, perhaps, living in the country... the others had jibbed quite a bit at that. After all, it would be a bit lonely for a girl with her family or friends in London... he realised that. He wondered if he could possibly use a dictaphone, rejected the idea. He would have to send the records to be typed, and that in itself would make the agency smell a rat. It was well known

that he did all his work himself. No... he must find someone who would work as efficiently as a machine, as tactfully as a really understanding human being. It was a tall order. "Sweet Amber" would never, he felt, come to fruition with anyone whose personality was antagonistic to his.

It was a wearisome problem, and one in which Ina did not seem to be really helping very much. Laurence, associated for years with business offices, had a good idea of the selection she must have seen; more than a shrewd suspicion that she had chosen the plainest of them. Fergy had described each girl to him after they had gone; not that he cared a rap what they looked like, they were so obviously hopeless; but it amused him to compare the mental picture he had deduced with her description. The thought of Ina deliberately selecting "also-rans" rather amused him; he knew she was jealous, but he knew also that he never had and never would give her cause for jealousy. It would rather have endeared her to him if his writing problem had not been so acute; as a creator he was thwarted, outraged. Sometimes he had to admit that Ina showed precious little understanding herself.

Audrey Carr, as Ina had predicted, was only too anxious to avail herself of this second chance at the job. She arrived at "Hemitt's Rest" when Laurence was having breakfast, and that prejudiced him in her favor. She must have started at an incredibly early hour. Fergy came in to him diffidently, not at all sure what his reception would be. "There's another secretary-body to see you. She's early enough," she said bluntly.

Laurence, bored with the food he could not eat, smiled. "Show her in, please. And—Fergy—bring some more coffee, will you? She's probably come without breakfast."

As the housekeeper left the room he called her back. "What's she like, Fergy...?" he felt a mischievous desire to cheat this time, to find out first.

"Plain, very plain. But a nice-seeming soul."

"All right. Better warn her about—this thing. It gives 'em a shock."

He heard her speaking to someone in the hall, firm, light footsteps coming in, the door closed gently. "Good-morning," he said. "Please sit down. It's very kind of you to come so early, and I expect you had a very quick breakfast. I've ordered coffee, and there's plenty of everything on the table."

"Oh... I don't want anything, thank you—except the coffee. I'd be glad of that." Her voice sounded doubtful, as if she wanted to conciliate him, yet was afraid of saying the wrong thing. Laurence cursed inwardly; it was always the same. None of them seemed able to be themselves in the presence of that bandage.

He heard her sit down very quietly at the table. Probably she was hating this as much as he.

Fergy brought in the coffee, poured out some for the girl and smiled at her encouragingly. She understood Laurence's difficulty only too well. It was high time he got somebody, and this girl looked sound and sensible.

Audrey thought the coffee would choke her. She drank it out of courtesy to the man opposite, whose kindness had somehow taken her by surprise. Ina had not given her an inkling of what Laurence would be like, she had had an utterly false conception of him... built perhaps on Ina herself. Now all she could think of was her

desperate fear that she would not get the job after all. Her speeds...

N EARLY an hour later Laurence sat back in his chair with a troubled frown on his face. Outside it was raining, and they could hear the steady patter of the drops on the soft earth, the louder plop of the water on leaves. It was a steady, rhythmic sound, infinitely depressing. "I'm sorry... terribly sorry," he said heavily, at last.

Audrey replaced the lid on his portable typewriter, saying nothing, fighting back the smarting tears of disappointment that threatened to run down her face. It had all been quite fair, of course; she realised that Laurence had given her every chance. Laurence had dictated to her fairly slowly; but she had been flustered, nervous. She had bungled the reading-back terribly.

Well, it was over now. Audrey sighed. The disappointment, though she had almost expected it since his remark at the breakfast table (why, oh why hadn't Mrs. Hilary emphasised this speed-importance...?). It would have saved her the hope, the journey, the excruciating disappointment... was almost unbearable. In the room the heavy silence lengthened, outside the rain pattered steadily on.

Laurence was saying slowly, carefully: "Please believe—how sorry I am. I know you would have been suitable otherwise... but speed is of the utmost importance. I've got to work to time, you see—and I'm already late with starting..."

"Of course, Mr. Hilary. I do quite understand..." Audrey was breathless with the excitement of her idea, afraid to mention it... her voice sounded unexpectedly cheerful to Laurence.

"If you will allow me... I should like to pay your return fare. That's only right, of course. And—and—" he stopped dead, fumbling for words that would not offend—"my wife said you had been ill... if there is any little thing we can do to—tide you over... we should very much like to help—"

"That's sweet of you!" It broke from Audrey warmly, spontaneously. For the first time she was really natural. "There's one thing you could do... not for me—the illness was nothing, and I—I shall fall into a job soon. But I have a friend—she lives with me... she'd be just the person for you! I should have thought of it at once. Please—oh, please do see her—I can phone her to come when I get to Guildford..."

"Is she—does she want a job, too?" Laurence did not feel very hopeful. Audrey's failure had been as much a disappointment to him as to her—worse. He felt her personality was restful, sensible in every way... but if he had to crawl along to suit her speeds he realised that his inspiration would be lost, his ready flow of words forever being interrupted.

It was hopeless.

When he knew that, he realised how much he had hoped from this interview. It seemed now as if this interminable weary business would go on forever. He felt hardly capable of seeing anyone else to-day.

"Yes. But she's good—really she is. Her references are marvellous, much better than mine—"

"I see. Well, I will interview her if you like. Only—you understand now what I need. In trusting your judgment... and I think it's sporting of you to send your friend, Mrs. Ferguson will give you the fare—you must allow that, at least. And an umbrella... I can hear it's raining pretty hard."

"Thank you—so much. But I don't need the umbrella... the rain doesn't matter a bit!"

He wondered at her gaiety as she said good-bye, called himself every sort of fool for saying he would see her friend.

Audrey pelted down to the village, oblivious of the rain that soaked into her thin felt hat and lightweight coat. If only Elspeth had not gone out... But she would be in, waiting for her news.

Suddenly terrified that Elspeth might, after all, have gone out, Audrey could not wait to reach Guildford. She phoned from the post office at Medhill. After all, she could not say much; the postmistress was listening with all her ears. At any rate, Elspeth was in... and coming at once.

ELSPETH GORDON had felt unusually depressed after Audrey had left. She could not focus her attention as usual on the advertisements in the "Telegraph." They blurred, jumbled together. She kept wondering how Audrey would get on, whether her shorthand would fall her again. Poor Audrey... she would have been a topping wife for somebody, a glorious mother... but as a stenographer she was a washout. No one knew it better than Audrey herself, but when one has a living to earn...

Elspeth sighed. She was, after all, in the same boat herself. Sacked after six months in her last job, without a reference... all because that fool Donald had suddenly lost his head about her.

She had, of course, three excellent previous references; but it had been spiteful of Donald to refuse her one on personal grounds. She had worked for him hard enough. It would be difficult to account for the hiatus caused by those six months. She might tell people she had been home to Scotland, but lies of any sort stuck in Elspeth's throat. If they didn't, she thought ruefully, she would probably still have been earning four pounds a week.

It wasn't much good allowing it to get her down, though. And just because she was interested in Audrey's journey to-day she mustn't make that an excuse for slacking. Resolutely she read the long columns again, sat down at her machine to write letters.

"Dear Sir—In answer to your advertisement... Dear Sir..." She had done five of those when the telephone bell rang in the hall far below. She went steadily on with her typing, knowing it was extremely unlikely that the call could be for her. She hated these letters, monotonous in their sameness; her own qualification had become a dreary dirge, too often repeated.

Emma, the maid, banged on the door, burst in unceremoniously. "Call for you—it's Miss Carr. Sounds urgent-like," she panted, having run up three flights of stairs. "Sounds as if she'd got 'er job," she added kindly. She took an active interest in their affairs which was too genuine to be resisted.

"I hope so!" Suddenly excited, Elspeth

went flying down the stairs two at a time. Emma, watching her over the banisters, grinned. She looked nothing but a kid, flying down like that. . . .

IT was midday when Elspeth reached Medhill. Audrey had refused to wait for her at Guildford, she had another appointment at three and wanted to go home and change her soaking clothes. She had no doubt that Elspeth would get the job.

Thinking that her friend would have told her the full circumstances, Laurence gave no orders that the newcomer was to have the usual warning about his bandage.

Fergy liked her at once; the familiar accent was enough to win her warm approval. It was high time Laurence had someone to do his work . . . and the sensible-looking Miss Carr had been the likeliest so far. If she had failed, and this was her friend . . . Fergy hoped devoutly that she would suit him. She showed the girl in to Laurence's study at once, having found out her name. That, too, brought a smile of approval to her face. "It's Miss Gordon, Master Laurence—Miss Carr's friend."

"Thanks, Fergy. Please—sit down, Miss Gordon." Laurence turned his face to her; with a sudden thrill of dismay she saw the bandage. Pity, quickly repressed, surged through her. It was as if he sensed it. He touched the bandage lightly. "Don't let this dismay you. It's a temporary affair; I've had some trouble with my eyes, and must rest them for a few months. Nothing dangerous—but rather a nuisance when one has to get a hundred thousand words done during the next months!"

"It must be—beastly. I understand now what you want . . . someone to act as your eyes for the time being." Elspeth spoke calmly, naturally. "Audrey did say that speed is important—would you like to start with a test? Then, if I'm not quick enough, I shan't have to waste your time with the rest of my life-history."

"Right. There's a notebook and pencil on the desk if you haven't one with you."

Elspeth smiled as she took her own book out of her bag and sat, pencil poised. She found something extraordinarily appealing in the situation . . . even a shade of humor. Laurence seemed to know that; to be grateful. It removed for the first time the aura of minor tragedy that had overhung his life lately. He liked the richness of her voice, the slight accent that gave it a lovely lilting quality. It was an alive voice. . . . He began to dictate a long passage from Richard King's "Over the Fire-side with Silent Friends." He knew it by heart; loved it . . . and as the well-remembered words flowed from him he gradually increased the speed.

At last he stopped, heard her turning back the pages. For a few seconds he said nothing, dreading another disappointment. That fear made him unnecessarily curt. "Read it back, please."

She began at once, without preamble, in that happily lilting voice which somehow contrived never to be monotonous. "Beginnings are always difficult—when they are not merely dull. People worth knowing are always hard to get to know . . ." she read on without a stumble, to the end of the passage. Sat silent.

Laurence wanted to sing and dance, to tear off his bandage and stare at this

miracle, to start right away and unburden his mind of those first pages of "Sweet Amber" . . . it was only by a tremendous effort of will that he remained practical. "Splendid," he said warmly.

Elspeth laughed. "You must have seen an odd crew."

"I have. You've no idea . . . I think I could have beaten some of them doing longhand—and blindfold! Your shorthand is certainly all right. Would you mind typing that passage for me, and taking it out to Mrs. Fergusson to read . . . ? The poor dear hasn't an idea of shorthand, but she does know what decent typing looks like. Only a formality, of course . . . but we might as well have the whole thing settled at once. Nice essay, isn't it . . . ?"

"Yes." Elspeth inserted her papers, experimented with the gadgets for a minute before starting. "It's nice—but not a bit reliable. I always like people at once—or not at all. So do most folk I know." She started tapping in a brisk, rhythmic, business-like fashion that precluded further conversation. Laurence sat and listened contentedly; the noise was like music to him. It spoke of competence, speed, reliability. Silently he blessed Audrey Carr's sporting instinct.

When she had finished, he directed her to Fergy's room. "Mrs. Fergusson is, of course, Scotch also. You'll probably find a good deal in common."

Ten minutes later and she was back. "Passed!" she announced, a shade triumphantly.

"I thought it would be. Now, if you would give me just a few particulars . . ."

"Trained at Pittman's; first job with Swale and Peters, that lasted a year. I left there to get a better salary, went to an advertising agency—Garroll's . . . for little over a year. Then they closed the London office, and I went to Middens, the typing agency . . ."

"No wonder you're good," he commented.

"That isn't all," she admitted honestly. "I left them—very stupidly as it turned out—to take the position of confidential secretary in a one-man business. I was sacked from that—without a reference." She felt the hot blood surging up her neck. If he said now that he would not have her . . . she could not reason about it; she knew she wanted this job more than she had ever wanted anything on earth . . . as if her heart would break if it slipped from her grasp. Yet that business about the last reference simply had to come out. Better to get it over.

"That's . . . all right. Would you read me the references, please? Then I'll tell you just what your duties will be."

He had said "will be" . . . Elspeth felt her heart thumping wildly, excitedly. The job was hers . . . she knew the references were good. "Aren't you trusting me—quite a lot? Wouldn't you rather I left them with Mrs. Fergusson?" she asked.

"Of course not," he said simply. He listened attentively while she read out, rather shyly, the three excellent testimonials. The burden of them all was the writer's regret that she was leaving the firm . . . Laurence, deeply content, could well believe it.

When she had finished reading, he leant forward, unconsciously talking as if he could see her. As far as I am concerned, I think you will do splendidly."

Elspeth looked lovingly out of the diamond-paned window, down the vista of the front garden already gay with tulips, the verdant green of the woods creeping

up to the cottage on all sides. She would like to live in such a spot forever! "I shall like it here," she added.

Laurence laughed. "I hope so. I should hate to lose you just when we had got the book going. It's very quiet here, but Mrs. Fergusson will make you as comfortable as possible, and there are shops—cinemas—all sorts of things only a bus ride away. You'll have Sundays and Saturday afternoons—my wife spends most week-ends here—and, of course, the evenings. . . ."

"When you don't want to work," Elspeth said softly. She gave the unseeing man opposite her a long steady look. She wished, desperately, that she could see the color of his eyes. Not that it had anything to do with the job . . . but the curiosity would not be denied in spite of her common sense. "I only read most evenings, so when you feel like it we can work then as well. After all, you'll want to get it done."

"That's really kind . . . I'll try not to overwork you, but I warn you there'll be times when I shall go on for hours . . . it comes like that sometimes. At least, it did . . ." He sighed. "I don't know how I shall get on with the dictating, I've never done it before, for this sort of work. Probably it'll be a bit sticky at first."

"Oh, no it won't." Elspeth's clear laugh brightened the little room; it was the first laughter he had heard since his operation. You'll be surprised . . . it is so easy when you get the knack. Don't think of me as a person, impatiently waiting . . . tied to working hours. Just talk—or not—as it comes. I shall try to be a machine . . . enough of a machine so that you won't have to worry about me, anyway."

Fergy had been waiting for Elspeth to go . . . but omelettes cannot be kept waiting. Desperately she put her head round the door. "Lunch is ready, Master Laurence. Will I lay a cover for Miss Gordon, too?"

"Of course."

"No thank you—I'll have something when I get home—Audrey will be waiting to hear—the news."

THEY spoke at once, and Fergy stood patiently waiting with a whimsical smile. This, she thought, listening to Elspeth's familiar accent, watching the sun gleaming in her copper hair, was something like a lass to have about the house . . . she was, of course, prejudiced.

Laurence stood up. He was beginning at last to know his way about his own house without Fergy's arm (the first few days the lack of sight had made him feel so lopsided, clumsy . . .) and led the way quite confidently to the dining-room. "Nonsense! You must stay—there's a lot I want to tell you yet. When can you move in, by the way?"

"To-morrow, if you like." Elspeth surprised at the smile on both their faces, felt a sudden happiness, a warmth she had not known since leaving home.

In the dining-room he went straight over to the french windows. "I want you to see this view—it's supposed to be one of the finest in Surrey."

She moved over obediently, close enough to smell the clean, fresh perfume of the lavender hair-oil he used, to notice the spotlessness of the hand with which he indicated the familiar landscape he could no longer see. Elspeth gazed at it with the hunger of a countrywoman long deprived of such joys.

Laurence allowed her to enjoy it for a

long, full moment before he spoke again. "It is—rather lovely. Isn't it . . . ?"

"It's more than that—it's like Heaven to me!" Elspeth was too happy to be conventional. "I come from a wee seaside village . . . a gorgeous, wild place full of rocks and ferns and trees bent crooked by the wind—and I'm digging in a street in the West End with a two-by-four window to my room. The chimney-pots I can see from that window would make an ideal modern-art study . . . but all they do to me is to make me frightfully homesick!"

They laughed together like happy children and attacked the omelettes piping-hot. For once Laurence was not worrying about being able to see—or not to see—his food. Elspeth's question brought him down to earth.

"I suppose," she said, trying to keep the intensity out of her voice, "that it's only a—temporary job. I mean, when your eyes are better . . ."

Laurence frowned. Already he had found something so vital, so stimulating in her. The idea of letting her go when the MS. was ready somehow left a gap in the future. The realisation of that thought surprised Laurence himself. "I don't think so. At least, we must see how we get on. You may want to leave after one week, you know! I'm not specially temperamental—at least, I don't think I am. But it's not easy work . . . you'll have to be very patient. And you may be terribly bored here."

"I'm never bored. I get exasperated sometimes—or happy. But I've never been bored in my life!"

"Then you're very lucky—and very rare." His smile robbed the remark of any offence. "If things go well I shall need a permanent secretary. There'll always be two books a year, and as soon as this bandage is off dozens of articles and short stories besides. And I've always wanted to do a play. If I find—as I expect to find eventually—that I get a larger output by dictating, I can use you indefinitely. Leave you all the donkey-work, you know!"

"It's my natural bent," she answered drily, and again laughter came to them simultaneously, spontaneously. Elspeth quickly sobered. "I think it will be the most interesting work I have ever had to do."

Elspeth left soon after, promising to bring her small possessions to the cottage the next day. Laurence shook hands with her gravely, as if cementing a new alliance. He stood by the door to listen to her firm, swinging steps as she strode down the path. She had, at least, come in country shoes. Everything about her seemed essentially sane, yet not stodgy. He felt that she had imagination and laughter in her; and that, combined with her undoubted efficiency, was what he needed just now. He wondered if it was not too good to be true; if a spiteful Fate would yet prevent her coming . . . It would be too cruel, it was unthinkable. Of course she would come. The knowledge that she would be happy at Hermit's Rest added to his own pleasure.

ELSPETH found Audrey making toast over the gas-fire. She brought the radiance of the spring day in with her, and Audrey smiled sympathetically. "I've got it—you darling! I can't begin to thank you . . . but it will mean absolute luxury for both of us!" Usually undemonstrative, she hugged Audrey until the toast fell off the fork and lay unheeded on the floor.

"My dear—I knew you would—and I'm so glad. It was quite hopeless for me . . . and if you hadn't come it would only have gone to somebody else. Somebody perfectly horrid, I expect. And that poor man—he's rather a dear, isn't he?"

"Yes," Elspeth spoke briefly. Somehow, grateful as she was, she did not want to dissect Laurence with Audrey.

"What's the salary—we didn't get as far as that," Audrey asked practically. Elspeth laughed. "Five ciddy ridiculous pounds a week . . . on top of my keep and everything."

Andrey sighed ecstatically.

When she had had tea, Elspeth sat down and wrote to her mother—a task she had evaded for the past week. She nibbled at her pen and smiled as she wrote.

"Darling Tibbie—I didn't tell you, but a few weeks ago Donald got spring-fever or something, anyway, he started making violent love to me. I told him a few home-truths, and got the boot forthwith. I did not write to you—I knew you would worry yourself out of all proportion to the event!"

"The point is that I've just got another job—private secretary to author Laurence Hilary, at a salary of £5 a week plus all expenses! I shall be alone with him most of the week in his country cottage—above is the address—and his housekeeper, Mrs. Fergusson. Doesn't that strike a familiar chord? She and I fell into each other's arms . . . she knows Byrnaide, too."

"I'm terribly thrilled to have got a job so soon . . ."

She would have been puzzled by her mother's frown as she read the letter next morning. Mrs. Gordon, for some odd reason known as "Tibbie" by her disrespectful offspring, worried more about her wild, copper-haired daughter than anyone but her husband ever suspected. She was not the sort of mother who crabbed and confined her children's ambitions, but it had been a blow when Elspeth decided to go to London. It seemed very far away . . . when the expense of a large and healthy family precluded items like luxury-fares and frequent visits. She had carefully hidden her feelings from Elspeth; after all, the girl was of age. She must—she would—do what she liked.

But she simply could not help worrying about her.

INA was not finding that her affair with Garth progressed in the—her—right direction. There was no doubt of his almost crazy adoration. He saw her every day, took her to matinees and dances and dinners, though in spite of her indifference to public opinion, he always took her to quiet places where they were not likely to meet anyone who knew them, or reporters hungry for news.

Garth pestered her with troubled questions about Laurence, forever probing; several times he had asked about the secretary with whom she had implied her husband was living. And Ina, knowing full well that Laurence was spending lonely, exasperated days with Mrs. Fergusson, evaded his questions. So far she had managed to withhold concise information, but she knew that any day he might press her into a corner with his everlasting questions.

Her reaction was a warmer feeling for Laurence, who was, at least, a safe harbor. She forgot that a few days before she

had despised him for that very quality. To-day she wanted security, certainty. Her thoughts of Laurence were mildly affectionate; she wondered what he said on the phone last night to Lola. She had been out with Garth, and the maid had said that Laurence had left no message. In any case, she would run down to Hermit's Rest to-day . . . and if she felt like it she would stay for a long week-end.

SHE flung a few things into a suitcase—she kept part of her wardrobe at the cottage—and with a hurried message to Lola she went downstairs and out into the hot street. There was more than a hint of summer in the air . . . it would be rather nice at Hermit's Rest. She fetched her two-seater, glistering and immaculate, from the Lex garage. Once out of the crowded London streets and likely traffic traps, she let the car out. It was a blue-and-silver Bentham, her own choice . . . it looked what it was—very expensive, speedy, and comfortable.

She pulled up outside the garage at Medhill with a sudden jar and grinding of brakes. She was a bad driver, and like most bad drivers mistook speed for skill. The noise of her arrival grated on the ears of Stephen Mount, owner of the garage, sitting at the back in his little office. "Bet you a fiver that Mrs. Hilary," he said to his assistant, without looking up. The boy poked his head out of the door for a minute, drew it in grinning.

"Right. And the dame hasn't had the decency to park her bus inside."

Mount entered up figures in his ledger. "She never does. It thrills her to see her minions doing little odd jobs," he answered laconically. "Better go and see what she wants. Her husband's a good customer."

Ina was holding her finger on the steering-wheel horn; the noise was indescribable.

When she saw the boy coming she stopped, got out, and drew off her driving gauntlets. She flung them on the seat and stared at him angrily. "I thought there wasn't a soul alive in this place. Put her in, will you—number seven. I shan't want her until Monday, but you'd better wash her and fuel up."

The lad touched his cap respectfully, but his grin as he watched her swinging mannequin-walk was anything but respectful. He was new to the garage, and Ina was the first client of that sort he had seen in Medhill. He looked at the car, and whistled. It occurred to him that he could live for some time in comfort on the sale proceeds of a car like that . . . even second-hand . . .

Ina found the walk, as usual, a bore. For a long way it took her through the woods, but she missed the wonderful variety of greens overhead, the song of hundreds of birds, the carpet of bluebells on either side. Last spring, Laurence had dragged her to view all these beauties, she had grown weary of simulating rapture to equal his own. Now, alone, she was engrossed in her own thoughts. Even when she came into the clearing and saw the little thatched cottage behind it's train of nodding daffodils and gay tulips she was thinking of Garth more than of Laurence.

She dumped the suitcase in the hall for Fery to deal with, marched straight into his study . . . and found him in animated conversation with Elspeth, curled up at her ease in a big chair. Their talk was absorb-

ing, she saw no reason, since Laurence could not see her—for sitting stiffly prim and uncomfortable. Neither of them had heard Ina's arrival.

INA stood stock still on the threshold of the room, staring at Elspeth—who felt suddenly absurdly guilty and hurriedly sat up more conventionally. It was a mistake in tactics; Ina thought she had the whip-hand, and proceeded to use it.

"May I ask who you are?" she demanded icily. At the sound of her voice Laurence stood up; instinctively Elspeth followed suit. They stood there facing her, like a couple of guilty children. Laurence recovered first, regained his poise. He smiled, and made a vague movement towards Elspeth. "This is Miss Gordon, Ina . . . my wife. I telephoned to you last night—apparently Lola did not give you my message."

"No, she did not. She said you left none—I shall be interested to hear of your arrival, Miss Gordon!" She gave Elspeth a faint, supercilious smile, advanced to Laurence, and kissed him lightly before sinking into the chair Elspeth had vacated. "I'm so tired after the drive, darling—can't we have some tea?" She deliberately excluded Elspeth from the project. Laurence sat down in his own chair, hurt and mystified by the sudden antagonism that had entered the peaceful room. He had been so happy a few minutes before, explaining the synopsis of "Sweet Amber" to Elspeth . . . amazed at her receptiveness, flattered by her genuine interest, encouraged by it to think that to-morrow they might actually make a start on the second chapter. And now . . . he remembered that somewhere in that darkened room Elspeth would still be standing, embarrassed by his wife's reception of her . . . for the first time Laurence consciously deplored Ina's lack of breeding. Elspeth, determined not to be put out of countenance by her extraordinary reception, gave Ina a brief, polite smile before going. She had hardly shut the door behind her when Ina started firing questions rapidly.

"Who is she, Laurence? She looks very flash to me . . . and I didn't send her, I know!"

Laurence, praying for patience, lit a cigarette and put out a hand to touch Ina, to draw her closer. "Don't be a little thirish," he said laughingly. "I was going to tell you all about it last night . . . if you'd been in. I rang up twice yesterday."

"Lola only said you'd called once," Ina, slightly guilty at the thought of the hours she had spent yesterday with Garth, shifted the blame to her maid. "She's not reliable. I shall have to sack her."

"Do, if you like—but don't frighten away my new secretary, for Heaven's sake! You can get a dozen Lolas, but judging from the selection I've seen lately, the Miss Gordons are rare."

"A good thing if they are!" Ina's laugh was shrilly inimical. "You can't see, of course . . . you poor old thing. She doesn't look at all reliable. When I came in she was curled up in this chair as if she owned the place! I should never have guessed she was just a typist . . ."

"My dear, even if I'm blind I'm not totally deaf and dumb into the bargain!" Laurence was annoyed, and showed it. "Those females you sent me . . . shrieking to the high heavens, some of 'em drenched in beastly scent . . . and dumb-as gods!"

Laurence heard her get up, heard her restless tap-tapping footsteps as she strode to and fro angrily. "You're a fool, Laurence—any little bit of a girl can twist you round her finger! I won't have her living here with you—in my home. That's flat!"

"Hermit's Rest must feel honored!" he said dryly, then suddenly his tone changed. "Look here, Ina, do be reasonable: I've made a good deal of money, but it won't last forever . . . at the rate we're spending. It's essential that "Sweet Amber" gets finished by the autumn. If you like to give up the flat and the car and Lola—I'll sack Miss Gordon. Then we can live in delightfully romantic poverty until my eyes are quite efficient again."

Ina stopped, stunned and a little afraid. Never since their meeting had Laurence spoken to her like that. And because deep down she knew he was right, she hated him. "Two can play at that game!" she almost hissed the words. "I've only got to let the truth leak out . . ."

Laurence was as angry as she was now, and somehow the black bandage gave his face an awe-inspiring quality in its anger. "My dear, I don't think a touch of poverty would affect me very much. I'm quite used to it. The cottage is paid for—and it would be no sacrifice for me to live here and never go anywhere else—forever."

"Very well." She knew he was speaking the truth, and it was unutterably galling to her just then. She had come to renew her power over Laurence, to comfort herself. She knew that he loved her exceedingly well . . . "I seem to be in the way here now. Of course, I never pretended to be much use to you in your career—"

"Darling, you know that isn't true—you've been splendid."

Ina grandly ignored his interruption. "It doesn't matter—now. You know that I'll keep our end up in town. I'm going back at once. Then you'll be able to get some serious work done with your precious miracle!"

"Ina!" In spite of his effort at conciliation, Laurence found his anger mounting again. She was being incredibly unfair . . . to him and to Miss Gordon. In that instant he felt a hearty desire to tear off the bandage and give her a good smack . . . but he knew very well that the sight of her blonde fragile beauty would melt him again. "You can't go like that—they'll think it extraordinary . . ."

"I don't care what they think, I'm going. Perhaps you'll send for me when this book is done. Good-bye—" She kissed him again quickly, indifferently. He sat on, full of silent impotent anger. He heard her pick up the suitcase that was still in the hall, heard the slam of the front door that shook the whole house, the click of her impatient feet on the path outside.

Ina found the garage, as usual (it was a very quiet neighborhood), apparently deserted. There was, naturally, no sign of her car. Unreasonably that added fuel to her anger, and she rapped impatiently on the window of the little office. When the lad's surprised face looked out at her she demanded, "Is this a garage or a cemetery? I want my car—quick."

"Certainly, Madam, I'll have it outside in two ticks." The face disappeared, and shortly the blue-and-silver car came gliding expertly out of its shed, still streaked with the dust of the morning's journey.

"I'm sorry, Madam—but you did say you wouldn't want her until Monday," he reminded her reproachfully.

"All right. I'll her up, and I can go."

She slumped into the driving seat, drew on her gloves and played impatiently with the foot-pedals while the boy filled up the petrol tank. As soon as he had finished she let in the clutch and drove off without a word of thanks or a tip; she did not believe in tipping, and anyway Laurence had a heavy monthly account with the garage.

Ina drove back to London like a mad thing. Twice she narrowly escaped having an accident, and once a policeman stopped her to take her number.

Elspeth's presence at the cottage had taken her completely by surprise; she had expected no stranger there, or, at worst, one of the spectacled nonentities she had herself sent down. To find that girl . . . and such a girl . . . in her very fury Ina admitted the shock that Elspeth's natural, untamed beauty had given her. A girl with hair that color . . . Alone with Laurence, day after day . . .

All her enormous vanity was up in arms; it had received a colossal blow. She had taken Laurence's adoration so much for granted . . . and now . . .

In the beginning she had been deliberately perverse. It had angered her to see Elspeth there; especially to sense a union between the girl and her husband that she herself had never quite achieved . . . a sort of spiritual recognition which, she knew instinctively, would never be hers. She had known perfectly well that there was not a shred of truth in her accusations . . . she was too sure of Laurence for that.

Ina's grim and sulky face revealed her thoughts as she drove the car back into the Lex garage. She left the suitcase in it for Lola to fetch, and went slowly, broodingly, back to Courzon Street. She was wondering how she could turn Elspeth's presence at the cottage to her own advantage . . . and it did not take her long to find a way.

Really tired after the double drive, dusty and thoroughly at the mercy of her own temper, Ina threw herself down on her bed in a spasm of hysterical weeping.

At last the sound of the door-bell ringing, ringing, entered her consciousness. Abruptly, ready to vent her annoyance on Lola—it was sure to be Lola who had forgotten her key and expected to be let in by the charwoman—she scrambled off the bed and went to the door just as she was. She opened it and stood behind it, waiting maliciously to surprise the maid. Someone came straight in.

It was Garth.

FOR some seconds they stared speechlessly at each other.

Garth took in her rumpled travelling costume, her fair hair all tousled, her make-up streaked with tears. Quietly, purposefully, he came further in and closed the door. His long survey of her was broodingly tender.

"What has happened . . . ?" he demanded. Ina, as if overcome, turned away from him. Her hand fell to her side with a little gesture of tired resignation. "Nothing—worse than usual . . ." she admitted in a muffled voice.

In two strides Garth had reached her, swung her round in his arms. "Ina! I'm so tired of all this vagueness! We've got to—settle things. Right here and now. Just what has that brute been doing to you?"

Ina broke from him, went over, and pulled the cord that drew the velvet curtains together. She spoke with her back to him. "It's—that secretary. I have to go and

see him sometimes . . . for appearance sake, you know . . ."

"No, I don't know. I wouldn't have you go near the brute." Garth muttered savagely. She ignored the interruption, but a tiny smile creased the corners of her hidden mouth. It was instantly extinguished. Had she known it, Ina was giving the finest performance of her life.

"I have to go . . . and she's there. She's always there . . . that woman! She's good-looking, too, in a way . . . red hair and green eyes and fair skin . . . and she's so insolent to me. Oh, Garth—I can't bear much more of it—I can't!"

Standing there, with her white hand clenched on the velvet curtain, Ina looked the picture of a tragedy. Her blue eyes were full of tears, her mouth trembling. She looked at Garth with the dumb beseeching terror of a child.

Unsteadily he went over to her, put one hand under her chin, forced her face up until she looked at him. "Ina—why don't you divorce him? You know that I want to marry you, don't you? I love you, darling—and it's ghastly for me seeing you suffer like this!"

They stood very still. Ina could feel her heart beating with triumph. Garth—difficult, nervous, scrupulous Garth—was utterly in her hands now. She knew he would never withdraw that statement . . . Once again she turned from him, slowly, heavily, "You don't understand."

"How can I understand!" he flashed at her. "You do love me, Ina—don't you?"

She opened her eyes wide to stare at him, spoke breathlessly as if a chasm were opening beneath her feet. "Garth—dear Garth—you know I do!"

"Then, why won't you divorce that—that unspeakable cad!" he almost thundered at her.

"Because . . ." she spoke faintly, as if fighting against temptation, "because my religion—doesn't allow divorce." She sat on the divan and suddenly buried her face in her hands.

Garth drew a hand wearily across his own eyes. He was very much in love. He had never thought of this reason for Ina's inexplicable conduct . . . but, of course, a woman like Ina would have a religion. She was the stuff that martyrs were made of . . . Swiftly he crossed the room and knelt by her side, put an arm round those shaking shoulders. "Darling—darling, Ina . . . please don't. I can't bear it . . . it makes me so weak. It makes me want to love you—right or wrong—to take you in my arms—"

Ina raised her ravaged face. Her body was close against his, the subtle perfume she used rising like incense to his nostrils. Suddenly her lips, her whole body, were quivering against his.

WHEN Fergy had guided Laurence through the woods to the quiet road where Pike was waiting with the car, she returned and found Elspeth sitting in the kitchen. On her lap was the first chapter of "Sweet Amber," and her lips were curved in a dreamy smile.

Fergy looked at her keenly as she slipped off her light coat. "Been a bit of a rumper to-day, hasn't there. I suppose he won't work any more to-day now?"

Elspeth returned to earth. Much as she liked the housekeeper, she did not want to discuss Laurence's marriage with her.

The kitchen always grew dark when the

setting sun disappeared behind the woods. It was cosy in the lamplight, with a small fire glowing in the kitchen. Fergy drew close to the lamp with her knitting, and Elspeth thought what a lovely picture she made with her homely, rugged face bent over her work. And suddenly she knew that whatever Fergy said about the Hilarys would be said in the deepest love and devotion for one of them at least . . .

"I'm going to read "Young Gods" . . . I'll bring it down here if I shan't be in the way . . ."

"Good gracious, it's nice for an old body to have someone to talk to! Master Laurence is a joy when he's got a book off his mind, but until then he's all wrapped up in himself, as it were. And Pike won't be in for his pipe until the master's safely in and the car garaged. Sit you here and welcome!"

"It's very sweet of you." Elspeth felt suddenly shy. Fergy shook her grey head resolutely. "Nonsense! Run up and fetch the book . . . It'll take a tidy bit of reading. I couldn't get through it, if I remember . . . too clever for me!"

Elspeth laughed and ran gaily up the little crooked stairs to her room; Laurence had given her copies of all his books . . . to browse through when you've nothing better to do!" and she soon found what she wanted in the dusky room. She went down stairs and was soon curled up by Fergy's fire engrossed in "Young Gods."

When Laurence came back from the drive, leaning on Pike's arm, she was still there. He came into the kitchen with an easy step, a smile on his mouth. Obviously he had banished both the anger and depression of the afternoon.

"Good evening." Elspeth felt that sounded foolish, but she wanted to warn him of her presence without the obviousness of a cough. Laurence's smile deepened into welcome. "Yon joined the Fergy brigade too, Miss Gordon? It's the best spot in the house! If only Pike didn't take up so much of it, that is," he walked over to the table and leant one hand on it. The lamp, casting its light upward, revealed the strong lines of his jaw, the slightly cleft chin.

"There's pasties for supper. When would you like it, Master Laurence?"

He sniffed appreciatively. "That's a leading question . . . what about Miss Gordon? I expect the first day back in the country has made you both hungry and tired. Probably you'll want to go to bed early."

"Yes to the first and no to the second!" Elspeth laughed. "To say I'm tired would be to insult your own book—I'm reading it now."

Laurence grinned, and so did Pike behind him. "In that case strengthening food is definitely called for. On with the grub, Fergy—as soon as you're ready."

Fergy's businesslike chatter soon drove them out. Pike remained and settled in his favorite chair, nodding his head backwards.

After supper, which they both enjoyed, Laurence rather diffidently broached the subject of Elspeth's comfort. "I hope the trees almost up to your window don't depress you . . . some people can't bear them so close. It does darken things a bit . . . but all the back windows look on to them . . ."

"Depress me . . . ?" Elspeth's voice was incredulous. "To look out into that cathedral is like—almost like trespassing. It's a privilege . . . I'm just longing to wake up to-morrow morning and convince myself

that the wood is really there and not just a dream!"

"Then the sooner you go to bed, the quicker the morning will come! Something wistful in his voice arrested her attention."

"Do you—would you like . . . I mean, I'm wide awake, if you feel like working after all . . ."

Instantly he brightened. "I say, do you mean that? It's a bit thick . . . your first evening—"

"I'll get my own notebooks and things, and wait for you in the study," she answered simply.

Later, when they were sitting comfortably in the lamplight, with a small log fire dispelling the slight chill of the evening and sending out the unmistakable fragrance of applewood, he asked her to read him the first chapter of "Sweet Amber."

WHILE her clear young voice rolled on expressively he sat back in complete relaxation, reabsorbing his own words, setting them in their place alongside the new ones he had in mind. She had hardly finished before he started to dictate the next chapter. His low, even voice went on and on, the words coming smoothly, swiftly, vividly . . .

At last he stopped, relaxed again, sighed. "I think that's enough for one sitting. Nice place to leave off, too . . . I always like to leave off somewhere rather tricky—it inspires me to start off again with the unravelling!"

Elspeth, stretching her aching back, laughed and began to count the pages she had covered. "I should think you've done about four thousand words."

"Good," said Laurence, and stretched in his turn. "I'm feeling stiffish—your hand must be pretty bad. What's the time . . ."

"Nearly midnight, but I feel fine," absent-mindedly she began winding her wrist-watch. "It is nice to get something done, isn't it?"

"Very nice—but I shan't often play this trick on you . . . it was beastly mean of me. Only I'd been hatching all that for to-day . . . and somehow when it was wasted . . ."

"I don't mind a bit, really. I shall tell you if I'm ever really tired. After all, one does dance or go to a theatre sometimes—and get to the office on time the next day. This is no worse!"

"Fergy will be outraged," he stood up, still smiling. "Let's pack up now, anyway. Is there anything you'd like to eat or drink before turning in? The freedom of the larder is yours . . . and many thanks for being such a sport."

"I've enjoyed myself, and there's nothing I want, thank you. Would you like me to turn out the lamp when you've gone up?"

"Oh . . ." obviously he had forgotten that. "That's kind of you. You see, I haven't worked late at all since—this—" he touched the bandage contemptuously—"you've no idea what a fool it makes me feel. Not seeing things and people. Not being able to do things . . . silly little things like that, that I've done every night here for years . . ."

"It won't be long now till you can take it off," Elspeth said cheerfully. "When I hear your door close I'll turn it out. There will be a light there—oh, of course—I forgot!"

"I don't need one," Laurence grinned. "That's one compensation. I'm like a cat now; I can see—as much as I can ever see—in the day or night. If it weren't for feeding-times, one would be much the

same as the other. As you've probably realised, I do allow 'em to overlap sometimes! Good-night—and thank you again."

She heard his slow, careful footsteps ascending the creaky stairs, and turned out the oil-lamp.

RUMOR is always busy with the names of the famous, and it was not long before legends of Laurence Hilary and his "pretty little secretary" began to circulate.

Neither of them had the slightest suspicion of those rumors. As week after week passed and their friendly intimacy grew, it was "Sweet Amber" that absorbed their time and most of their thoughts. Laurence, speedily and successfully easing himself of his mental burden—and with it his anxiety—was a new man.

No one suspected, least of all Garth, that the rumors were started by Ina herself. The tiniest, most subtle hints—never anything more tangible—to people like Garth; it was quite enough. Ina begged Garth to be infinitely careful in their meetings.

He was wildly, crazily in love with her still; and his love was capable of no analysis, no searching for her motives.

But not even his love could satisfy his conscience. When he was with her the world was transformed into terms of ecstasy . . . But alone at his hotel he spent many sleepless nights.

That Ina should be tied forever to a bounder like Hilary was unthinkable . . . she should be forced to divorce him, to free herself legally and finally, to have her new chance of happiness with himself . . .

The thought of Hollywood in a few months' time was a wall of unthinkable blackness. The sunshine and success, the laughter and glitter and rivalry of the studios would taste like dust and ashes if he had to leave Ina behind him.

He could not go without her. His career could go hang, but he would never leave her to that life of dreary loneliness and misery, vainly trying to shield herself behind her pride.

He imagined the day when she, too, would realise that she could not go on like this. That she must free herself from her husband once and for all. If he—Garth—were still in England, what a glorious day it would be!

But if she went on being obstinate over it, sent him away—as she must send him if he was to continue his career—and stayed on alone to face that day of final disillusionment . . . that was a nightmare thought to him.

Ina herself was only half satisfied with the way things were going. She had found unexpected pleasure in having Garth as a friend; but though he waited on her hand and foot, took her everywhere she wanted to go, spent money lavishly on flowers and entertainments for her, he had shown no signs of offering her the more tangible gifts she had expected.

The prospect of Hollywood was very alluring. She knew that with her beauty and his influence, she could get a part. Always she had used that beauty to the most profitable end; if it could ever secure her a star's salary she would be independent indeed. Once she had thought that to be Laurence Hilary's wife meant permanent security, homage, adulation. The recent operation to his eyes, his own anxiety, had given her a nasty jolt. There was still a chance, though an unlikely

one, that his eyesight would never be quite normal again. She realised a little of what such a misfortune could do to a sensitive, introspective man like Laurence; he would lose heart, lose interest—and finally lose his market and his income . . .

Faint though the possibility was, Ina had no intention of sharing a career of poverty with him. When she had worked and cheated and won her way out of the slum in which she had been born, she had made a resolution to face anything rather than poverty. She had kept to it very faithfully.

She still nursed a real grudge against Laurence for having stolen a march on her with Elspeth; his attitude at that first scene she would never forgive or forget. It was the girl herself who incurred most of Ina's animosity; there had been something in her quiet well-bred air . . . in spite of her obvious embarrassment—that had humiliated Ina, roused all the hidden virago in her. Conscious of the fact that she had betrayed herself, so to speak, in the very first round, she brooded and waited for her opportunity to humiliate Elspeth in her turn. Her vanity prevented her regarding Elspeth as a serious rival; but that same vanity could not tolerate the girl's mere presence in her husband's house. Had she dared, and if the book had not been, financially speaking, as important to her as it was to Laurence, she would have nagged and nagged at him until he got rid of her.

As it was, she was thinking of ways in which Elspeth's presence could be useful to her own plans. It amused her to think how plausible the girl's good looks could make her own story, if Garth should ever lose his head and go to have things out with Laurence. But that crisis she hoped to avoid.

The peaceful, hard-working and harmonious atmosphere of Hermit's Rest whenever she went there kept Ina's grudge at boiling point. She was aware, not only of the comradeship and ideal working partnership between Laurence and his secretary, but of the improved atmosphere with the servants. Mrs. Fergusson and Pike made no effort to conceal their respectful affection for Elspeth even when she was there; an affection she knew well she had never won for herself.

IT was early June and the little garden in front of Hermit's Rest was full of roses beginning to bloom; clusters of exquisitely formed buds of every color scented the air with heady perfume, the first bees were droning, the sweet air was full of a waiting stillness, like a reverent pause before the blaze of full summer burst upon the world. Laurence had dictated to Elspeth from early morning until lunch-time—they were nearly half-way through "Sweet Amber" and half-way through, as he put it, his period of masterly inaction . . .

Wolheim had come down to look at his eyes after lunch. He was pleased with what he found and came downstairs with Laurence beaming and chuckling. "I think—soon—we put you in smoke-colored glasses. Sooner than we hoped, eh . . . ?"

Elspeth, standing at the foot of the stairs, looked up at him in breathless eager hope at his words. He noticed her at once, and she quickly dropped her gaze.

"You have a visitor, then?" Wolheim inquired gently, more to warn Laurence of her presence than out of curiosity.

"Oh—are you there, Miss Gordon? This is Dr. Wolheim, my very special eye-

doctor. Miss Gordon is my new secretary, Dr. Wolheim."

Once again as he made the easy introduction, Elspeth was struck by the pathos of his not being able to see; her common-sense told her that what she had just heard ought to banish that foolish feeling. But no amount of normality promised for the future could blot out that sightless present . . . absurd though it was. It roused all her protectiveness; she hated to think that people could be there, and he not able to see them; they could laugh at him, strike him even, before he could defend himself . . .

She told herself she was being stupid and gruesome, and with a little smile of acknowledgment to Wolheim she went on to the study and began typing. But the thought persisted . . . and with it another. That was what his wife seemed to like doing; striking him before he could know where the blow was coming from. Elspeth, typing like fury, felt the hot blood rushing into her face. Thoughts of Ina always upset her; she had tried, desperately, to withhold judgment on the other woman. To anyone as discerning and sensitive as Elspeth, Ina's character was as clear as glass; but that was no concern of hers, she told herself fiercely and unavailingly. She was only human, and Ina's antagonism from that first meeting had been almost insufferable; she made a point of being covertly insolent to Elspeth in many little ways that Laurence could not detect, ways that made the Scotch girl simmer with honest rage. If the circumstances had been different, she would have walked out of the job long ago. But the thought of leaving Laurence with his tremendous disappointment, his renewed anger and helplessness at being again thwarted, prevented her giving in to her pride. He needed her efficiency and professional help; whatever her private feelings, she was proud to give him that much . . .

She typed on, trying to forget Ina; trying to ignore the magic of the rose-laden air outside and the shaft of sunlight that fell across her papers.

Wolheim's sharp eyes had seen no trace of Ina . . . "Your lovely wife . . . she is away . . . ?"

Laurence rested on the newel-post. "She is only here at week-ends—she doesn't like the country. Besides—there is a lot she has to do in London."

"Acht! Of course—how stupid of me!" the little surgeon tried tactfully to gloss over his mistake. All the same, he was disappointed. Ina should be here, here all the time, to cheer up her husband, to help him . . . "And the book—I hope it is going well . . . ?" he thought that, at least, should be safe, since Laurence was obviously not moping about his work any more.

"It's going splendidly—thanks to Miss Gordon. I was lucky to find such a treasure . . . I never thought dictating could be so easy. I'm nearly half-way through the book," he added with boyish enthusiasm.

Wolheim smiled. "I'm glad," he said simply, and said his good-byes. But as he walked to the village he puzzled over the situation at Hermit's Rest. There was no getting away from it . . . Ina should be there. As he walked, he put two and two together, and it made a most definite four.

Laurence was madly in love with his wife; but if his wife had cared a rap about him, she would not have left his spiritual and mental welfare in the hands of a stranger, however sensible and kindly the stranger might be.

In some subtle way he was disturbed about his patient.

LAURENCE was a pleased with Wolheim's report on his eyes. He came in and heard Elspeth typing away for dear life. "Don't do any more of that—it's a lovely day . . . I can smell it! Tell me what's happening in the garden, do."

Elspeth obediently stopped her work and went over to the window.

"The copper beech is in full leaf now . . . it is turning much darker. The white lilac is still in bloom. I can still see lots of buds on it . . . The lupins have grown about three inches, they look like young bushes already . . . plenty of buds, too. The Canterbury Bells are still trying to pretend they're babies—"

"They'll sprout up soon—I know 'em!"

Elspeth leant further out of the window. "That clump of wallflowers against the house is all brown-and-gold . . . and nearly all the roses are budding. Such lovely buds . . . there's one perfectly amazing bud, blood-red . . . just here near the window—"

"Etoile de Hollande," Laurence whispered lovingly.

They were standing very close together, and he laid his hand on her shoulder. "You are a comforting person, Miss Gordon. Or may I be an uncle and call you Elspeth . . . ? It's such a very Barriresque name!"

It was the first time he had deliberately touched her, and it was as if he had reached out of his darkness to her world of sunlight and flowers. A warm, ecstatic thrill ran through her—it was all she could do not to quiver beneath his friendly hand.

"Of course . . . you may. But you're a bit young to be an uncle!"

He let his hand fall and drummed idly on the low window sill. "How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Twenty-five. A bit too old to be your niece, much as I should like to be!" she laughed naturally, now that his hand was no longer like a red-hot coal on her flesh.

"Shall we go and do some work?"

"Oh, I don't know." His head craned towards the open window, his sensitive nostrils wide to the intoxicating fragrance. He drew it in, laughing. "I think I must have spring fever or something. I feel restless—don't want to work—I suppose old Wolheim has upset the apple-cart with his 'soon—soon—'!"

"Shall I get on with the typing, then? Or would you like me to play to you?" Elspeth had discovered a lovely rosewood Bechstein in the drawing-room; one evening Laurence had returned early from his drive with Pike, heard her playing it, and was spellbound with pleasure. He had crept in and listened to the end, and said "That was beautiful" so suddenly that Elspeth had nearly fallen off the stool. Since then, whenever the words for "Sweet Amber" had not flowed easily, or he had been stuck unravelling a tricky situation, she had played for him. He adored music, though he could not play himself. The piano, he confessed to her, had been a childish whim when

he furnished the cottage. Always he had hoped that one day someone would find it . . . someone who could really play.

He did not tell her that he had hoped his dream-wife would play to him, just as she did, when life grew difficult . . . for Ina had never even opened it.

"Please do. I know it will take away all this—impatience. Then, perhaps, we can work this evening. You can leave the typing until to-morrow, can't you?"

They went together to the long, low room looking into the thick depths of the woods . . . a room that Ina condemned as dark and miserable, and which Fergy suspected of being damp. It was not damp—the condition of the piano proved that. And so far from its twilight mystic coloring being miserable, Elspeth thought it was one of the happiest rooms she had ever been in. "It's like an animal's lair . . . a nice, furry, woody animal's lair," she told Laurence once.

Playing was a joy to her, she was utterly unconscious about it. He knew she would play until Fergy brought tea, and he was content. She did not tell him that she would sit up until after midnight, probably, typing to make up for this interlude. It was worth it—a thousand times worth it—to her.

She started on some of Chopin's lighter things, a waltz of Liszt's; in here, too, the windows were flung wide open. But the scent was different; here it all spoke of earth and trees and last year's dead leaves and the spicy aromatic herbs in Fergy's kitchen garden. Laurence lay on the broad, deep, old-fashioned couch, put his head back comfortably, and listened.

Elspeth ran into Beethoven's "Unfinished Symphony." She played on and on, tirelessly, without music. She was lost in the world of sound she had created, drunk with the ecstasy of that—and something else. Something she would not, could not face . . . her ever-deepening love for Laurence.

He, too, lost himself in the pleasure of those sounds; he put aside the thoughts that had been gnawing at him lately, whenever he was not working on the book with Elspeth. He had been struggling desperately to keep his ideals of Ina, to tell himself that when the darkness was lifted from his eyes it would be lifted, too, from his marriage. Somehow Ina had been different since the day of his operation; they had always quarrelled, always there had been a gulf between them. He had known that on his honeymoon. But it had not been, he thought, an unbridgeable gulf. Always he had hoped . . . for what, he did not quite know.

He did not realise how much he owed to Elspeth. It was she who invariably dispelled those moods, gave him back a feeling of belonging in the world, of warmth and laughter and kindness. He was conscious of their friendship as a precious, amazing thing . . . but that it might ever be more than that had not ever crossed his mind. He was the type of man who hews himself a furrow in life—and follows it. Ina was his wife; his goddess; his love. To Ina, therefore, he dedicated his hopes and ideals . . . oblivious of the fact that it was Elspeth who was enabling him to attain them.

But something very like love for her was in his mind as he listened to her delicate rendering of Schubert's "Serenade" . . . the beautiful music, sensitively played, filled the little room; it combined with the scents from outside, the warm sunshine of

the day, to intoxicate and enthral. Lying there like a statue carved in ancient stone, Laurence listened; and his thoughts, stirred by the music like the very essence of spring's love-song, were of Elspeth . . . not of Ina.

Ina herself knew that, instinctively and immediately. She had come on one of her surprise visits, and hearing the unexpected music had crept round to the back. She stood there, an evil little smile on her face, as all unconscious of her Elspeth went on dreamily playing. When the "Serenade" was finished she turned on the music stool, away from the window. "Are you asleep?" she asked gently. That bandage was disconcerting . . . it was impossible to tell from his stillness.

"Having a siesta? This is a new routine, isn't it, Laurie!" Ina, leaning against the window, spoke coolly. Laurence sat up abruptly. Elspeth rose from the stool. For the second time she had been caught out; she felt furious, impotent, guilty. She had to admit it was no part of a secretary's duties to play the piano to her employer . . . but to explain how it had come about would be to put herself in Ina's hands. She said: "Good afternoon, Mrs. Hilary" as pleasantly as she could.

"Ina! This is a surprise. Come in and we'll have some tea."

Ina stepped into the room and went over to sit beside Laurence. "I'm only down for a night, darling. Just to see how you are getting on. Has Wolheim been? Oh—Miss Gordon—would you tell Mrs. Fergusson I'm here, please? My case is on the front step."

Elspeth, flushing, nodded silently and left the room. Ina was insufferable . . . yet for Laurence's sake she must be suffered. She went into the kitchen, glad to escape now that Ina's coming had shattered the glory of the afternoon. "Mrs. Hilary has just come. I'll take her case up if you are busy," she volunteered, unconscious of the little sigh that escaped her.

"Indeed you won't do anything of the sort! Pike can wait on her." Fergy glanced at the girl keenly. "I believe she's been cackling at you again, my poor bairn. Don't you heed her—the master's been a new man since you came."

Elspeth laughed, and helped to collect the things for the tea-tray. She wondered if Fergy were right. But—even if she were—it would all have to end so soon.

In the drawing-room Ina was listening to Laurence's enthusiastic description of Wolheim's visit, of his hopes. But her mind was on the vision of Elspeth's tender face as she swung round to look at Laurence. She's in love with him . . . she's in love with him! she told herself triumphantly. At last she had found her weapon. Opportunity would show her how to use it.

WHEN Ina got back to Curzon Street next day, Lola gave her a letter left by Garth. Ina flung it on the bed, meaning to open it after she had changed. Something about the envelope made her snatch it up again, and she examined it this time with the greatest care. Her face white with rage, she rang the bell to recall Lola.

"You've opened this letter!" she stormed, as the maid came in with her usual expression of sly complacency.

"Oh—Madame! I would not do such a thing!" she raised her hands in mock horror. "It would not pay me—to be dishonest," she added, with an extraordinary leer.

Suddenly the bluster went from Ina, leaving her trembling with fear. What on earth had Garth written . . . with shaky hands she tore open the letter, and as she read it the last vestige of color fled from her face. It was terrible; in that letter Garth had revealed their true relationship—more, he was begging her, as usual, to divorce Laurence . . .

"Monsieur has been a little—indiscreet—perhaps . . ." Lola ventured, with her eyes cast down.

Suddenly Ina lost her temper. She rushed over to the girl and, gripping her shoulders, shook her to and fro like a little dark limp rat. "That'll teach you to read my letters! Anyway—it ends here, understand? And now you can pack your things and clear out!" She stood back from her victim, and slowly tore the letter into shreds. Then she went over to the tiled fireplace and burnt the fragments carefully, one by one. When they were all black, flaky squares of burnt tissue she crumbled them with her fingers. Not the tiniest shred of writing was left. Through it all Lola watched from her veiled eyes, a sneer on her full mouth. She had uttered no word at Ina's shaking, but the dull, angry red had crept up her neck, all over her face, leaving it horribly mottled.

"We live in the Twentieth Century, Madame," the girl spoke at last, very softly. Ina, on her heels before her ashes, swung round. "What—what do you mean?" she demanded.

"I have a camera," Lola solemnly regarded the ceiling. "I have such a poor memory . . . as Madame has often reminded me . . . so I do not trust to it! Also—I copy very slowly. But the camera . . . in one second he does the trick!"

Ina stood up slowly. Her smart travelling costume was wrinkled and creased, her fair hair awry, her blue eyes frosty with anger, her white hands black from her recent labors. "You photographed the letter, did you! You mean little skunk—after all I've done for you!" Suddenly her voice changed subtly. "What is it you're after—money?"

Lola smiled as if Ina were offering her a most delightful present. She could forgive the shaking—and a good many other things—now. She had the whip hand. "Ah, no, Madame! That would be like—what you say—getting blood out of a stone!" She laughed gently, as if at a child's whim. Ina stood staring at her in stony silence.

"What I need," Lola said in a more businesslike tone, "is a complete new summer outfit. The salary Madame pays me is negligible. Perhaps that cannot be helped—Madame spends her money before she is aware it has come! But there are shops . . . good shops, where Madame has accounts . . . if she will be so kind as to choose some things . . . some pretty things . . . for poor Lola who cannot afford them . . ."

Ina felt that she was suffocating with her rage. "How—how dare you!" she muttered at last.

Lola looked her full in the eyes for the first time. "I am engaged to be married," she said more simply. "I need those clothes. And money . . . but that is dangerous. If I took money, Madame might accuse me of—blackmail! But clothes—what more natural than that Madame should give her personal maid some pretty things . . . et voilà!"

"I'll get them," Ina hissed the words so that they sounded all sibilant. "I'll get them—and now get out of my room. It is blackmail—nothing in the world but blackmail!"

Lola, smiling, meekly left the room.

By the end of July it was tremendously hot, the parched world gasped from the drought, it seemed as if it would never rain again and all the gardens without a hose drooped and withered. Pike jealously watered the flowers at Hermit's Rest. He and Fergy, and Elspeth more than either of them, were eagerly awaiting the day when the master of the house would regain the use of his eyes.

Laurence dictated now to Elspeth in the woods at the back of the cottage. Here it was delightfully cool. He would lie on the ground, propped on one elbow and very much at ease in old grey flannels and a shirt thrown open at the neck. Elspeth, in cool linen, would sit on a fallen log, notebook on knee, and look down at him whenever he paused. Sometimes she was tempted to stoop and kiss the top of his dark head—a crazy impulse that she properly held in check.

The sharpest stab of the knife was the knowledge, sure and instinctive, that when the time came for her to leave Hermit's Rest, she would not be leaving Laurence to happiness, either. It would have been easier—if Ina loved him. But since their first meeting Elspeth had known, all too clearly, that Ina was incapable of love for anyone but herself. She marvelled at Laurence's blindness, half-suspected his deliberate veiling, not only of his physical but his spiritual eyes. He was so perceptive, almost fey . . . somewhere, deep down, he must suspect . . . One day, Elspeth felt sure, Ina herself would force the knowledge of her defection upon him . . . and what a terrible day of humiliation and black loneliness that would be for Laurence. . .

Elspeth, loving him with all her heart and soul, would have given her life to spare him that final disillusionment; she knew she had not even the right to stay and comfort him.

LAURENCE himself was in torment. Together with his throttling doubts of Ina other ideas were growing in his mind. He never betrayed them . . . they were as yet too intangible even to be thought about. But though he managed to preserve the free-and-easy comradeship with Elspeth, he was conscious now of a greater dependence on her than the situation warranted.

It was all due to this eye-business, he told himself when his pleasure in Elspeth became so acute that he could no longer refuse to admit it. The whole situation was so peculiar . . . he would be a stone image indeed if he did not feel some warmth for someone who had come, almost literally, as an angel of light into the darkest moment of his life. Everyone—except, perhaps, Ina—loved Elspeth. There must, he told himself wryly, be something lovable about the girl! Secretly he longed for the day when he would see her for the first time. He felt he knew already every feature of her . . . it would be a strange, exciting, perturbing day. . .

He felt guilty about Ina . . . when the attraction of Elspeth grew stronger with the advancing summer. That first tantrum of hers had disgusted him, blinded him right away in favor of the new secretary. . .

INA was preoccupied, not only with Garth, who as the date of his sailing grew nearer became more and more insistent that she should take steps to divorce Laurence, but with Lola.

The maid's demands had exceeded all her expectations, though from the first moment when Lola admitted she had photographed that letter Ina knew she would have to keep her quiet at any price. She told Garth nothing of this new worry.

It was almost a relief when Garth came to her one day to tell her he had had the offer of a picture from Germany. He brought a letter with him. "It's from UFA, darling. They know I'm on vacation, and Franz Korda, who was going to play in 'Liebe Frau,' is ill. They telephoned to Lee to know if I would take his place—Lee cabled Grand United—my studios—to know if it was O.K. They've given permission. I don't know what to do—"

"But of course, darling, you must go!" Ina, struggling in the complications she herself had woven, saw a temporary relief in Garth's absence. It would not be for long—and by the time he came back she would either have found some way to deal with Lola and that girl at the cottage, become fully reconciled to Laurence—or she would have decided to risk everything with Garth. She felt inclined, almost, to take that risk; only in the ensuing scandal she knew that the truth about Laurence must come out; what she did not know was how she would stand with Garth in such an eventuality. She was becoming a little nervous of Garth's conscience. . . "Of course you mustn't miss a chance like that!" she repeated.

Garth was troubled. Secretly, he, too, hoped that his going might force Ina to take her plunge. Ever more desperately as Hollywood loomed ahead he wanted to know that he could look forward to the day when she would become his wife. No amount of passion could satisfy his love; he wanted her, openly and wonderfully and forever—as his wife. Yet the idea of leaving her before he must, of voluntarily going away even for a short time, seemed impossible. "I can't bear shortening my time with you . . . it's a lifetime too short now," he said.

"How long will the picture take?"

"About four weeks—say five, allowing for retakes. I should be back the first week in September. And I've got to be in Hollywood by October the fifth. I can't go . . . I'll tell Lee to cancel it all. The silly fool—acting as my agent—has almost accepted for me. He thinks it's great!"

"Surely it is—even for you. I mean . . . a big continental film . . ."

"Yes, I suppose it is. It's with Marthe Vann, too . . . great enough to impress even Hollywood!"

Ina looked at him. "Great enough to take you from me, perhaps, my dear," she said sadly.

Garth came over and took her by the shoulders. "Don't tease me, darling. I'm not going to waste breath telling you how much I love you . . . you should know by now. And in case you still doubt me—I've turned down five offers of pictures here since I came over."

"Garth!" she stared at him, horrified. The one thing she understood was ambition, and anything that stood in the way seemed absurd . . . even her own love affair.

He laughed and kissed her. "Don't look so scandalised, my dear. I meant this to be

a vacation, and it shall be. Only . . . this offer is different. It's not a part everyone could play—it was written for Françoise, and I'm about the only available person who could step into his shoes. Only—there's you . . ."

"You must not worry about me. I shall be able to think things out. Perhaps by the time you return everything will be clear—"

"I hope you're right. It must be . . ." he said, and his restless grip on her tightened. "Do you realise—if I go—this must be an revoir, darling. I shall have to phone to-day and cross early to-morrow."

Ina wordlessly raised her face to his.

THE fortnight after Oarh's departure was fairly peaceful for Ina; it gave her time to plan new ways out, and Lola seemed satisfied for the moment.

It was a nasty shock for Ina when she asked, or rather demanded, six more summer frocks—"and good ones. Afternoon frocks, such as Madame wears . . ." she intimated slyly.

Ina, desperately aware that her credit at Lavrines, Susette, Bradleys, and Marshall and Snelgrove was almost completely exhausted by Lola's previous demands, made a half-appeal. "What on earth do you want them all for, Lola? You can't possibly wear them all—and by next year they will be out of date. Why . . . you must have a wardrobe as extensive as mine now."

"I do not wear—everything. It is natural for a lady's maid to have . . . good bargains. There are always eager fish!"

"You sell them!" Ina gasped. The next minute she wondered why that obvious solution had never occurred to her. She had often seen those ambiguous advertisements of a "lady's wardrobe . . . hardly worn . . ." She had even, in the early days, picked up a few lovely clothes in that way herself.

Oh, she understood all right—at last. And she could never, never prove that those clothes had not been given voluntarily to the girl . . . she probably had the guile to wear them once or twice before selling them. Something deep in Ina's nature had to admire her enemy even while she hated her.

For ten minutes Ina did some furious thinking, checking off in her mind every firm she had ever opened an account with. At last she thought of Scrollers; and, like an inspiration, came another plan. She could not get rid of Lola yet; but in satisfying her extortionate demands she could estrange Elspeth from Laurence . . . it would be so easy!

She sat a while longer, rapidly perfecting the outline of her plan. Firmly re-established in Laurence's life, she would find some way to deal finally with Lola. She might even be able to tell Laurence the whole thing . . . maintaining, of course, that the photographed letter was entirely a fake.

At last she rang the bell for Lola. "I'm going to Hermit's Rest for a month—you can pack now. I'll send you the clothes."

She gave the order briskly, suddenly confident. Lola looked at her in surprise, smelling a trap. As long as she got the clothes . . . but if my lady tried any tricks . . .! She still did her duties efficiently, because she knew that to try Ina too far would be to kill the goose laying her substantial golden eggs . . . but her mouth as she packed was a grim line boding no good for Ina if she should try to escape.

INA waited for an opportunity of speaking to Elspeth alone. She found it on Sunday evening, when Fergy had gone to church and Laurence was out walking with Pike. It was stifling hot—hotter than it had been all day. Elspeth thought; and it did not comfort her to see Ina making a bee-line to where she sat in the back garden. She let herself sink on to a broken mossy wall and stared at Elspeth. "How is the book going—nearly finished, isn't it?" she inquired casually.

Elspeth thought she knew what Ina was getting at. In a minute she would say that her husband could dispense with her services afterwards . . . well, she would get in first.

"I think there is about another twenty thousand words to do . . . and revision, of course. I'm afraid when it is finished I shall have to go home . . . my people want me to. I've—I've just heard from them."

"Oh," Ina, to her amazement, sounded almost disappointed. Actually she was annoyed; her own plan was so much more spectacular, so much more humiliating for this fool. But part of it, at least, could still be carried out . . . she leant forward and gazed straight into Elspeth's face. "I'm surprised to hear that. I rather thought you were fond of Laurence."

"I am," Elspeth admitted honestly, and added hastily, "he has been very kind to me, and it's a splendid job."

"Yes," Ina slowly got to her feet and stretched lazily. "It would be a pity if—anything—called you away before the book was finished, wouldn't it?"

Elspeth felt the blood receding from her face. The veiled threat was unmistakable; the thought of leaving Laurence—of being somehow forced to leave him—before "Sweet Amber" was finished left her shivering with horrible fear. Ina had a weapon of some sort, that was obvious . . . but why all this preamble . . .? "Mr. Hilary would be upset if that happened," she admitted, feeling her way, wondering what on earth Ina had up her sleeve.

Ina looked down at her, smiling slightly. "There's no reason why anything like that should happen, is there? It would be a catastrophe indeed for my poor Laurence . . . so near the end of his precious book! He would not quickly be able to replace you."

"He might . . ." Elspeth spoke with difficulty. This cat-and-mouse game was choking her. "He might have the use of his own eyes . . . by then."

"Oh, no, my dear," Ina laughed, and the sound of her laughter struck at Elspeth like so many blows. Suddenly the older woman's tone changed; it became brisk, almost staccato. "Nothing will happen to your splendid job if you're wise. But I'm in rather a silly corner, and I need your help."

"Yes . . ." Elspeth's monosyllable was uncompromising.

Ina sat down again and leant towards her. "It's nothing really . . . nothing at all. Only I'm overdrawn at most of my shops in town, and I want some clothes. Laurence has an account with a firm called Scrollers in Northall . . . it's a big store. He opened that account before we were married, so it's in his name. I want you to go and get the clothes for me, to put them on his account. They're not for me—they're for a little friend of mine who is about your size. That's nothing very dreadful to ask, is it?"

Elspeth felt an invisible web closing round her. The odd request made no sense to her, but she clearly suspected that it held a trap somewhere. Ina was too spiteful to have suddenly developed this woman-to-woman attitude. "Why don't you go and choose the things yourself?" she asked bluntly.

Ina played with a bit of loose moss on the wall. "Because I forgot to ask the girl for her measurements . . . and I promised her the things to-morrow. I know you're just the right size . . . you could try them on. You don't get much time off . . . I'm sure Laurence can spare you for a couple of hours to-morrow."

Elspeth looked her in the eyes. "I'd rather not, if you don't mind. It's rather—outside my province, isn't it?"

"Don't be a fool, my dear! It's the first time I've asked you to do anything for me. At the beginning of September I shall have my allowance, and the things will be paid for at once. Surely it's a small enough service to ask?"

"Oh . . . if you put it like that . . ." Elspeth said uncomfortably. She could not have explained it, but she sensed something deeply dishonest about the whole affair. She wanted to refuse outright, but in view of the "little friend" to whom the things had been promised it seemed churlish to do so. Obviously, if she were to have them fitted on her, the things were not for Ina. The story sounded plausible enough . . . if it had not been for those veiled threats at the beginning . . . "Do you think Mr. Hilary would mind?" she asked. It was, after all, nothing so unusual for a woman as wealthy as Ina to have overdrawn her quarterly allowance; probably she always did.

"Oh, Laurence needn't be worried with it. He'd insist on my taking another cheque . . . He won't know anything about it."

"Then I definitely will not do it," Elspeth stated flatly.

Ina glared at her. "Won't you? That is a pity for you and for Laurence. Mostly for Laurence, I suspect. A secretary who cannot oblige her employer's wife cannot expect to keep her job!"

Elspeth jumped to her feet, staring breathlessly, incredulously, at Ina. "Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that—that you'd nag and nag him until he sacked me . . . before the book is finished? Even when you know I'm going—anyway—after? Oh, it's beastly! Surely the book means something to you, too!" In her anger Elspeth lost all caution. "It's the meanest thing I've ever heard!" she added slowly.

Ina shrugged her shoulders. "I tried to get you to help me—nicely. If you won't, you can't expect me to help you!"

"But—it isn't me at all—it's Laurence . . . and you know it!" Elspeth cried wildly, and the name slipped easily off her unruly tongue.

INA got up abruptly. The two women stood facing each other in the shimmering heat of the evening. A lark, high above their heads, spilled his rippling melody unheard. Here, between the two tense figures, was the tenseness of a threatened thunderstorm.

"If you want facts, you'll get them," Ina said distinctly, and Elspeth noticed that her voice had lost much of its usual refinement. "I know you're in love with Laurence—it sticks out a mile, you little fool!"

Elspeth's head went up proudly, she met Ina's baleful gaze unashamedly. "I am, and there's nothing in that for me to be ashamed of. He doesn't even know I'm there . . . except as an efficient machine to create his book. When that's done I shall go. . . you needn't be afraid that I have any designs on him!"

"I'm not afraid," Ina proclaimed blantly, but her whole body was quivering with rage; she had not expected either the opposition or the frankness with which Elspeth was meeting her attack. "I'm not afraid—but I need you for this particular job; you admit you're in love with Laurence—that you care for this precious book of his. If you refuse, I'll have you out of the house in twenty-four hours!"

Elspeth started to speak, stopped dead. That Ina could carry out her threat she found hard to believe; but she could—and undoubtedly would—make Laurence's existence for the next month so unbearable that all work on the novel would have to be suspended. From Laurence's viewpoint it would be almost as bad as losing her altogether . . . perhaps worse. She would have to give in—for his sake. But it was humiliating, horrible . . . "It's blackmail!" she told Ina, very much as Ina herself had told Lola weeks before. It gave Ina some satisfaction to see some of her own net spreading to catch someone else.

"Call it what you like, as long as you go, Laurence will let you have Pike and the car probably. I want the things by noon tomorrow." Ina turned on her heel and went into the house, leaving Elspeth confused, furious.

LAURENCE made no objection to giving Elspeth the morning off for shopping, and himself pressed the car upon her; it was the first time during Elspeth's long stay that she had ever asked for anything, and he was delighted that at last he could give her this pleasure. He could not see her flushed rebellious face and shining eyes as she haltingly made the request.

Scrollers, also, made no demur about supplying her with the six frocks and putting them on Mr. Hilary's account, though it is possible that the managers of the department wondered what on earth Laurence Hilary was doing, presenting his secretary with a new wardrobe!

Elspeth, thoroughly hating the whole thing, chose the gowns as quickly as possible, though obeying Ina's instructions as to their purpose and texture and price. All together, the dresses came to eighteen guineas and Elspeth wondered who on earth could be the recipient of such generosity from Ina.

Since Laurence was well known at the firm they offered no objection to her taking the things with her, and she walked out into the blazing sunshine laden with boxes. Pike, smiling, jumped out of the car to take them from her. He thought that the quiet Elspeth was having a little orgy, and sympathised.

Half-way down the main road the car was held up in a traffic jam opposite a pet shop. Elspeth, to whom these places had been an irresistible attraction since early childhood, tapped on Pike's shoulder. "Oh, Pike—can you wait for me round the corner? I must look in there!" Pike nodded, grinning, and held the car long enough for her to slip out on to the pavement. This

had been a beastly, a penitential expedition; now she would indulge herself for a few minutes . . . eagerly as a child, her eyes shining, and made her way to the window full of little cages. Curled up in the full glare of the sun, a basketful of comatose kittens was the first thing she saw. Two tortoises moving with their slow, prehistoric gait over some wilted cabbage leaves . . . and Brisk.

She called him Brisk at once; there he stood, little straight legs wide apart, eager nose pressed against the glass, one black ear cocked, one white ear flopped back. A rough-haired terrier about five months old, already getting too big for the narrow stall in which they had confined him, every bit of him a thoroughbred. . . .

Common sense whispered that a terrier in a flat in London would be the height of foolishness, and meanwhile there were Fergy and Ina to be reckoned with. The housekeeper might not like dogs . . . and Ina certainly would be glad to make trouble.

Reluctantly, guiltily, Elspeth turned away. Instantly a disappointed howl reached her, even through the thick plate glass. Brisk was registering his disgust and rage in no uncertain terms. Swiftly, giving common-sense no time to interfere again, Elspeth dived into the dark doorway of the shop. "How much is he—the terrier?" she demanded breathlessly of the old man inside.

"Five guineas, miss. And cheap for a pedigree like his—his size was Devon Lad. Wonderful, that dog is. Fit for showing!"

"I—don't want to show him," Elspeth was rummaging wildly in her bag. Luckily she had her salary intact, since she had had to send Audrey nothing this week, but there seemed nothing else beyond a stray sixpence. "I've got five pounds—can I have him and send you the rest?" she asked.

The old man smiled. "You'll want biscuits for him, too. I'll chuck in a bag of them, and you needn't worry about the five shillings. I'll write you the receipt and get his pedigree—you never know, you might want to show him one day." He left Elspeth wildly excited, while he went into a tiny office in the back, to return in a few minutes with the receipt and the sheet of parchment on which the pup's lineage was grandly and concisely set forth. "Here you are, miss. Devon Royal his name is . . . the mother was Essex Queen. You'll find him a good little dog." He went to the window and as he undid the trap Elspeth found herself shaking with excitement as much as the puppy. When he was put wriggling and writhing into her arms she hugged him close. It was as if the turmoil and doubt she had suffered in the last few weeks, her feeling that she was the intruder in Laurence's life, were dispelled momentarily at least. She had found a friend. "I shall call him Brisk—never mind what the pedigree says!" She put her bag under one arm, the dog under the other, and went proudly out into the hot street, followed by the quelling eyes of the old man.

Pike grinned more broadly than ever when he saw her burden: he pulled at the pup's ears and rubbed his crisp rough coat the wrong way. "Got a good 'un there, Miss Elspeth!"

"Yes. And isn't he longing for a real run!"

"And now I think we'd better be getting home—or they'll think we've had a smash!" Elspeth, feeling the warmth of Brisk through her thin frock, got into the car. Pike, looking and feeling very glum, drove

her back to the garage in silence. She waited for him while he put the car in. It was one of the things he liked about her. Once he had told Fergy, "You can see she's the genuine article—no side about 'er!"

When he saw the woods, Brisk wriggled frantically to get free; it was all Elspeth could do to hold him. "I am a fool—I should have got a collar for him."

"I think there's one in the shed, miss. I'll have a look as soon as we get up."

"Thank you, Pike. And—if you don't mind—would you take care of him until this afternoon? I think it's just on lunch time, and it might be a bit of a shock!"

THERE was a separate track running through the woods to the back of the cottage, where it branched off, she handed over the ecstatic little dog, and took from Pike the boxes he had been carrying for her. "Sure you can manage, miss?" he asked, the small sack of Spratts dangling temptingly in front of Brisk.

"Yes, thank you," Elspeth spoke sombrely. The boxes had reminded her of her real errand, forgotten in the excitement of buying the puppy. "You'll give him a drink, won't you . . . ?"

Pike nodded cheerfully and set off on his way.

Laurence and Ina were already having lunch. Elspeth left the boxes in the hall and ran upstairs to wash. When she came down they had nearly finished, but Laurence heard her come in.

"Have you finished your shopping riot . . . ?" he asked, with a quick smile.

"Yes, thank you," with Ina's hard stare on her, Elspeth answered lifelessly. "It was kind of you to lend me Pike and the car," she added more warmly.

"Did you get everything you wanted?" Ina asked meaningly. Elspeth looked at her with dumb irritation. This playing a part in front of a blind man was almost more than she could bear. She wanted to shout the truth, to get up and leave the table, to run away from the cold malicious woman and the man sitting so quietly there as if he could sense the unseen antagonistic forces in the room. Fergy, coming in with her lunch, provided a diversion, and the housekeeper was smiling. "Ye've bought yourself a gay fine outfit, Miss Elspeth—judging by yon boxes in the hall!"

"Yes—it does look like it, doesn't it?" Elspeth managed a laugh, but she felt more like running away than ever. Ina was annoyed because the servants had grown into the habit of calling the secretary, "Miss Elspeth" . . . as if she were one of the family, she thought indignantly. All the same, she had got the girl just where she wanted her now. She could afford to wait . . . a little longer . . . She got up, looking across at Elspeth with a tight smile that Laurence could not see. "I suppose you two want to work all the afternoon—after a wasted morning. I'm going to the flat—I'll be back in the morning, though. I've remembered some things I shall want down here."

Elspeth gripped the table until her knuckles showed white. She knew then, finally and forever, that Ina was a liar and a cheat and a coward. She half-rowed to tell Laurence the truth, but he was speaking, and she subsided wearily, confusedly, into her seat. It was as if un-

knowingly Laurence had appealed to her for something—she did not know quite what—though he was speaking to Ina. "Can't Lola send them?" he asked.

"No. She's such a fool, she'd send all the wrong things. You won't miss me for such a short time. I'll be with you soon after breakfast to-morrow. Good-bye." She went out, making no attempt to kiss Laurence, who sat with a strangely perturbed expression on his face. Lunch with Ina had been a miserable affair; but when Elspeth had come in so quietly it had set all the pulses in his body beating wildly. Here, with Ina sitting by his side . . . his whole being was thrilling with love for a woman whom he had never seen.

Elspeth came so strangely late into his life, was the dream-woman who had shared his home for so many years—years before the cold, dazzling beauty of Ina had swept him off his feet. . . .

She had come too late. Laurence had no qualms about divorce. But he knew with bitter and certain conviction that Ina would never divorce him—as long as his career was solid. And thanks to Elspeth, he had turned the tricky corner. "Sweet Amber" was nearly an accomplished fact . . . they had written to Blount and Hayward about it. Soon (all too soon, he realised now) it would be completed. Because, of course, he must find some excuse not to keep Elspeth on after all.

Elspeth was puzzled by Ina's tactics. This running away to London until to-morrow . . . she was giving Elspeth her chance to tell him about the clothes, then. She knew, Elspeth thought with intense bitterness, that she was safe. It was not for her to show him his goddess' feet of clay. The knowledge that he would find out soon enough, and with intense suffering, gave her no satisfaction at all.

Ina, as soon as she was dressed, collected the boxes that were in the hall—after a quick look round to see that neither Pike nor Fergy were about to see her do it.

She flung the packages into her own car after her usual curt orders to the garage boy, and started for London. But she stopped at Guildford long enough to make a telephone call to Scrollers. She asked for the manageress of the dress department. "This is Mr. Hilary's secretary speaking—about those things I bought this morning. . . . I find I've forgotten the invoice and cannot remember quite what they cost. Would you please send in the account to-morrow instead of the end of the month? Thank you." She rang off her face smooth with malicious satisfaction. That should deal with Elspeth, at any rate. Now for Lola.

She drove more carefully into London, knowing that if she were caught in a police trap twice in six months she would probably have her licence suspended altogether. Last time she had had a heavy fine imposed.

At Curzon Street she found Lola packing in her own room. "Where are you going?" Ina demanded. "I haven't given you leave."

"Poor Lola needs a holiday, too—it is very hot in town in August!" the maid answered, without rising.

Ina threw the cardboard boxes one by one on the floor near the kneeling maid. "There are your frocks. And that's the last lot you'll get. If I hear anything more about that letter I shall go to Scotland Yard—do you understand? Between us Mr. Brewster and I would have no difficulty at all in proving that photograph of yours a fake.

I've been a weak fool with you, but this is the end." She did not expect the girl to take her threat seriously, though as a matter of fact she meant it. She knew perfectly well that Lola would never face a Scotland Yard enquiry.

Yet she was amazed when the girl's dark face went deathly white. "What's the matter now?"

"Nothing. I had a pain." That the maid was lying was very obvious, and Ina looked at her for a long time. At last she smiled, and in her smile there was no trace of humor or kindness. "I might have known this wasn't your first effort! But—it'll be the last, as far as I'm concerned." She turned on her heel and went to her own room jubilantly.

BEFORE they left the luncheon table, Elspeth made her confession. "I hope you won't be annoyed—I've taken rather a liberty this morning . . . but I couldn't resist it. I've bought a dog—a puppy. He's a rough-haired terrier, and I adore them so!" Once she had started, the words tumbled out. She saw a faint shadow cross his face, and flushed. "You're not—angry, are you? Not really—I had an idea you loved dogs. . . . I'm so sorry if you are annoyed."

"Of course I'm not. I'm glad . . . if he's a nice dog, he'll be company for you. No . . . I was thinking of Caesar—a Cocker that I had when I first came here. The poor fellow got into the habit of roaming—one night he was caught in one of those cruel rabbit-traps. It broke his leg . . . and spirit. I had to shoot him. That's why I have not had a dog since."

"Oh—I am sorry. I wouldn't have brought Brisk here for the world if I'd known. I can still send him to the nearest kennels . . . if you like."

Laurence smiled very cheerfully. "Nonsense! I like the sound of Brisk. May we be introduced? He'll probably cure my foolish sentiment over Caesar."

"Pike has got him now—I must warn him not to let him run loose if those beastly traps are about here."

"Not on my land. As a matter of fact, I've complained so much that I don't think there's a trap left for miles round! Still, he'd better be careful."

"You are being nice about him." Elspeth said impulsively. "I know I shouldn't have brought him to someone else's house . . . but if you'd only seen him—with his nose flattened on the glass—such an open-air creature in that hot, stuffy shop—"

"I know. I think pet shops are nearly as bad as animal-traps. Where did you get him?"

"I can't remember what the name of the shop was . . . but it was a few doors along from Scrollers."

"Well, we'll make them a present of a sun-blind. You might make a note of that for Fergy, will you? And now can I meet your hound, if you've finished lunch. . . .?"

"I'd love you to." She got up and walked a little in front of him, knowing without his telling her that to hear her steady footsteps ahead guided him. At night he could fumble and feel his way, but to grope about his own house in the broad sunshine made him feel foolish.

Pike was playing with Brisk in the back garden. Fergy was watching from the kitchen window. "He's a nice wee dog—is he yours?" she asked Elspeth, who nodded

guiltily. "Tell me you don't object to him, either, Fergy, and I'll be happy. I had no right to bring him into your peaceful lives!"

Fergy laughed comfortably. "There was always a feeling of relief—gaiety, almost—when Ina had departed. 'When I start making objections to a bonny wee dog I'll be in my dotage!' she said, and looked at Laurence, who had gone ahead into the garden. 'It'll do him good, too He's been mopey over dogs these two years. Has he told you about his spaniel?'"

"Yes. I think it was—horrible."

Fergy nodded again. "It was, and he fair demented for six months afterwards. I never saw him more depressed—until this eye trouble came along. I shouldn't be surprised if you'd cured him of both."

Elspeth smiled briefly and followed out into the garden. In her heart a tiny voice was crying, if only I could . . . if only I could. . . .

She saw Brisk run up to Laurence, sniff at him and promptly bury his nose in his outstretched hand. With his free hand Laurence bent to pat him with little firm, sharp strokes that sent his stub of a tail wagging madly. "He's a nice little fellow. Tell me about his markings," he said, and Elspeth thought how natural he was with the dog, how sure-handed . . . as if he could see it.

"He's mostly white, with one black ear and a bit of black on his left temple. . . . if dogs have temples! A nice black blob in the middle of his spotless chest . . . and a bit on his back near his stump. Otherwise a well-laundered dog, aren't you, Brisk?" He came to her from Laurence, seeming to like his name, and ran between the two of them until his pink tongue lolled out. "He's hot," Elspeth said. "I think he should take it quietly after that shop-window. Have you a cool spot he can lie in without running away, Pike?"

"I've got an old disused rabbit-run in the shade, Miss . . . it'll be just the thing until we've got 'im a collar and lead."

Laurence laughed as they returned to the house. The coming of the dog had lightened his mood, given him back his delight in little things. For the moment Ina was banished from his mind. "Pike seems to have quite adopted him."

"Yes. And you like him—and Fergy adores him. I'm not sure whether he's mine or a communal dog! But I'm very grateful to you all . . . coming home. I wondered if buying him would make me unpopular."

COMING home . . . ob, you dear . . . thought Laurence.

They settled down in the study and worked until tea-time; after a short break they started again. At eight o'clock Fergy put her head round the door and announced quietly that she had laid a cold supper for them in the dining-room, so that they could help themselves. This was the arrangement they preferred when Laurence was in full spate, hating to break off for a meal.

At half-past nine Laurence stopped, sighed, stretched himself as he always did, and reached for his cigarettes. When he first had the bandage over his eyes, he had noticed an extraordinary lack of flavor in smoking, but lately the full taste of the tobacco had come back to him.

He handed his case in Elspeth's direction, and she lit up gratefully. They had done over six thousand words, and every

word was good. "I suppose we'd better eat soon."

"I'm not hungry . . . I feel hot and dusty!" she confessed.

"Then cooling drinks are called for. We'll raid the larder for a shandy—or if you don't mind doing that, I'll wait here. Then—I think a nice long drive in the car is called for, too—don't you? I can think better in the car, I'll work out the end of that sequence."

ELSPETH hesitated. It was the first time he had asked her to come on one of his night drives. That he did so out of pure kindness, she knew . . . and the lovely cool breeze would be very pleasant. In the kitchen she leaned against the door, trying to still the wild beating of her heart. Fergus was upstairs in her room, mending. Here it was cool and quiet and peaceful. She leaned against the door and prayed for strength . . .

As if in practical answer to her prayer, she heard Pike's heavy footsteps coming to the back door. Hastily she lit the lamp and went about collecting glasses and the teed lemonade and ginger beer. She pretended to notice Pike when he had come in to see if there were any orders for him. "Oh—Pike—Mr. Hilary wants to go for a run—now, I'm coming, too . . . we've been working for six hours and I'd love a breath of air!"

"I'll do you good, miss." He touched his cap. "I'll go down and get the car out, Miss Elspeth. If you're coming you'll walk down with the master . . ."

"Yes," said Elspeth breathlessly. "I'll walk down with him."

She carried in the two glasses of shandy, each with its lump of clinking ice. She gave Laurence his and gently touched his glass with her own. "Here's luck to 'Sweet Amber.'"

"Thank you, Elspeth." He lingered over her name lovingly, and she wanted to put her drink down and creep into his arms. I'm a fool . . . the craziest fool . . . he'd kill me if I did! Abruptly she drank the long cooling draught, too quickly. Laurence burst into the most cheerful laugh she had ever heard. "I say—you ought to be a frothblower—I could hear that going down!"

That sort of laughter is infectious, and the tension was broken. "Can I get your coat or anything? Pike has gone down to get the car out."

"I don't need a coat to-night—its stifling. But you'd better put on a light one . . . I suppose you're wearing one of those chiffon handkerchiefs a woman calls adequate in the summer!"

"No. Wrong. I'm in linen—I think its cooler. Are you ready? My coat's in the hall—I'll collect it as we go out."

Outside the house she gently put her hand on his arm. "You don't mind if I guide you . . .? The woods are full of roots and things."

"Of course I don't, bless you. But I'll be mighty glad when I can look out for my own pitfalls again!" Laurence pulled her hand firmly through his arm, and accepted her guidance as the most natural thing in the world.

"Here we are," she said, and Pike helped him into his seat at the back. Elspeth got in beside him, and Laurence said, "Hog's Back, I think, Pike. The air up there is always marvellous—" he added to Elspeth.

Soon they were moving smoothly along the white metalled road. The moon was high in the heavens and threw a ghostly radiance over the quiet countryside.

They sat silently for a long time as the car climbed easily to that long high run which has one of England's finest views. They were very still, very full of thoughts that wove themselves dangerously about each other.

"Turn on the radio, please, Pike," Laurence said, and his voice held a reckless note. He would not have wireless at Hermit's Rest, but there was a set in the car, and lately it had been his joy to lie quietly thinking out the ramifications of his book, listening to selected music. It helped his ideas, smoothed out the worries of his actual life. But to-night he hungered for the music for a different reason.

The breeze sighed past their ears gently, like a lullaby; in a few seconds it was joined by the sound of an orchestra tuning in. The gods were being kind to-night; it was the B.B.C. theatre orchestra, and very soon they started on that long, beautiful, intensely romantic ballet of Chopin's . . . "Les Sylphides."

Pike had turned the car homewards long before it came to an end. Elspeth and Laurence listened to the voluptuous rise and fall of that lover's symphony with its wonderful orchestration, and instinctively, blindly, drew closer to each other.

His head with its dark bandage bent slowly to her, his lips just brushed her own—before they found the strength to break apart.

Instantly he sought and found her hand and held it. "I'm sorry, Elspeth," he whispered, but his heart was thumping like a crazy thing. He knew that she loved him, and at once he was reminded of his own bondage, terrible enough to quench even the bright, joyous flame of that knowledge. He released her hand after a moment: "I'm really sorry, darling Elspeth. And I'm the biggest fool on earth," he said again.

Elspeth said nothing. There was nothing she could say because everything she wanted to say was outside the realm of possibility, of decent conduct . . . and anything else would sound too horribly banal.

In a few minutes they were home, and Elspeth cravenly ran on ahead, leaving Pike to bring Laurence. She could not face that walk through the woods with him again.

ELSPETH was late down to breakfast the next morning, and Laurence's answer to the greeting she tried to make normally was very curt. It hurt her unbearably. Of course . . . he would try to forget last night . . . to tell her in this way that it must be forgotten. But surely . . . he knew that she would understand . . .

It had been midsummer madness, the momentary madness of a very lonely man . . . that was all. Oh, she understood all right . . . she thought bitterly that her understanding was all too thorough. He need not have been quite so obvious . . .

She hardly noticed the letter by his plate. It was the custom for Fergus to read his small personal correspondence to him before Elspeth came down. She was amazed when he picked up the open letter and handed it to her. "Can you explain this . . . please?" His voice was expressionless, cold.

Elspeth took it from him readily, and saw that it was not a letter at all. It was a bill—an account from Scrollers for the clothes she had bought yesterday. And across the bottom was the typewritten note, "For Miss Gordon, to go on Mr. Hilary's account."

She saw it all now. Ina's pettiness filled her with a blind rage. She threw the letter

back on the table. "Why—yes, I can explain it!" she said hotly, angry with Laurence and sick at heart. "I got those things—it's true. But I got them for your wife!"

Laurence looked relieved, but still puzzled. "You—are you sure? I mean you're not the same size, are you?"

"No. She asked me to try the things on for a friend of hers—I cannot tell you any more about it. You had better ask her when she returns." Elspeth spoke with ominous quiet. She was appalled at the falsity of the position in which she found herself, but she wanted to shake Laurence for being such a fool.

The shadow cleared definitely from his face. "Of course that's all right. You must admit it was a bit puzzling—especially after you asked me for time off yesterday and—everything. It worried me—because you know if you had needed anything you could have had it on my account. If you'd asked . . . don't you, Elspeth . . .?" His tone was pleading now, and she understood his hurt that apparently she had not trusted him.

There was a rather strained silence for a time while they ate. Laurence, still inclined to be irritable, felt himself being caught in a web of feminine intrigue. "Why didn't you tell me you were shopping for Ina?" he asked suddenly.

Elspeth said nothing. She got up and flung her napkin down on the table. "I thought you had accepted my explanation. All I can say is—ask your wife when she comes."

"I suppose the truth is that she asked you not to tell me—but I didn't think you could do anything underhand—Elspeth—"

"Oh, Heaven!" Elspeth cried abruptly, and stopped. Ina had come in in her usual quiet fashion and was watching with an amused smile on her face. "What's all this about?" she asked casually.

Laurence's head went up. "Thank goodness you've come, Ina." His hand fumbled for the account, found it, held it out in Ina's direction. "What on earth did you ask Miss Gordon to get these things for? Without telling me, I mean—I nearly bit her head off this morning!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" Ina feigned astonishment very naturally. "What is it?" She advanced and took the bill delicately between her fingers. Elspeth watched her with white indignation.

"I don't understand. I never asked Miss Gordon to get these things. I don't deal with a firm like Scrollers—for clothes." Ina's tone was hard and cold, her eyes watching Elspeth with a cynical amusement that seemed to say I've got you now. You'll have a job to wriggle out of this . . .

Laurence sat quite still, his face upturned a little as if he were trying by some supernatural power to determine the truth. After a moment he dropped it wearily. "I think we'd better forget all about it and send them a cheque."

"I don't think we'd better do anything of the sort!" Ina's voice rattled with anger now. "I think you'd better ask Miss Gordon to leave at once—or send for the police!"

Laurence got up and towered suddenly over his wife. "Don't be a fool, Ina!" he said harshly.

"If you have any doubts still, why not ask Fergus to search my room? I haven't had time to hide or post the things, you know!" Elspeth broke in.

"Pah! There are plenty of places you could hide them—in this weather—until you thought it was safe to post them!" Ina's hatred flashed across the little room undis-

guided now. It was Laurence, not Elspeth, who flinched. "Please," he said, and there was finality in his tone. "We'll drop the matter now. The bill will be paid—and surely that's all that matters!"

"Do you mean to say you're not going to sack her?" Ina demanded shrilly. "After blatant robbery like that?"

Laurence spoke very quietly. "If Miss Gordon is willing to stay, I hope the matter will not be brought up again."

"I won't let her stay! Laurence—don't you understand? The girl's a thief! I won't have her in my house!" Ina almost shouted. She was livid with rage to see her plan mis-carrying and losing all caution. It was plain as a pikestaff that he believed Elspeth rather than herself . . . and in that knowledge Ina could have killed them both.

Laurence gripped her firmly by the shoulder. "I think you must be tired, Ina. I expect you were late last night, and got up very early this morning—you'd better rest for a bit." He turned in Elspeth's direction. "We'll start work at once if you're ready, Miss Gordon."

Ina was left, shaking with rage and mortification. Laurence knew she would never forgive him, and his own mind was in a turmoil, sick and troubled. He knew that Elspeth had told the truth.

Elspeth passed out of the room quietly, without looking at Ina's blazing face. She was not at all content to have the matter left there, still hanging over her head like a cloud; but she knew she would not pursue it further now. Let the book get finished first. She had already allowed Ina to cheat her for that cause . . . it would be feeble to let her pride interfere with it now. But she made her mind up firmly about that—it could and should be cleared up before she finally left the house. She had no intention of letting Ina get away with calling her a thief. There must be some way—and she would find it or die in the attempt—of proving that the clothes had been taken away by Ina . . .

She followed Laurence into the study, and soon they were hard at work. But the spell of the old easy comradeship and the new thrill of their recent discovery had both lost their magic. Laurence, miserable, bewildered, grimly forced himself to concentrate on disentangling the final threads of "Sweet Amber"; for the first time Elspeth did her job mechanically . . . she felt too sick at heart to lose herself in the theme again.

THAT evening Laurence knocked at the door of Fergy's own sitting-room. Elspeth had taken Brisk for a walk. Ina was sulking in her bedroom. Work for the day was over. He came in and sank down on the broad padded window-seat near Fergy. "I'm in such a mess, dearest. The devil of a mess!" he managed his forehead wearily. "For heavens sake try and help me, Fergy."

The old housekeeper laid a compassionate hand on his shoulder. The repercussions of the scene had reached her kitchen, and she had been deeply troubled all day. "I know Miss Elspeth wouldn't lie to you. She's too straight and bonny a lass for lies. Besides—she has plenty of clothes of her own. She hasn't any need to do a stupid thing like you."

Laurence sighed heavily. "I feel that too, Fergy. But we don't know . . . that's the trouble. One of them is lying—and one of them is my wife, the other a—a very dear

friend. It's a filthy mess whichever way you look at it!"

"Aye, it is. But—how did Miss Elspeth know you had an account at Scroogers? You haven't bought anything there for a long time," she said triumphantly.

"Oh, that's nothing to go by. It's not a secret—any of us might have mentioned it at any time. In any case, Fergy, she lied to me—and that hurts."

"She may have done that—for her own good reasons. But that that lassie would ever stoop to stealing—it's unthinkable, Master Laurence!"

Laurence nodded, but the deep lines did not leave his face. Since this morning they seemed to have been engrained there. "Didn't any of you see what happened to those boxes?" he asked suddenly.

Fergy shook her grey head. "They were in the hall when I brought Miss Elspeth's lunch in. I don't remember seeing them after that. But—I can ask Pike, if you like."

"Oh don't bring him into it—yet. I'm not going to hold an inquest on the wretched clothes. I shall try and forget the whole thing."

"I'll ask him all the same," Fergy affirmed. "It wouldn't be fair to Miss Elspeth or—or Madam, if the thing is allowed to lie. It's only just to find out the truth."

"I suppose it is," he agreed at last.

AS it happened it was not possible to question Pike after all. The next morning he was trimming an old oak tree of its dead boughs when he slipped and fell. Fergy heard the crash and ran out to find him lying unconscious on the ground, with one leg doubled under him. She realised at once that he was badly hurt, and her chief anxiety was to keep the knowledge from Laurence. She knew he would tear off his bandage to help and the wearisome work of the past months would be undone by the glare of the bright morning. She thought at once of Elspeth.

She ran into the house and knocked on the study door. Laurence called out "Come in," and she put her head round. "I'm very sorry to disturb you, but could Miss Elspeth come and help me for just a minute? I've got the mincer screw jammed, and—and Pike's nowhere about." She lied with difficulty, and at once Elspeth jumped up. "Of course I'll come. You don't mind, Mr. Hilary, do you? I'll be back in ten minutes."

"Go ahead," Laurence said, but his blindness did not prevent his sensing disaster in the air. He wondered what on earth Fergy was up to . . . that feeble excuse about the mincer was very transparent. Perhaps she had discovered something about those wretched clothes—something she wanted to discuss with Elspeth urgently . . . He sat still and smoked, waiting patiently.

"It's Pike, Miss Elspeth," Fergy was explaining. "He's had a bad fall from the old oak. I don't want the master to know—do you think you could help me carry him to his room?"

"Good Lord, yes! I'm as strong as a horse—come on." Elspeth ran down the path and examined Pike critically. "He's got a broken leg and a bit of concussion—I've done a bit of nursing. We'll have to get a door or something to lift him on."

"The door of the shed's on slip-on hinges."

Elspeth nodded briskly and together they lifted the door and put it flat on the ground. Getting Pike on it without jarring him was difficult, but at last they managed it.

Elspeth took the head and Fergy the foot of the improvised stretcher, and by sheer effort of will they lifted it evenly and managed to get it, as levelly as possible, up the short stairway and into Pike's room.

"It's a good thing here's not a very big man!" Elspeth panted when at last the chauffeur, still heavily unconscious, was lying on his own bed. "Now go and talk to Mr. Hilary, Fergy—babble on about anything while I phone the nearest doctor. What's the number?"

"Medhill 29. Doctor Underwood—he'll come at once if he is in. I know. Do you think it's safe to leave him?"

"Yes. He won't come round for a bit yet, and there's plenty of air in here." Elspeth glanced round the comfortable room Pike had made himself over the old stable. "As soon as I've phoned you could come and sit with him. There's not much we can do—that leg wants setting properly."

A few minutes later Dr. Underwood promised he would come at once, prepared for commotion and a broken leg and possible internal injuries. Fergy hurried back to Pike, and as they passed in the hall Elspeth whispered, "I'll tell him when the doctor's been and there's nothing he can do." Fergy nodded, and Elspeth went in to resume taking dictation. It was the most difficult thing to do, while trying to suppress the short, heavy gasps after the lifting, which had really been far too great a strain on both the women. Her face was still flushed, the color coming and going. Laurence went on as if no interruption had occurred.

THE rest of August passed slowly and painfully for everyone at Hermit's Rest. Pike was out of danger, but still too ill to be bothered with questions. Fergy spent most of her time nursing him, and Elspeth helped with the housework when she could—which slowed down the progress of the novel a good deal.

A new chauffeur had been hired temporarily, a man called Phillips who had been sent from Guildford. He did not live at the cottage, but came up every morning from his room in the village to take his orders for the day. He did not drive as well as Pike, and Elspeth disliked him. He took pains to treat her as a fellow-employee—a thing neither Fergy nor Pike had ever done.

On the thirtieth of August a telephone call came for Ina, and as Fergy was with Pike, Elspeth had to fetch her. She knocked on Ina's door and called out: "There's a Mr. Brewster on the telephone for you, Mrs. Hilary," as non-committally as she could.

She heard Ina fling off the bed and felt her brush past in a great hurry. She caught a brief glimpse of her face as she ran downstairs, and it amazed Elspeth. There was an expression on it—an eager animation—she had never seen before.

At lunch Ina was more cheerful than she had ever been. "I'm going to town to-morrow—Carrie wants me to join a party on the Breeze," she told Laurence, and even his faint expression of relief did not annoy her. Garth was back—the picture had been finished earlier than they had expected, partly owing to the unbroken glorious weather. He had to attend a film party with Lee to-night—a business affair—but to-morrow, if she could be there, he would be round at the flat early. "We'll go out to lunch somewhere romantic, darling—we must. What about the Primrose Club at Richmond? That should be lovely now . . ."

Ina had said she would come up in the morning.

THAT evening, as Laurence and Ina were staying in the garden, Phillips was off duty. He thought it might be a good idea to investigate the possibilities of the Green Man at Medhill, and accordingly went there to blow in his accumulated wages.

He was lucky. The bar was crowded with local lights come to discuss the big fire that had happened over at Carrington Manor Hospital the previous night. Talk ran enthusiastically on the main subject, particularly for the benefit of Renfrew, the London journalist, who had been sent down by the "Clarion" to cover the fire. His stuff and photographs were already in London—by now it would be out in the earlier evening editions. But the fire was not entirely quenched yet, and the general upset to the famous hospital might yet provide titbits of news. Renfrew was staying on for the moment.

Having exhausted the local knowledge of the hospital's history and collected many anecdotes of its "heroic" staff, Renfrew was just leaving when something he heard made him prick his ears.

Marriot, the publican, was talking to Phillips. "You're up at Hermit's Rest with Mr. Hilary, aren't you? Nasty accident that was to Pike, by what I've heard."

"Yes," Phillips answered laconically. He had no sympathy to spare for Pike, since the accident had given him what he regarded as a soft job.

The landlord wiped out glasses briskly. "Gone a bit of a hermit himself, hasn't he? Can't understand it at all . . . he used to come in now and then for a drink and a chat, sociable-like. I haven't set eyes on him since last April."

Phillips laughed. "No wonder, what with almost losing his eyesight! Wears a bandage all the time, he does. Gives you the shivers till you get used to it."

"That's the first I've heard of that!" the landlord said heavily. Renfrew waited, leaning casually against the bar, hiding his intense interest. He had found that by far the best way to get real news was to listen to other people's conversation . . . and this was grist to his mill indeed.

"It's true, though," Phillips, warmed by his beer, was inclined to throw his weight about. "Wears a bandage all the time—never takes it off even to eat."

Renfrew had heard all he wanted; local comments did not interest him. But he had taken Phillips' measure; he tapped the chauffeur's arm and drew him into an alcove with a table. Phillips looked anxious; he knew he had been indiscreet. Mr. Hilary had particularly asked him not to mention his disfigurement to anyone. "I haven't done any harm—have I . . .?" he asked anxiously. He thought Renfrew must be a friend of Hilary's.

As a matter of fact he was. He had known Laurence since his early Fleet Street days; he knew that to go and see him now would be fatal. He would simply beg him to hush up the whole thing. Renfrew, apart from the news value of the information, was thrilled by it and had no intention of losing such a scoop.

"Here's a pound for you if you can remember the name of Hilary's eye-specialist," said Renfrew.

"I shan't get into trouble over it, shall

I?" the man asked, greedily eyeing the folded note Renfrew held lightly between his finger and thumb.

"No one will know it came from you. As a matter of fact, I'm a friend of Mr. Hilary's, and I want to do him a good turn. But it must come as a surprise."

"Well, then—" Phillips spoke eagerly, "his name's something like Vollhime—he's a foreigner. And his telephone number's Welbeck 99462."

"Thanks. Don't say anything about this." Renfrew got up and went swiftly to the nearest outside telephone booth. First of all he got on to Wolheim's consulting rooms, but the specialist had gone home. He received his home address, and jumping into his old ramshackle car made his best speed to London. When he handed his card to Wolheim's butler he scribbled on it, "A friend of Mr. Laurence Hilary."

In a few moments he was seated opposite his host in the latter's very comfortable study, accepting a glass of old mellow sherry. "It's very good of you to see me, Mr. Wolheim. I have come about Mr. Hilary—I'm his friend, as I said—and I happen to know that his keeping this eye-trouble a secret has done him a lot of damage. Personally, not professionally, I want to publish the whole story in tomorrow's 'Clarion'—and I want my facts right."

"I am very sorry, I did not realise you were Press . . . I am afraid I can tell you nothing. My patient's affairs are confidential—and I gave him my word nothing would leak out here." Wolheim looked firm, but apologetic. "I could not give my patient away—you must see that!"

Renfrew jumped up quickly. "Well—I've got the story anyway, and it's going in. Only probably I'll have the medical history all wrong. I'm his friend, and I wanted to do him a good turn. I'm sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Wolheim. Good-night!"

"Stay—stay a moment," the little man looked at the young journalist very keenly. "Will you tell me just why you think it will help him to publish this—now—when the trouble is almost over . . .?"

"Sure!" Renfrew sat down again. "Just because it's almost over—it can't do him any harm professionally. And it might help clean up his affairs a bit. Do you know that half London thinks he hasn't been around because he's left his wife for his secretary?" He noticed with some satisfaction Wolheim's gesture of distressed surprise. "Yes—and that's not the half of it! I'd bet a dollar I know who started those rumors—little Queen Ina, little Madonna Ina . . . so she can have plenty of scope and run around with friend Garth Brewster, million-dollar movie star! That's what!" Renfrew got red in the face with the characteristic vehemence of his theory. "She's just the dirtiest little double-crosser that ever lived—I've always known it. You wait till I burn up those headlines!" he sat back and mopped his forehead.

Wolheim smiled. Though the young man's language was strange and at times incoherent, there was no mistaking his sincerity. "In that case—" he said drily, "you had better have the details correct. If you wait a minute . . . I have the case-card here. We cannot be too careful—with headlines."

Renfrew heaved a contented sigh.

No papers were delivered at Hermit's Rest. As a rule Pike went down to the village to fetch the "Times," and nowadays Phillips generally brought several papers up with him. This morning neither papers nor Phillips appeared . . . for the good reason that the new chauffeur had seen the headlines splashed across the front page of the "Clarion," and thinking wisdom the better part of valor had promptly decamped home to Guildford.

The loss was hardly noticed—the little household had something more important to think about. Elspeth and Laurence were at work soon after breakfast when Fergy came rushing in, shaken out of her usual calm. "Master Laurence—please come. Pike is much better to-day and—and he has something important to tell you!"

Laurence could hear, even if he could not see, the old housekeeper's excitement. He rose at once, with a faintly troubled smile. "Lead on, Fergy—has he discovered a gold mine under the old oak—or what now?"

Fergy could not tell him more. She smiled at Elspeth before taking Laurence's arm and leading him away with all speed. "It's about those clothes, Master Laurence," she said as soon as they were out of the room. "I haven't told Pike anything—didn't even have to ask questions—he told me himself. But I'd like you to hear it from his own lips. You know he'd die rather than lie to you—besides, he doesn't know there's any reason to lie."

LAURENCE, feeling troubled and yet eager smiled tenderly and pressed Fergy's arm. "You could have told me, too. I know you would die a thousand deaths before lying to me—except of course when serious accidents occur and a strong man is needed . . . then you prefer to fib!"

"You know it was your eyes I was thinking of—you wouldn't have left that bandage on a minute—and all this wearisome time would have to be done over again!" she told him reproachfully.

She guided him up Pike's little stairway and into the bedroom. He heard Pike's voice, stronger now, say "Good-morning, sir," in a manner that was very pleasant.

"Good-morning, Pike. I'm sorry I have to rely on these womenfolk to know if you look better—but you sound better to-day."

"I am better, sir, thank you. I'll be up next week. I'll soon be back in the car."

"Oh, no you won't. I'm starting to walk again—does me good, I was putting on weight. You can sit about under your friend the old oak for a bit first!" Laurence sat down comfortably. He was fond of Pike. "Mrs. Ferguson tells me you can help explain a little mystery about some cardboard boxes that disappeared from the hall—the day before your accident."

"Why, sir—" Pike's voice was full of surprise, and he looked questioningly at Fergy, who turned away and stared out of the window. "I—I didn't know there was any mystery. Perhaps I oughtn't to have said anything—but—"

"Go on," Laurence said calmly.

"Well . . ." obviously Pike was deeply embarrassed, and his final words came with a rush. "I was coming round the back, sir, and I saw Madam carrying a great load of—dress boxes, they looked like. I noticed them because I thought they looked the same as the ones I'd carried for Miss Elspeth in the morning, and I was going to ask Madam if I should carry these

to her car . . . but she was gone down the hill so quick, she must have been almost running."

Pike finished, waiting for the reprimand that did not come. Laurence sat quite still for a long time. At last he moved. "I think that about clears it up, don't you, Fergy?"

"I certainly do, Master Laurence," she could hardly keep the triumph out of her voice and Pike, still in the dark, was making frantic signals for her to explain—signals which she pervertedly ignored.

"If there's any doubts about what I saw—the garage boy who got out Madam's car would have seen 'em, too," Pike offered, as if afraid his word might be suspect.

"That's all right, Pike—and thank you for telling me. It's cleared up a bit of a mess. I'll come and talk to you again this evening." Guided by Fergy, he went downstairs and crossed the sunlit garden and went back to the study where Elspeth was waiting. At the door Fergy tactfully left him.

He went straight over to Elspeth's chair and found her hands, which trembled strangely in his own. He spoke humbly, simply. "I've come to ask you to forgive me, Elspeth. Pike saw Ina take those things away. I should have known it—I think I always did know it. But I wanted to be fair . . . and it seems I have been just the opposite. Please, forgive me, Elspeth."

She looked up at his head above her, and was filled with a relief and joy so great that she could hardly speak.

"Oh, my dear, of course I do! Nothing matters—as long as you know the truth," she whispered at last.

Generous Elspeth. Bless you for that. He bent and kissed the top of her head lightly, gently.

Laurence at last let her hands go, reluctantly, and sat down heavily in his own chair. "I know. There are a lot of things to be dealt with yet—before—before—"

"Darling, I know. The future's horribly black . . . but I expect—there's a ray of hope somewhere!" she finished on a little sob, aching to cross the tiny space and kneel by his chair, to take his dear face in her hands and kiss it—even the bandage that concealed the beloved eyes she had never seen . . .

Frightened of her weakness, the tears running openly down her face, Elspeth ran out of the room . . . out into the garden and beyond.

INA had left Hermit's Rest before breakfast, throbbing with the strange urgency to see Garth. She stopped for coffee and rolls at Guildford, and went on recklessly. She wanted to have time for a bath and change before Garth arrived.

But early as she was Garth was waiting for her at the flat. She knew at once that something terrible had happened; his face was white and strained, his eyes ghastly. He looked like a man who has had no sleep for a week, though actually this morning's shock had wreaked that havoc to his face.

"You must have had a night last night!" was Ina's greeting. She was badly frightened and trying not to show it. She had looked forward to this meeting more than she had realised it herself. When he did not speak she dropped her bantering tone.

"Garth! What is the matter? You look like a ghost!"

For answer he held out the copy of the "Clarion" he had concealed behind his back. "That. Read it. And then—tell me if it's true or a pack of lies!" he said, and his voice was recklessly bitter.

She took the paper as calmly as she could. A glance at the headlines told her the worst. "Famous Author Battles With Blindness in Solitude of Country Cottage!" . . . followed by a long and amazingly accurate account of the whole operation and after-treatment. Ina realised instantly there was only one line she could take, and she took it. With a little laugh she handed the paper back to Garth as if the touch of it contaminated her. "The filthy rag—just the sort of paper that would invent a pretty sobstiff story like that. It's rubbish."

Garth stared at her. "I know it's a sentimental rag," he said impatiently. "It's not the sensational part I'm interested in. This blindness—is it true or not? Is that the real reason he has been down there all this time?"

"Of course it isn't. Don't be so melodramatic, Garth!"

Garth's haggard eyes besought her for the truth. "I'm asking you, Ina—is this true—or not?"

She looked at him casually. "It's no use bullying me, Garth. Heaven knows where that paper got its story from! Laurence certainly did have a slight operation to his eyes—but it was nothing serious. There was never any question of blindness!"

Garth's eyes narrowed. "Then that story about the secretary was all a yarn—he would have to have a secretary if he couldn't use his eyes, wouldn't he?"

Ina went slowly up to him. She was playing for big stakes, and—she suddenly realised that—her whole future depended on her winning. "Garth," she spoke very solemnly—"Garth, I give you my word that it's true. They're crazy about each other."

He looked at her in a very torment of doubt before he turned abruptly away. "I'm sorry, Ina—I can't trust that statement. I'm going to find out—the truth."

Ina, forgetting her dignified pose, ran after him to the door of the flat. "Garth—Garth—where are you going?" But he did not stop or turn round. Her only answer was the sound of his running footsteps on the stairs, the slam of the front door below.

Terrified, she turned back to the flat.

It was the end. Horribly, fatally, superstitiously, Ina knew that the end she had always dreaded had overtaken her at last . . .

But after half-an-hour she had her bath and dressed for the expedition to Richmond with renewed hope. Garth would come back, she told herself wildly; he would come back—and she would lie and lie and lie herself out of this horrible corner.

Elspeth, returning from her solitary hour of conflict in the woods, her face tear-stained and ravaged by sorrow, met Garth coming up to the cottage. For an instant they stared at each other unbelievably. "Duncan!" She spoke first.

Garth shook his head with his brief smile; there was a world of sadness underlying it. "I'm not Duncan Macdonnell any more, Elspeth. I'm Garth Brewster, late of Hollywood!"

Elspeth held out her hand and met his firm clasp warmly. "I know. I've seen your photographs, of course. But I never expected to meet you here—after all these years."

Garth looked at her long and hard. "You've grown up a bit, little Elspeth. And had a haircut. Last time I saw you it was a long pigtail that wouldn't stay plaited . . . do you remember?"

"We've both aged—considerably," Elspeth assured him gravely. "You mustn't remind me of Eynside . . . it makes me homesick! And to tell the truth—we both look a bit shipwrecked . . ."

"You look as though you've been howling," Garth told her in the vernacular of their schooldays. Somehow, even on his ghastly errand, it was wonderful meeting Elspeth. They had been children together, and the most loyal of friends until time and circumstances had sent young Duncan Macdonnell across to the new world and a new name, Elspeth to London. "I was coming to see Laurence Hilary. But—what are you doing here, anyway?"

"I'm his secretary—or I was. I'm going home next week."

"YOU . . . !" Garth's exclamation held a world of surprise she could not understand.

"Yes—me! Or I, if you are as correct as ever. You see . . . I'm a most efficient secretary, as it happens. But I've committed the worst crime on the secretarial calendar—and fallen in love with my employer!" She gave him a little twisted smile. "And as he happens to be married—it's rather taboo. So I'm going."

For a long, long time they looked at each other. Elspeth was startled by the abject misery of disillusionment in his eyes. At last she understood. "Of course . . ." she spoke softly. "What a fool I've been—it was you on the phone yesterday—and we didn't recognise each other's voices! The name meant nothing—then . . . I can't help thinking of you—always—as Duncan Macdonnell."

Garth took her hand again and gripped it. "Go on thinking of me as that, little Elspeth. Garth Brewster—god rest his soul!—is a dead and forgotten person from now on. Good-bye, my dear, you've done a terrible and wholesome thing for me. One day you'll really understand."

He turned and plunged back into the path through the woods, leaving Elspeth staring after him with pain-darkened eyes. What fools . . . what unbelievable fools . . . they had all been! For herself . . . she thought of Laurence as he had talked to her that morning after seeing Pike. And in spite of the agony in her heart at the whole twisted tangle she knew that even if she could, she would not undo the work of the past five months.

Laurence heard her coming and met her in the hall. "You haven't been running away from me, have you Elspeth?"

"No," she said, between laughter and tears. "I've been running away from myself, I think. But I've come back to do some work."

"Then we'll work all the afternoon, and if we finish the book this week we'll take a day's holiday. Where shall we go?"

"To the pictures. It'll cure us of romance," she answered prosaically.

The telephone rang while they were having lunch, and Fergy fetched Laurence. "It's Blount and Hayward."

"Oh, curse. They're going to pester me now—when can I have the manuscript ready for them—oh, well—" he got up unwillingly and went to the telephone. He was gone a long time, and when he came back his face was flushed. "They say the story of this—is plastered all over the 'Clarion.'" He

frowned, but the frown was quickly displaced by a whimsical smile. "Here have I been trying to keep it a dark secret—I don't know how it got out, by the way—and they're delighted! They asked a bit anxiously after 'Sweet Amber' at first, but when I told them we were on the last chapter that fool Blount nearly sobbed—says it will make the best pre-publication publicity he's ever had!"

"I'm glad," Elspeth said sincerely. "The book will sell in any case—it's the best you've done. But this will probably make it the best-seller of next year!"

Laurence's mouth quirked bitterly. "All the best things seem to come too late, Elspeth. It's an ironical little trick of the gods!"

They had worked for two hours when Wolheim came. He, too, had seen the famous copy of the "Clarion" . . . It had seemingly penetrated everywhere but to Hermit's Rest. Elspeth left him with Laurence. "I'll ring up the garage and see what's happened to Phillips."

Wolheim was closeted with Laurence for an hour. He wanted to explain his own part in the newspaper article, and Laurence, now that his first annoyance was over, readily forgave him. When he heard that it was Renfrew's scoop he was almost amused . . . It would be Renfrew. It was just the sort of thing he loved.

The specialist also examined Laurence's eyes. When he replaced the bandage he patted it lightly. "The last day. As soon as I get back I will send you some special glasses . . . to-morrow you can throw that in the dustbin! In a month you will not need even glasses. Your eyesight is saved, Mr. Hilary . . . and if I may say so, a successful treatment has never given me more pleasure!"

"It's very good of you to say so. It's entirely thanks to you that I'm not facing permanent blindness. I realise that—and I do thank you, Dr. Wolheim."

Laurence spoke feelingly, though, like most Englishmen, showing emotion to a man embarrassed him. When Wolheim had gone he walked restlessly about the room. How he could laugh at the things he stumbled against . . . the things he had wanted to kick around five months ago.

Five months!

Five months ago he had had to face the ghastly doom of the living blind; five months ago he had thought himself wildly in love with Ina; five months ago he had not known Elspeth.

It seemed incredible that such a short time could change a man's whole life; he had come out of the darkness of fear, anyway. To-morrow . . . he would see. Only after a fashion, it was true—but to see at all would be heaven.

In a month he would regain the full normal use of his eyes. In two months, perhaps, this period of darkness would seem like a distant nightmare.

He knew Ina would never release him. She had proved that only too well. And probably she would take care never to give him the opportunity of divorcing her. He saw her at last as she was; a mercenary creature without a soul, garbed by some freak of fate—in the body of a queen, a madonna.

A madonna . . . what irony! His own name for her came back at him now like a blow.

Ina waited, torn between hope and a sudden despair, for Garth to return. At last

she heard his ring at the door. He stood on the threshold, staring at her with a look in his eyes that frightened her more, somehow, than his wildness of the morning. There was sardonical laughter in it, and she had never seen him sardonical.

"Well . . . ?" Since he was here, she supposed that he had not seen Laurence. "Have you found out—the truth?"

"Yes. Are you coming for that drive?" he asked, without preamble. There was still that note of sardonic amusement in his voice, as if he had become somehow detached from his love for her and could laugh at it. "Let's go to Scotland!" he said.

"Scotland? Are you mad?" Ina was relieved. Obviously he had found out nothing. All the same, he must have been drinking or something. She wondered if he was in a fit condition to drive. He seemed to read her thought.

"I'm not drunk," he assured her gravely. "Come on, it'll be midnight now before we get there!"

Dumbly she obeyed him, fetching a coat. This idea of going to Scotland seemed merely crazy to her. But she realised he had some definite purpose in his mind, and vague thoughts of Gretna Green and easy Scottish divorce came to her mind. In the car—that super-luxury car that made her own almost plebeian by comparison—she asked him

"You'll see," Garth answered briefly, and gave himself up to his driving.

Once on the great north road he drove like a man possessed. Ina, herself the most reckless of drivers, shuddered and shut her eyes as the great car leaped and rocked along the smooth road.

BUT at eight o'clock he pulled up on the outskirts of Newcastle, and spoke quite normally. "There's a good hotel—the sort of place you like. We'll have dinner there. They'll see we are tourists and forgive the kit, I expect."

Ina glanced at him almost timidly, wondering if her thoughts during that crazy drive had been all wrong. Perhaps this was just his way of letting off steam . . . she suddenly realised she knew very little about it, about him. She was completely befogged; for the first time in her life uncertain of her cues. "That will be nice," she said at last.

Throughout dinner in the grillroom of the big hotel Garth talked well about every sort of subject but themselves. She had never heard him so witty, so well-informed, so much the man of the world. Every mood he revealed to-night was a new one to her, and he seemed to enjoy her astonishment, barely concealed.

When the meal was over she went to the cloakroom and was frightened to see her own white face looking at her. I mustn't let him think I'm scared . . . I'm going to win this crazy game yet . . . she told herself, and rouged her cheeks. The result cheered her so much that she was able to rejoin him almost naturally. He tucked a thick rug round her in the car. "Mustn't get cold . . . it'll get worse as we climb," he told her, and it was the last thing he said for hours.

It was a clear moonlight night and degrees colder than it had been in the south, but even so the summer had been so long and fine the night air was not unpleasant. Sometimes, with the wind made by their speed rushing past, Ina dozed. She dreamt in fits and starts, waking to wonder which was dream and which reality.

She had been in a deep sleep for some

time when at last she noticed the new, intense silence, and out of it Garth's voice.

"Byrneside," he said.

Ina shivered and sat up. Garth had stopped the car at the edge of the high ravine which gave the village a mile lower down its name. The country was high and mountainous and bare, and the stark moonlight revealed its every detail. There was not a living soul or the sign of a house for miles. In front there was nothing but the black, empty chasm of the ravine.

"This is—my home town," Garth had half-risen in his seat to peer down the ravine. Look! One of the beauty-sights of the world—it's worth seeing! He dragged at her wrist until she, too, was pulled up into a half-standing position. Compelled, she gave one look before she shut her eyes in horror. Far below the ravine widened into the bed of a stream, and the silver radiance of the moon fell starkly on the giant boulders far below, sent up little living, sparkling gleams from the water dancing and rushing in its made rush down to the sea. "I can't look," she sobbed, subsiding into her seat. "For Heaven's sake get away from here—Garth—quickly. I can't stand it, I tell you!"

He quelled her rising hysteria with his calm voice. "Oh, but you must, Ina. I want to talk to you. In three minutes we're going over that ravine. But first we must talk."

She opened her eyes to look at him, sitting so quietly there talking of death. She was shivering terribly, fumbling with the door-handle. He put his hand over hers, stopping her movement. "You can't escape that way!"

"Let me go—let me get out. You're mad!" she screamed, losing all control. For answer Garth started the engine; its soft humming was infinitely sinister to her; hypnotising . . . "Of course I'm mad. I've been mad ever since I met you. You're a liar and a cheat and a coward, my beautiful Ina . . . you tried to make me believe the most horrible thing about a girl who came from this very village—a girl who would cut off her hand before stooping to the intrigue of which you accused her. I know all that—and in spite of it I love you, Ina—so I must be mad! And you love me, though we should never know a minute's happiness in this world. We're going to give those others their chance—and take ours in the next!" He put one arm round her and kissed her full on the lips. Ina was half-fainting; she offered no resistance. "That's compensation . . . for mistaken judgment!" he said wildly, and let in the clutch. The last words she heard before she lost consciousness forever in that black void were: "I love you, Ina . . ."

Late in the spring afternoon when Elspeth and Laurence had returned from a honeymoon in Egypt, Elspeth came through the little low gate hand in hand with Laurence. Fergy waited for them on the doorstep, and both of them kissed her. "I'm glad you're back for the spring," she said, and there were tears in her voice.

"We're back for ever, Fergy!" Elspeth laughed, and it was as if she had brought the sunshine into the little old house. When they were alone in the study she looked into Laurence's grey eyes . . . those eyes she had loved long before she had seen them. "Our baby couldn't possibly be born anywhere else!" she said.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 156-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.